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Crimson & Gray
Mary E. Wells
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Mary E. Wells High School

VOLUME VII

OCTOBER 1923

NUMBER I

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The Crimson and Gray

PUBLISHED QUARTERLY BY THE STUDENTS OF THE MARY E. WELLS
HIGH SCHOOL, SOUTHBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS

VOLUME VII

OCTOBER 1923

NUMBER I

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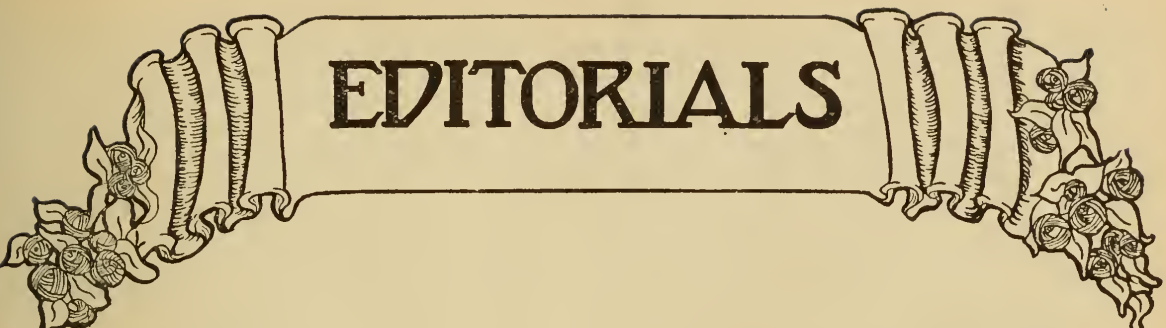
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EDITORIALS

TO THE FRESHMEN

We are glad to welcome the Freshmen into our student ranks. We appreciate the fact that our standard of school life seems new and strange to you, but you will find it worth while.

Do not think that we consider ourselves at all superior. You are a real asset to our school, and every student should realize that fact. If your efforts appear to count for little at first, remember that your class is not yet well united and under way. We want the Freshmen to take part in our school enterprises and to discover for themselves the pleasure of working for the interests of the school. The school magazine, the Glee Club, and the Athletic Association all ask for your support, with confidence that, united together, we will make our school life a success.

Kenneth Taylor.

WHAT IS THE "CRIMSON AND GRAY?"

How many Freshmen know what the "Crimson and Grey" is? Those who come from other schools have only a vague idea regarding it. They were solicited for food for the food sale, the receipts of which were to go towards the support of the paper. They had a dim conception of what they were giving the food for—if they gave any—for some of them did not care to contribute to a cause which they did not understand.

Therefore it is up to those who already know what the "Crimson and Gray" is, to explain to these new-comers what the paper stands for and what it means to the school. They should show them one of the copies of the paper and explain the object of editorials. They should bring to their notice the work of the school authors, in the Literary Department. The class jokes would also be of interest to them. Show them the exchanges to be found in the various rooms. The Athletic Department would interest those who

want to take part in school athletics. The Locals and the Alumni Department deal with the news of the school and its graduates.

In fact, there is something of special benefit in the "Crimson and Gray" to every Freshman in the school. Therefore those who are already acquainted with the paper should make their fellow students as familiar with it as they are, and also show them what they can help to make the paper a success by their contributions and subscriptions.

R. F. Plimpton '24.

YES, WE HAVE NO SCHOOL SPIRIT

What can be the matter now with the pupils of the High School? Where is that spirit gone that those who came before us had? Now when an assembly is called together to elect officers, or for some other important reason, there is always the same people at the meeting; sometimes it is even necessary to call it twice before anything can be done. Why have we come to such a stage now, that in order to have a quorum, everyone must be spoken to personally and begged to attend in order to have enough pupils present to carry out the work desired? Three or four years ago the people who did not attend the meetings were not noticed. Why was this? Simply because they were so few that they were not missed. And the meetings in those good old days were not as they are now, where when a member is nominated everyone is so self-conscious that they offer no further candidates and consequently no competition is offered. Instead of talking and expressing their feelings on certain questions during the meetings, they simply say nothing and when the meeting is over they tell how things should have been done. Yes, the old meetings were quite different. There was a constant turmoil from beginning to end, and even then it was not really finished until several days later. Every-

one said what they had to say at the meeting instead of afterwards. A meeting is a great deal more interesting if there are some good arguments. If only everyone were willing to help, the meetings would be just as lively as they used to be and everyone would be willing not only to come but even pay to get in.

Arthur H. Gaumond '24.

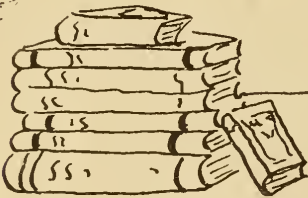
How many pupils of the high school enjoy reading a school magazine with good stories and editorials, clever jokes, and school notes? Just about all of them. But how many of these same people seriously consider support-

ing such a paper? A good many of us take our paper for granted, without stopping to think of the time, effort, and money that must have been put into it. Why not make a few attempts along the literary line yourselves and contribute them to the paper?

Send in any news or good jokes that you hear. Try writing a story. A true school paper is a paper for the students, to whose contents the students contribute. Subscribe to the paper even if you can't help in any other way. Let us make the "Crimson and Gray" a paper worth noting, a paper constantly improving in all respects through the efforts of its loyal supporters, the students.

E. Poeton '24.

LITERATURE



BLUE MONDAY

"Jnmmie!!" came his mother's voice from the foot of the stairs. Receiving no answer she repeated the call and a few seconds later there came a faint, "Yes" from beneath the blankets which almost covered the boy's head.

Another pause, then "Jimmie!!" you have exactly fifteen minutes to get down here, eat your breakfast and catch the car for school. I have called you for the fourth and last time."

After much mental effort, Jimmie finally pulled himself from beneath the covers. He started to dress, looking longingly back at the bed, as he put his collar on.

But where was his collar button? On the dresser,—in the drawer,—on the floor,—no-

where to be found. He ran into his father's room hoping to find one there. He had upset the drawer of the dresser, in the middle of the floor, when the precious article rolled out of a corner.

It had never taken him so long to tie his tie before. His little brother had borrowed his comb and had forgotten to return it. Jimmie went diving after it, knocking a chair over in passing and stubbing his toe.

Finally he rushed into the kitchen, yet only half awake. He had four minutes before car time.

Gulping down a roll and half a cup of coffee he looked for his books. He could not remember where he had left them the night before.

Finally his mother came to the rescue by



spying them on the top shelf. Jimmie soon disappeared around the corner of the house and down the street, just in time to see his car go by the corner of the block.

Usually another came in about fifteen minutes but not today. Jimmie started to walk. It was two miles to the school and never had he walked a longer two miles.

As he entered the building and passed one of the rooms he saw that he was twenty-five minutes late. He went to the office for his slip, and was greeted by a cold glare from the principal.

"Late again, Davis?" he asked. "This has happened once too often. What is the reason for it?"

Jimmie explained to him his morning of misfortune.

The boy seemed to be in such earnest that the principal said he would give him another chance, and excused him from a week in the detention room.

The first class was about over, so Jimmie waited in the corridor until his mathematics class began.

The day before they had had a very stiff test in this subject. There were a number of low marks and the teacher was giving the class a severe lecture. He read the names and marks of those that failed. As he went down the list, he soon read the name of Davis with the mark of thirty. He paused, reminded him of his marks, and advised him to "spruce up."

The latter sat up in his seat and as he did so he felt something piercing his back. Upon reaching it, he found it to be his last collar button. Jimmie was unable to suppress his feelings and a smile broke upon his lips.

Seeing this, the teacher, thinking he was smiling over what had happened, requested him to remain after school.

In his next class the teacher was called from the room. The pupils became restless and began to throw erasers.

Jimmie was studying his lesson. He had made new resolutions and was trying to carry them out when an eraser thrown with quite some speed, landed on his neck.

This was too much for Jimmie. Running to the blackboard, he seized an eraser white with chalk.

Picking his opponent next to the door, he aimed and fired. It missed the fellow, but the door opened and the principal walked in.

There was a heavy chalk mark on his shoulder, needless to say, where the eraser landed.

The room quieted down like magic.

"Who threw that eraser?" asked the principal.

A pause and then a feeble, "I—I did sir" from Davis.

"Two hours in the detention room for three weeks," said the principal, "and see me at the office first."

That afternoon as Jimmie went into the office the principal began to scold him. "What is the reason for so much trouble from you today? You started the first thing this morning and you are still going. I thought you were going to turn over a new leaf. What is the cause of your behavior?"

Jimmie had been looking out of the window, but now turning toward the principal answered, "Because it is 'Blue Monday.'"

Alice Beardwood.

FORTUNE HUNTING PATRICIA

It was a clean cold, day in November, when Patricia Merrill decided to take a walk.

She left her little apartment and walked at a brisk pace, until finally she decided she did not know where she was going or where she was at present. All she knew was that she was in a narrow, dark, street which seemed to her to be an alley-way. Hurriedly she left this and entered a large, wide street which she knew must be some distance from her starting place.

Walking along enjoying the briskness of the air, she was suddenly surprised to feel a light touch on her shoulder. Twirling around she faced an officer, who told her to "come along with him." Patricia yielded at once as she was in a daze at such a happening.

Arriving at the Headquarters, the Chief demanded of her, "What's your name? Where are you from? What are you doing here?" Patricia answered the questions calmly, after resuming her self-control. She also explained she was in the city seeking work.

"Work," replied the Chief, "Yes, fine work you're doing. I'll tell you right now Miss, you're here for the night."

"What here for the night?"

"Yes, mam, here for the night."

"Of course you know, I am innocent and can give you credentials as to my identity."

"Very well, who is there in the city that you know, that we can summon?"

"Oh, well, let me see,—but officer, I've been here a week and—really, I don't know anyone here, but at home.—"

"That's enough. Put her in the cell, officer. We'll hear you in the morning, Miss."

Patricia sat silent and was busily absorbed in her thoughts of home, of how her father, a prominent and wealthy lawyer, would receive the news.

She could just imagine her mother falling in a dead faint, at such news from her baby girl. And her brother Jim,—yes, Jim would he be horrified and come to her at once?

But the most important question was,—how could she get Jim, without letting Malcolm Hamilton, her fiance, know?

Soon she fell asleep, and the next thing she knew was that it was morning and the matron had come with her breakfast.

After breakfast she was summoned to the office of the Chief. On arriving there she was surprised to see her brother Jim and her fiance waiting to take her safely home.

The Chief apologized and the three left his presence.

Patricia questioned the two as to how they knew her fate, but until several years later she never learned.

When Patricia arrived home her parents were waiting with wide open arms to receive her and to be told how it all happened. All that Patricia could say was, that she would gladly let Dad support her, and she would never again go "Fortune Hunting."

Brother Jim and Malcolm treated the situation as a joke at first, but soon Jim realized the joke was all his own because Malcolm had other things to talk about to Patricia.

As they walked in the garden Malcolm told Patricia of things far more interesting to her than the joke—or supposed-to-be joke—for not till long afterward she did learn that the police who arrested her had received instructions from her family who wanted her to give up her ideas, and return home.

THE HALLOWEEN SPREE

Just the week before Halloween, the principal of the Elmwood High School, announced that there would be a masquerade party held in the auditorium the following week.

A panic ensued, during which every one asked some one else what to wear. The subject of clothes is supposed to be exclusively for the gentler sex, but during the next week the boys, for once, showed all of their hidden vanities. Some talked of clowns and witches, others of knights and Indians. The girls, of course, were not far behind. One could easily see that their minds were not on the keynote of action in Macbeth or on French composition. During the next week, Charlie Johnston thought and thought about clothes, but he couldn't think of any costume that could be created out of his slender allowance. Finally, in desperation, he sought the assistance of his mother.

Mrs. Johnston offered to help him, but would give him no hint of her intentions. The next day she ransacked the attic from end to end, and at last, after much struggling, succeeded in opening the trunk she had been looking for. She hastily gathered the filmy mass of contents into her arms and went downstairs.

In a few minutes she called Charlie, who was raking the lawn, and asked him to come in to see his costume.

Very much excited, he went up the stairs in three bounds and stood expectantly in the doorway of his mother's bedroom. As soon as he saw the heap of ruffles and frills on the bed, his face fell, and he could not hide his disappointment. His first words were, "Aw mother, I can't go as a girl!" But after listening to her plans he became much interested in attending the masquerade in his great grandmother's party dress.

The night of the party can never be forgotten. There certainly were many minutes of hopelessness and despair. Can you imagine Charlie scrambling into his ladylike clothes and holding his breath while Mrs. Johnston hooked the dress? Or can you see Charlie struggling to get his all but tiny feet into his mother's black satin slippers?

Finally, even his powdered wig and mask were adjusted to suit his mother, and he started out for the high school.

Fortunately the streets were dark and Charlie didn't meet a soul. Arriving at the school, he left his mother's wrap in the dressing room and powdered the tip of his nose before the little, cracked mirror. Charlie had a scheme of his own and planned to enjoy the evening to the utmost.

He nonchalantly sauntered into the hall, and had no sooner seated himself than his

life-long enemy, Buck Henderson, came up, stumbling and stammering. The following conversation took place.

"Gee, Margie, you didn't think you could fool me, did you? Why I'd known you anywhere. I thought that dumbell, Charlie Johnston, would try to hang around you all evening, so I hurried up to ask you for eight or nine dances and your company at supper. Wouldn't you like to go over to the park and sit on a bench until the dancing starts?" Charlie, laughing inside, merely nodded his head and they left the hall. As soon as they were seated in the park, Buck slipped his arm around the dainty shoulders of "Margie" and begged her to remove her mask, which she firmly refused to do. After fifteen or twenty minutes, during which Buck grew quite sentimental, they returned to the hall where dancing was in full swing.

Charlie's slippers were pinching his eight D feet until he could hardly keep the tears back, but he had firmly resolved to get even with Buck Henderson for once in his life, so they danced. Luckily Charlie's face was over Buck's shoulder, for if Buck had seen Charlie's distorted countenance he would have easily realized his mistake.

During the encore of a dance, the chairman of the entertainment committee announced that owing to the fact that it was Hallowe'en, no one was to unmask until midnight. This announcement satisfied Charlie perfectly, for it gave him an opportunity to have more fun at Buck's expense.

At last, refreshment time arrived and Charlie sank thankfully on the stairs with Buck. Now Buck had been complimentary enough before eating, but after ice cream and cake he became an expert. Oh! What fun Charlie had listening to Buck rave about "her little pink ears!"

Just as the orchestra started to play "Home Sweet Home," and the dancers prepared to unmask, "Margie" pretended to be faint, so they left for home.

Instead of stopping at his own gate, Charlie walked down the street and stopped before Margie's house.

Buck was becoming quite impatient for "Margie" to remove her mask so, when he least expected it, Charlie snatched the mask from his face and gathering up the skirts of his ancestors ran down the street.

When he reached his doorsteps, he turned to bid the startled Buck a laughing goodnight.

There is no more to tell except that Buck

never forgot that party and never called Charlie a dumbell again.

L. Williams '24.

A MEMORY OF THE PAST

A slender blade of silver crowned with pearl rattled from a big brawny hand into the rough pine table between us. My gaze leaped from the fine surface of the weapon to find a sudden grimness in the sun beaten face of our chief boss. He appeared to be lost in thought for a moment, then leaned forward and broke into a story of the woods, a story told with a simple eloquence which brushed aside the obscure mist of forgotten struggles and thwarted ambitions.

We seemed to be watching as if in actual life the figure of a young lad again striding up the valley to the cabin door of the chief boss. He applied with engaging cheerfulness for a job in the construction gang. He appeared to be an Italian of high intelligence and physical fitness. The only name he gave was "Steve" and just "Steve" he became to all of his fellow workmen. A deep affection developed between Steve and one of the younger men. The two were at work on the big dam being constructed across the valley tie friendship was often apparent. Work had progressed rapidly except for a few delays caused by disagreements between the workers and the foremen. The ring leaders were illiterate foreigners whose brains were soaked in alcohol and disillusionment, and they were intent on making trouble. Conditions led to irritations among the workmen and between the workers and the foremen. Petty quarrels and errors in construction seemed to be the white caps of a threatening storm. Steve and his group of friends opposed the drunken actions of the trouble makers.

One day, apparently by accident and ill fortune, a section of staging crashed down carrying a group of loyal workers to destruction. There was a whirling mass of debris, an endless drop and then oblivion for those concerned. In the confusion and horror of the scene a hand flashed back and a streak of silver blended with the gray of a man's back, and sank to the hilt. A moment later Steve's friend disappeared over the staging to join the dead below.

With a spring Steve was upon the murderer and revenge fought with drunken fury on the very brink of destruction. Back and forth and up and down they struggled like

savage beasts. The bloody dagger came into play again with deadly surety of winning.

The inevitable would have happened, but with over confidence, the ruffian stepped back to the very edge of the footing. He slipped slightly, trembled on the brink, and with a shriek dropped down to the very fate to which he had treacherously flung the others. Steve picked up the weapon and sadly quitted the valley.

The chief boss paused—and the silence seemed oppressive. The shadow, appeared to be gathering to rush, to strike, and to blot out. I raised the blade, and as I handled it the last crimson ray of the setting sun tinged it with color; but soon the streak of bloody color changed to purest silver and then to the dusk of ended day even as in our story.

K. Taylor '24.

THE FIRST ESSENTIAL

It was the first day of school, and already the main room of Madame Dufrey's select school was filled with the noisy babble of young girls. Madame Dufrey, who had just been advising the teachers on various subjects, was just leaving the room when a large handsome car was seen to stop at the entrance of the school.

The new arrival proved to be an extremely fashionably dressed woman with a very haughty air. She went into the room followed by two young girls, one who looked about sixteen, and the other, a year her junior. The younger and plainer of the girls was unmistakably a "poor relation," for her face bore the meek, humble look of a dependent, while the haughty black eyes of the other marked her as the lady's daughter.

At Madame Dufrey's inquiry, the lady gave her name as "Mrs. Browning, wife of the Honorable Mr. Browning of Riverside, N. Y."

"I have come," she said, apparently speaking to Madame Dufrey, but looking straight at the window, "to place my daughter Coral in your charge. She is to study the higher branches of education, such as music, French, Italian and dancing; I do not wish her to waste her time over such ordinary studies as geography, spelling, arithmetic and grammar. Those will do very well for Betty," and she threw a look of disdain at the "poor relation," whose eyes were bent upon the carpet.

"She is the child of my husband's sister, and it had been decided that she become a teacher, so it is my wish that you be very thorough with her in all those stupid things which Coral is not to study."

Madame Dufrey bowed, and Mrs. Browning continued, "Last year, the girls were studying at Sunnysbrook Seminary, and if you'll believe it, the principal insisted on placing Coral in the spelling class, because she made a few mistakes in her first composition. I dare say it was more Betty's fault than hers, because Coral admitted to me later that it was one of Betty's that she had found and copied. Naturally I would not consent to having Coral placed in the spelling class, so I took her away. It was my intention to have Betty finish her education there, but my husband, who is very peculiar wouldn't submit to it, so I have brought them both."

Mrs. Browning then arose, and after kissing Coral six or seven times and nodding to Betty, took her departure.

Just beyond the immense grounds of the school and separated from them by a huge concrete wall, was a fashionable boys' college. The young ladies were strictly prohibited from having anything to do with the young men, but in spite of the careful watchings of the teachers, notes were flung across the wall while handkerchiefs were waved from the windows of the girls' rooms. Coral had not been there long before she was well acquainted with all the young men, but it was only on one that she lavished her brightest glances and most winsome smiles. That one was Worthing Halton, a young man who possessed great wealth. He was immediately attracted to the beauty and charm of Coral, and went boldly to Madame Dufrey and asked permission to call upon her. His request was granted and during the two years he remained at college, he continued to see her.

One evening when he called, he was made to wait for so long that he had made up his mind to leave, when a fair delicate looking girl, with deep blue eyes and curling auburn hair, entered the room. She introduced herself as Betty Lee, cousin of Coral, who, she said, was unable to come down. Worthing looked at her with great admiration, which made her blush deeply, and would gladly have detained her, but with a polite good-evening she left him in a state of complete bewilderment. How strange, he said to himself, that

Coral had never told him she had a cousin there.

When he saw Coral next, his first inquiry was for her cousin. "She is a perfect book-worm and manhater," was the answer. These two words produced on Worthing a far different effect from what Coral had intended and he often thought of the deep blue eyes of Betty.

The annual examinations at Madame Dufrey's were drawing near, and it had always been the custom to offer a prize for the best examination. As Coral was to graduate, both she and Betty had entered their names on the list. Betty was much surprised to see Coral's name, because composition writing was one of the things in which Coral did not excel. She was doubly surprised to come upon Coral suddenly one day, apparently deep in thought, and filling one sheet after another. At last she finished it and came to Betty with the request that she go over it and correct all mistakes in spelling.

Betty did not refuse, for this was not the first time Coral had come to her with the same request, and upon reading it she wondered at Coral's new achievement. If she had any suspicions she did not make them known, however, but handed her cousin's composition in with her own.

The examinations were over and Coral, who had known just what questions would be asked of her, answered with such accuracy that her mother had been very proud of her when she heard on all sides the praises of her daughter. Now all that remained was graduation, and the great auditorium was filled. Worthing, who had arrived very early, had been fortunate in obtaining a front seat. He had graduated the week before and was leaving that night for Europe.

Coral was first on the program and she seemed very beautiful to Worthing, as she came forward in a simple white dress to sing and play. After that came the reading of the compositions. Betty was called upon first, and in a very sweet voice she read her essay, which when finished, was greeted with such cheering and clapping that there seemed little doubt of her obtaining the prize. Coral, at her own request, was last. Her composition bore the title "The Future and Present Life." When she ended a burst of applause filled the large hall, while her name was on every lip as she left the room, proudly bearing the prize.

Worthing was obliged to leave at nine

o'clock so he was not present at the scene which followed. A little, bent, gray-haired woman arose, just as Coral again entered the room, and making her way to the stage, said in a shrill voice, "I am a woman who loves justice and therefore will not hold my peace. That young lady has no right to the prize, for that same piece appeared in one of the daily papers, two years ago, and if any one doubts my word I can produce that article for it is one that I have always kept." At this, the old lady went out and returned a few minutes later with the same article. Coral was obliged to hand over the prize to Betty, and mortified beyond all imagining left the room, followed by her mother.

Three months later, in a hotel in London, Worthing sat awaiting the mail. As yet he had received no letter from Coral and did not know about her disgrace. The mortification which she had endured had brought on a fever, and she had taken to her bed, waited on by Betty. At Coral's request Betty had written Worthing a long letter as she herself could write only a little. He opened and read the one written by Betty first. Then he turned to the second. It was a sickly, sentimental affair which had been partly copied from an old letter writer, containing such nonsense as the "silvery starlite" the "pearling rill" and the "golden moonlite," which being spelled in such a manner filled him with disgust. Almost every other word was misspelled, and Worthing's thoughts of the writer were not very complimentary. It was a long time before he answered it and the coolness of that letter filled Coral with such anger that she tossed it into the fire, and so the correspondence ceased.

A year had gone by and now it was Betty's turn to graduate. Among those present at the graduation was Worthing. To him, she seemed the most beautiful girl that he had ever seen and he did not wait long to tell her so. Before the evening was over, they were engaged.

On a fine October morning, they were married, but needless to say, Coral did not attend the wedding. To Europe, they returned to live in the lovely Southern home that Worthing had prepared.

I. Lindblad '24.

HIS LETTER

It happened on one of those glorious November days when every one is pleased with everyone else and there is just enough rivalry

in the atmosphere to suggest a struggle of some description. And there was to be a struggle, for a football game was on schedule, a game that would go down in history as one of the greatest contests ever staged in Meredith, a town enjoying its first year as a contestant for the league cup, and this game was to decide the championship.

The referee's whistle blew bringing the kick-off, the wonderful run of the opposing full-back and the tackle of Meredith's veteran end. The first quarter quickly ended with both sides scoreless and the ball in Meredith territory, Witherton academy having possession of the ball when the whistle blew to resume play. Successive plunges, end runs, and passes put Witherton on the eight yard line, with two minutes to go. The ball was snapped, fumbled, and before it could be recovered, Howe, the Meredith tackle, was off up the field, headed for what would have been a sure touchdown, but for the superb work of Davidson, Witherton's speedy half-back. The whistle blew and the half was over.

Let us glance back to a night about two weeks before the date of this game. Meredith's full-back, "Cap." Wadsworth, was taking a short walk after supper to be alone and think things over for the coming game with Witherton.

Crossing the campus and heading for the park a little to the rear of Lipton Hall, the captain's quick ear caught the sound of leather meeting pigskin, or, in other words some one kicking a football.

Always interested in the sport and its different departments Wadsworth started around the corner. In amazement he stopped; for the kicker was none other than Dick Tyson, the quiet fellow who attended every game and offered the fellows congratulations if they won and his sympathy if they lost, all in that quiet way of his.

Smack! Far and high the pigskin traveled, stopping only after it had cleared the makeshift crossbar by a comfortable margin. Never had Wadsworth seen a kick to equal it. Straight as a bullet it had gone, and the sender apparently did it with perfect ease. Tyson patiently went over to the place where the ball had fell and brought it back for another kick.

Once more it sailed over the uprights and rolled along the green.

Without a moment's hesitation Wadsworth approached "Ty." "I saw you old man," he exclaimed. "Why in the world

didn't you say you could drop-kick like that?

"Well," thoughtfully replied Dick, "You see there are so many fellows who can play better than I, that I didn't think I'd be good enough. Goodness knows, I'd like to play." A wistful smile passed over the youth's face.

"Well. I'll be going now," said Cap after a moment's reflection, "see you later, though."

He left the boy still booting the ball and chasing it. Each time he kicked accurately and with the confidence of a veteran. Later in the evening Cap was seen going to Dick's room with his face wreathed in smiles. Every one stopped to watch him; He was always good natured, but now he was unaccountably happy. He had an affectionate pound on the shoulder for some, and a hello for fellows he had never seen before.

Upon reaching Ty's door he met that worthy young man in the act of going out "No, you don't" said Cap, accompanying his assertion with a shove that sent Ty back into the room and into an easy chair. "Now, old man, get me straight, we'll need you for that game two weeks from now, you know, the Witherton game. Never mind the "buts" and "ands". You've been to the gym class and you're in good condition. With the coming two weeks to top off with, you'll be in top form." Dick looked at him in a sort of daze, his face flushed and his eyes sparkling. "Gee do you mean to say you want me to play in that game-the game deciding the championship?" he queried excitedly.

"Not only I want you, but coach Ayres wants you and the team needs you. Report tomorrow after classes and we'll fix you up Goodnight, and dont forget to show up."

Cap was gone before Dick could reply

Dick was first to be on the practice field next day, and after watching just one of those drop kicks, Coach Ayres made a dive for his office yelling to Dick to follow. Dick emerged fully attired in a uniform and was immediately placed in the field as a half-back.

The days passed all too quickly and although Dick was steadily improving the coach dared not start him in the game as he had never seen the boy play before

So, the beginning of the second half was at hand and Ty, although in uniform was still warming the bench. Meredith received the kick-off and O'Donnell, Meredith's elusive back, received the ball. Dodging here and there, ever ready to take advantage of his.

opponents misjudgments, he tore off fifty yards before he was stopped.

Slowly, but surely Meredith approached the goal. On the three yard line, with one down to go Wadsworth took the ball and an end run found him over the line; incidentally Meredith had her opponents six to nothing. Witherton was not to be so easily beaten, however, for about ten seconds before the whistle blew, a forward pass by Witherton's full-back, to Daly, that academy's crack end resulted in a touch down for Witherton, no small amount of credit being given to Daly. A minute's rest and the last quarter began. Coach Ayres was heard to tell Dick to stay where he was; he'd be needed soon.

The ball changed hand three times before Meredith got on Witherton's fifteen yard line. Coach Ayres called for "time out," and O'Connell, the great back was taken out, and Ty replaced him. The whistle was blown and play was resumed. A fumble and a recovery found Meredith back five yards on the twenty yard line. Suspecting an end run the opposing team took a formation toward its prevention. Ty rubbed his hands a little nervously, perhaps, and looked at Cap for a sort of assurance. A smile seemed to do the work because when the signals were called Ty received the ball to perfection, and with that peculiar kick of his sent it soaring between the uprights and over the cross-bar.

Three more points for Meredith. The cheering was deafening for it had been a beautiful boot, and had put Meredith in the lead. Play was resumed but the quarter ended with the score nine to six in favor of Meredith. Ty was escorted from the field by a group of ardent admirers,

The congratulations from Cap Wadsworth were, perhaps, the most cherished of them all for if it hadn't been for Cap, Dick, in all probability, would never have played.

At the closing of the academy for the winter vacation the letters were awarded for football. As Dick's name was read and he rose to receive his letter, a great cheer arose also, for the students had not forgotten that kick of his, which practically gave them the cup. With a sheepish grin on his flushed face Dick reached out for his letter. His letter, an insignificant piece of felt, and yet it meant all the world to him.

With glowing eyes he sat down, but not for one instant did he shift his gaze from this precious trophy.

Over in the corner Cap Wadsworth wore a

knowing smile, Coach Ayres seemed entirely satisfied, and the other members of the team looked wise too.

For, they, too, knew the thrill of receiving a letter, so meaningless to some people, but the goal of every red-blooded youth's desire.

Roland Smith '25

ONE MINUTE TO GO

There are six cities in the Athletic Council in the County of Carlton. These are: Ashford, Tremont, Faxon, Carrigan, Midland and Richton. It has been the custom of these schools to play one another in all sports. In football there was a silver loving cup offered ten years ago by a leading citizen of Richton. Up to this year each of the schools had had this two years. For permanent possession a school must win three years, not necessarily consecutive.

Richton had exceptionally hard luck this year. Six of their most valued men had played professional baseball the preceding summer, which made them ineligible to play in any sport. But the coach of this school was plucky, and had high hopes of putting out a team which would win because of the willingness and grit displayed by the new men. In three weeks he had whipped a team into condition which had both speed and weight. Richton started off the season with a bang, winning from both Ashford and Tremont, their first two games. They then lost to Faxon, by a small margin, but made up for it by giving Carrigan the worst trimming in the history of that team. But Midland had won all of their games up to the Richton game, and then lost to the score of 9-6, through the heady work of the Richton quarter-back, and a neat drop-kick over the bar from the twenty-five yard line in the last quarter.

This made Richton and Midland tie for the first place and a date for the deciding game was set. The game was played in Richton and a big crowd gathered to witness it. Midland received the kick and went down on their forty yard line. In three downs they made twelve yards, and in the next four, ten yards; Then they were stopped. Richton took the ball on their forty yard line, made eight yards in three downs, and the full back went back for a kick. Midland caught the ball on their twenty-five yard line and went down on their thirty yard line. For some time they forged ahead slowly but surely, and on Richton's twenty yard line made 12

on a quick lateral pass. In another minute they were across for the first goal. They missed the kick for point, making the score 6-0 in favor of Midland. Richton took the kick and went down on their 45 yard line. They made eight yards on an off tackle play and stopped with the whistle for the first quarter. Two new men went into Richton's line and in the second quarter the ball seemed to stay in the centre of the field almost continually. Midland started a kicking game but that didn't do much good. Richton made twenty yards on a clever criss-cross, but Midland intercepted a forward pass and they came back to the centre again just as the whistle blew for the first half.

The Richton coach had seen how hopeless the line plugging was, and knowing that in practice the left half-back had shown exceptional ability in throwing long passes, he suddenly thought of a play which, if brought off when fairly in the opponents' territory, ought to win a touchdown. So when the team came off the field at the end of the first half, he took them all into the dressing room and outlined the play which should follow the signal of formation. He then took the quarter-back aside and told him exactly where on the field the team must be when the play came off.

The team went back on the field with fresh courage, determined to win. Midland had the ball and they held them wonderfully well. At the fourth down Midland's full-back put a great high long punt over Richton's quarter's head and the ends downed him on the five yard line. This was an awful predicament, but by means of a tackle tandem they made many holes in Midland's fast weakening line and by the end of the third

quarter they were only eight yards from the center. Midland strengthened their line at the beginning of the last quarter and held them fairly well. So with only two yards to go in the last down, Richton tried to make it and failed. It was Midland's ball but they could gain nothing through the line, so they tried an onside kick. The Richton quarter received it on his forty yard line and made six yards. He then made fifteen yards on a short end with triple interference. The full-back then took the ball through center for two yards. This placed the ball on Midland's thirty yard line. Richton's quarter, seeing that they could make no gains through center, thought that this was the time to get the coach's play off, as they were fairly into the opponent's territory, and there was but one minute to go.

He called the formation and every man took the place the coach had told him to. The right end shifted to the left side, went through, and drew off the quarter-back. The left end, after the ball had been snapped, went back of the line way over to the other side, and received the forward. The left half got behind the right tackle. The full-back received the ball ten yards back of the center, and threw it to the left half who ran back twenty yards back of the center, and threw it to the left half who ran back twenty yards behind the line of scrimmage. From there he forwarded it to the left end who caught it and made a touchdown. He had a clear field because the right half back and the quarter went through and Indianized the back field men. He had no sooner gotten through than the whistle blew, but Richton made their kick for point, and won to the score of 7-6.

G. Cormack '24.

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LOCAL DEPARTMENT

The "Crimson and Gray" Staff conducted a food sale in the Edwards Company's store on September 20th. The food was obtained by soliciting the members of the school. Twenty-seven dollars and sixty cents was realized on the sale. If more food could have been obtained, more money would have been secured, which would have helped toward the first issue of the magazine.

On September 24th, the Athletic Association conducted a Tag Day, the proceeds of which went toward the purchasing of equipment for the football team. This is the first of the four such Tag Days to be conducted during the year. The price of a tag was twenty-five cents, one-quarter of the year's dues of one person to the Athletic Association. It was hoped that every person in the school would buy at least one tag. Although the anticipation was not realized, thirty-seven dollars and seventy-five cents was received.

Class Officers and Meetings

The seniors had their first class meeting on the fifth of September in Room III. They chose Mr. Gibbons as their class advisor. Wallace Birdsall was elected President, Isabel Spielman Vice President, Raymond Allard Secretary, and Kenneth Taylor, Treasurer.

On September 18th the Juniors held their first class meeting in Room III. They elected Mr. Doyle as their class advisor. The President is Miss Adele Werner, the Vice President Miss Betty Rich, the Secretary Miss Hilda Gregory, and the Treasurer Charles Hanson.

OUT OF THE PAST

For the benefit of those who take an interest in our athletic activities the names of last year's basket-ball and baseball letter men are listed below.

In basket-ball the following men were awarded their "W:" C. Edmonds, captain; R. Hall, A. Kleiner, D. Fitzgerald, A. Wriston, R. Thayer and K. Small, manager.

The following made up the girls' basket-ball team and are wearing the Crimson "W;" M. Edmonds, captain; M. Berry, I. Spielman, A. Norman and L. Morse.

The baseball letter men are as follows: R. Allard, captain; D. Tabor, A. McGilpin, C. Christenson, D. Fitzgerald, L. Litchfield, A. Kleiner, C. Tessier, A. Berthiaume, B. Allard, R. Thayer, R. Smith and C. Edmonds, manager.

The Sophomores held their first class meeting in Room III on September 20th. Miss Finnegan was elected class advisor. Miss Dorothy Sheard was elected President of the class; Miss Stella Lavalley, Vice President; Richard Tillyer, Secretary; Miss Catherine Clark, Treasurer; and Donald Simonds, Assistant Treasurer.

In Room II, on September 21st, the Freshmen had their class meeting. They chose Miss Johnson as their class advisor. They elected Keith Middleton President, Winifred Chamberlain Vice President, Lois Knights, Secretary; and William Dennison, Treasurer.

The Freshmen Reception

The Freshmen Reception was held in the auditorium of our school on Friday evening, September 28th. There were nearly two hundred present, including parents and friends as well as pupils.

The evening was opened with an address by Mr. Gibbons, asking the parents to come often to the school. This was followed by a welcoming speech by the Junior Class President, Miss Adele Werner. At the end of her address she presented a gavel to Keith Middleton, the Freshmen Class President, who thanked her for it and, in the

course of his remarks, told the assembly a very good story about speakers.

Miss Werner presented Dorothy Cronin with a doll for being the class baby girl. Walter Wesson was the class baby boy, and he received a rattle. Little Miss Monette being the smallest girl received a yeast-cake. The smallest boy, Rudolph Brodeur, was presented with a ladder, the need for which we hope he will soon outgrow. Anita Soldani and Maurice Rosenthal being the fattest in the class were given a box of crackers, and a rubber elephant, respectively. Alice Freeman received a paper weight for being the tallest girl, and Allison Potter, the tallest boy, received a string bean. Aline Laricheliere, the class beauty was given a powder puff.

After the prizes had been distributed there was a grand march directed by Mr. Gibbons. This was followed by a very exciting peanut race among some of the Freshmen.

Then everyone joined in the Virginia Reel. The rest of the evening was spent dancing to the music of Tabor's orchestra. Cookies and punch were served throughout the dancing. The party closed at eleven, when the little Freshies, especially Dorothy Cronin and Walter Wesson, should have been in bed.

The matrons were Mrs. J. L. Coderre, Mrs. G. S. Rich, Mrs. H. B. Montague, and Mrs. A. LeClaire. Miss Olivette Bonin and Miss Betty Rich had charge of the prizes. The entertainment committee was composed of Louis Allard and Lawrence Litchfield. The decorations were in charge of Miss Mary Serletto. The advertising committee was Miss Constance Coderre and Miss Bernice Parker, while the music was in charge of Dean Tabor and Roland Smith.

ALUMNI NOTES

Class 1923—

Frank Goodell, valedictorian of his class, is taking a Post Graduate course in History and later hopes to enter West Point. We all wish him success.

Osborne Tabor has entered Clark University.

Mary Edmonds is taking a course in Household Arts at Simmons.

Irene Hughes is at Notre Dame Academy. Alfred McGilpin is attending school in Springfield.

Armand Degrenier is taking a course at Tufts Dental School.

Marjorie Harris is going to continue her art studies at Pratt Institute, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Ellis Potter has entered Brown University.

Lillian Proulx is employed at the Southbridge National Bank.

Arthur Wriston has entered the Springfield Y. M. C. A. School.

Clark Edmonds is to go to Dartmouth college.

Blanche Weatherhead has entered Wellesley College.

Kenneth Small is helping his father with his business.

Iola Shead, salutatorian of the class, and Mayvis Finlay are employed at the American Optical Co. Winifred Smith is also there for the present, but is planning to enter some hospital, preferably the Peter Bent Brigham, Boston.

Dolores Adams is working for the Southbridge Printing Co.

Helen King is employed at the G. C. Winter Store.

Class 1922—

Beatrice Page has returned to Boston University to complete her course.

Thecla Fitzgerald has returned to Radcliffe as a sophomore.

Constance L. Grant has also entered Radcliffe, as a freshman.

Evelyn Poeton has left to enter the Baptist Institute, Philadelphia.

Allard Paul is at Worcester Tech.

Ruth McMaster is employed at the Central Mills Co.

Rita Richards is secretary to Mr. Corbin.

Margaret Connolly is secretary to Mr. Forbes of the Vocational School.

Emma Bousquet is a secretary to Mr. Van Ornum of the Manufacturers' Association.

Florence Wixted is working at the Gas & Electric Co.

Dorothy Pratt is to enter Tufts Dental School.

Class 1924—

Doris Wheeler has entered the Post Business School, Worcester.

Hilda Aalto is progressing very well with her studies, in Springfield.

Class 1925—

Mrs. William Berry, (Doris Crosby) is receiving congratulations upon the arrival of a daughter, Dorothy Mabel.

Class 1920—

Eleanor Edwards and Elaine Leclair are seniors at Wheaton College, R. I.

Louise Rowley is at Simmons.

Frances Nolan is working in Boston.

Philip Larochelle is a senior at Tufts Dental College.

Class 1919—

Alice Clarke is teaching in Newton.

Josephine Delehanty is taking a course at Simmons, while she also fills a Social Service position there.

Raymond Favreau is a senior at Boston University Law School.

Class 1918—

Muriel Weatherhead is teaching music at Worcester Normal School.

Class 1916—

Miss Doris Garfield was married to George Kneller, September 24, 1923.

Class 1912—

Miss Florence Coderre was married to William Richard, October 8, 1923.

Exchanges

We want to thank all our friends who exchanged with us last year and shall be very glad to see them all again. We also welcome any other High School magazines. The exchange column ought to do a good deal toward improving the quality of the paper, and

we are going to try to make it do so. Everybody likes a little flattery, but too much is bad for anyone, so if you will tell us just what you think of our paper, we will appreciate it very much.

The first arrival this year was the Warren "Hilltop." The only hindrance to our enjoyment of it was caused by the absence of several pages, including the exchanges. Otherwise it was as full of real school life and fun as ever.

The "Drury Academe" from North Adams has been the only other paper to come so far. Here we find a long established magazine that seems to have the right proportion of everything, except that another editorial or two might improve it a little. The outstanding feature of Drury is her athletics, in which she has made a great reputation. We hope that you may continue to succeed as well as you have in the past.

The maiden lady of uncertain age became very indignant when the census taker asked her age.

"Did you see the girls next door?" she asked; "the Hill Twins?"

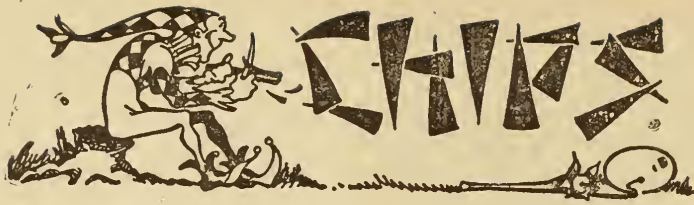
"Certainly," said the census man.

"Yes."

"Well," she snapped as she shut the door in his face, "I'm as old as they are!"

"Oh, very well," said the census man to himself, and he wrote down in his book: "Jane Johnson—as old as the Hills."

Exchange.



In ancient History.

Miss Putnam—For what is “Lydia” noted?

Simonds—Vegetable Compound.

Heard in the Freshmen Exams

A blizzard is the inside of a hen.

A circle is a curved straight line with a hole in the middle.

A mountain range is a large cookstove.

Achilles was dipped in the river Styx to make him normal.

Fascination prevents Typhoid Fever.

She—Wallace, why did you turn the speedometer back to zero?

Wallace—I wanted to see how far we could go before reaching home.

Hall—I wonder what kind of a noise does a banana make when it peals.

Heard in the Senior Class Meeting

President—How can we raise some dough?

Deep (thinking.)

Hall—Put some yeast cakes in the treasury.

Miss Putnam—What was the last thing Columbus did?

Miss Williams—He died.

Miss Putnam—Why is 1619 important?

Miss Berry—Women were brought to America and the owners received tobacco in exchange for them.

Editor's Note—Marion's ancestors must have sent over a large number of women as her father still makes cigars.

Miss Sullivan—Do you think Shakespeare inherited his good imagination?

Cormack—Well, Shakespeare's father drank and all men that drink have good imaginations.

Mrs. Goodell—Boys here's your new tutor.

Goodell Twins—Well, why doesn't he toot?

Wilcox—Talk about salesmanship.

Hanson—Yeah, what?

Wilcox—I just sold the night watchman in the mill a pair of Sun glasses.

When Tabor takes his mother out
A riding in his flivver,

He uses both of his arms to steer
And drives without a quiver.

But when he takes his best girl

Beside him in his lizzie

One arm is on the steering-wheel

The other one is busy.

It's King Tut pearls,

It's King Tut girls,

It's King Tut ring,

It's King Tut hose,

It's King Tut clothes,

It's King Tut everything.

Now you have heard

And I have heard

Our modern woman rave.

From what I can see

They'll soon have me,

Inhabiting a cave.

1925—A Little Bit of News

Tessier hasn't grown any.

Smithy and Montague grow taller every minute.

Lucille Leclair still goes with Ally.

Louise Nolan still lives in Sturbridge.

Ray Allard still shines with some of the junior girls.

Tessier—Oh mother, look at that man with white pants.

Mother—Those are his flannels, dear.

Tessier—But mother, father's are red.

Miss Sullivan—What race of people have black eyes?

Tabor—Sheiks and prize fighters.

Miss C. Clark—Tillyer, are you strong?

Dick—(modestly) Rather so, why?

Miss Clark—I wanted to know if you can break a twenty-dollar bill.

In Ancient History—

Miss Putnam—Simonds, what means of transportation did the Egyptians have?

Simonds—Flivvers.

Miss Putnam—And when people can make pottery they are no longer savages.

Tillyer—Then am I a savage? I can't make pottery.

Miss Putnam—The Egyptians differ from us in that they had no coin.

LaBelle—Neither have we.

In Latin II—

Miss Helen Clark translating Caesar

In our father's memory.

Question, Smith? said Miss Putnam.

Smith—What does that mean?

Miss Putnam very patiently (?) explains

Smith—I knew it couldn't mean my father.

"They're off" cried Miss Sullivan as she viewed the inmates of an insane asylum.

Alice had a little lamb

It followed her to school

She went to take a test and

She flunked it like a fool

So Alice changed her plan, they say

And took a bull next day,

And when she got her paper back

She pulled a nice big "A."

Carney—They wouldn't let me play any kind instrument at the orchestra rehearsal this afternoon.

Hall—Bass horn or Sax?

Carney—neither, electric fan.

They tell me that the Eskimo

Can go to sleep in beds of snow,

That the curious little Jap

Curled upon the floor can take a nap

And in the realms of quaint Bengal

They never use a bed at all,

If this is so, come tell me more

How do they sleep and sometimes snore,

On oyster beds in Baltimore?

Hall (at a music store)—Have you "Hot Lips?"

She (behind the counter)—No. Mine are chapped, but that's none of your business.

Miss Earls—You know this Cream-O-Wheat nigger. He's gone into the movies.

Potter—No really.

Miss Earls—Yup, I've seen him in lots of Cereal pictures.

"Just think," said a tourist passing through Southbridge, "I came all the way from Ohio just to see your wonderful sunset."

"Some one's been stringin' ye, stranger," answered Tillyer, "it ain't mine."

A tramp—Would you believe it folks, one day, I didn't have a thing to eat for a week, and I lived on water for a month.

Sympathetic Fitzgerald—You poor man, where were you?

Tramp—I was on the Ocean.

Simonds selling papers: "Carnegie leaves another library. Paper Mister?"

Mr. Gibbons, "My, Andrew Carnegie must have been a very rich man to leave so many libraries."

Simonds—"Lincoln must have been pretty rich too."

Mr. Gibbons, "How's that?"

Simonds, "He left a whole lot of Lincoln pennies around the country."

Two High School jokes, so people say,

Were walking down a street one day

When one joke to the other cried

"Come on, let's cross to the shady side."

I saw the anguish on his face

While great salty tears he shed

"What sorrow can be yours?" I cried,

"Alas!" he said, "My engine's dead.

Hebert—I'm going to buy a revolver.

Morse—A six shooter!

Hebert—No, nine. I want to kill a cat.

Mr. Gibb O ns

Miss A U coin

Miss Co R bin

Miss F innegan

Miss Sulliv A n

Miss Cro C ker

Miss P U tnam

Miss O'Donnel L

Miss Swet T

Mr. Do Y le

T abor

Litc H field

Tilly E r

F itzgerald

Ben O it

Ga U mond

Leclai R

H all

Mcntag U e

Ha N son

Bir D sall

Taylo R

Carn E y

Rei D el



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Mary E. Wells High School

VOLUME VII

DECEMBER 1923

NUMBER 2

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HIGH SCHOOL, SOUTHBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS

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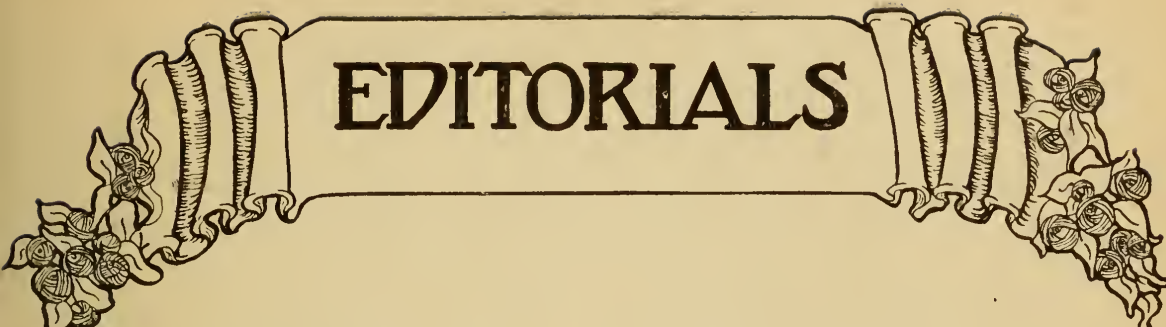
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EDITORIALS

OUR PART IN STREET TRAFFIC

At the present time everyone is interested in traffic rules on account of the many accidents which have occurred right here in our own town.

The pupils of the high school are principally pedestrians, and it is the duty of pedestrians as well as of automobile drivers to be careful.

I think we all know enough to look up and down a street before crossing it. Don't be a jay-walker; cross the street where you are supposed to cross, and when you do cross obey the traffic officer's signals.

When you are walking on a country road always walk on the left hand side, because when the vehicles coming up behind you are half the road's distance away, and you can see the cars coming toward you and get out of their way easily enough.

Don't annoy drivers. This is very bad habit. Don't stand in the middle of the road until the last minute. This is very dangerous especially with a nervous driver. Don't make loud noises to annoy the drivers.

Some of us are old enough to drive cars. To those we say: mind your manners when you are driving; don't blow your horn and annoy everyone get out of the way. Be polite to older people; remember that they do not care to move as quickly as we do.

C. A. Clarke '26.

THE CHRISTMAS SEASON

Neglecting the spirit and underlying purpose of the season, Christmas seems to be a time of "give and take." But even a commercially minded, self-centered person must recognize certain unwritten laws, though he may not desire to give without a thought of return. You who find no joy in giving, lend your commercial ear to these facts. Life is like a bank. If you put your best in, you will gain a more satisfying reward. You

yourself know that there is no time when a "sponger" is ever welcome, and especially not at Christmas. There again a man's greatness is measured by the value of the work he has contributed to his community, and not by what he has gained. In fact a person who contributes nothing and on the contrary injures society soon finds that such are outcasts.

Forgetting the ugly commercialism of Christmas, is there anything more satisfying than to give, and, in receiving, to know that gifts represent true friendship, the finest gift in our social world?

Taylor '24.

CHRISTMAS

Christmas as we all know is the festival of the Christian Church observed annually on December 25th. The time when the festival was just observed is not known with certainty: but it is spoken of in the beginning of the third century by Clement Alexandria and in the latter part of the fourth century it is spoken of as of great antiquity. The Western Church generally celebrated it on this date. The Eastern Church generally celebrated on the 6th of January but it gradually adopted the 25th of December.

Many people believe that the existence of heathen festivals celebrated on or about this date had great influence on the selection of this date.

Almost everywhere throughout Christendom Christmas is kept as a holiday and occasion of social enjoyment. In modern times it is the most widely observed of all festivals and being a season of good fare, present giving and family reunion.

Herbert Goodell.

LOYALTY

In order that any undertaking may become a success, all the participants must be loyal to that thing. This is especially true of

schools, and our own school in particular. If we want our school to have a good reputation, it is up to everyone to help contribute to it by his loyalty, not only in the form of material aid, but also by moral support. There is one way to do this in which all may participate, by being careful of what we say about the school. Little thoughtless criticisms on our part may be magnified by unscrupulous people into rumors which are detrimental to the school. There are those, too, who always "run down" local institutions. If we show them by word and action that we are loyal, it may result in the creating of a much better impression concerning the school in their minds.

It is a well known fact that often times a community is judged by its schools, and especially the high schools. So if we all do our best to win a good reputation for the school, this reputation will be reflected on the town, and will help to bring the prosperity that every citizen wants it to have.

R. Montague '25.

OVER THE CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS

Barbara Lynn had at last obtained permission to have a house party over the holidays. Five girls, besides Barbara, and six boys were invited and all came. They had a fine time the week before Christmas. Skating parties, sliding parties, sleigh-rides, and—well, everything that could possibly make the group have a good time.

Christmas morning everyone was up very early, wide-awake and eager to begin the day's joys. They spent the morning having snowball fights and building snow forts and snow men. About noon they went in and gathered about a huge tree. Everyone gave everyone else, pretty, useful, and funny gifts. Then came dinner! What a fine dinner it was. Afterward everyone was inclined to go to sleep but Barbara aroused them by suggesting a peanut hunt. Peanuts were hidden from attic to cellar in the most difficult places to find. Dick, a very stout boy, while hunting for peanuts down cellar, slipped, and to prevent himself from falling, took hold of a shelf of canned fruit. The shelf was not strong enough to hold Dick's great weight and down went Dick with the shelf of fruit. Upon hearing his shouts the rest rushed down to find Dick covered with fruit and fruit juice. He was such a ridiculous

figure that the rest could hardly stand from laughing. Finally they got over their mirth and helped Dick upstairs.

The last evening they had a masquerade. A prize was to be given to the one wearing the best costume with the result that many pretty and fantastic figures appeared. But the judges decided that Dick's costume was the best—he came as an elephant. The next morning all went home declaring that they had had the best time ever.

Dorothy Sheard '26.

READING KNOWLEDGE OF FOREIGN LANGUAGES

Some people translate a foreign language into idiomatic expressions, yet they lose the thought the author meant to convey and in that respect are like those who used to translate relying wholly on dictionaries. When a reading knowledge is gained, the meaning is considered first; but some thought should be given to the author's style.

A reading knowledge of foreign languages (meaning the principal European languages) is a necessity for anyone engaged in research work. However, this will not be the case when a universal language is used throughout the world. "Esperant" is supported by millions, yet students will have to wait until this has been well established before they can leave foreign language study out of their school courses.

"The period of greatest ability to learn foreign languages through the eye is between the ages of eight and fourteen" is a statement made to emphasize the fact that the capacity to read and write grow weaker as we grow older. This may be one reason why a study of one foreign language is required in high school.

The memory of the eye is relied upon by students of foreign languages. Reading aloud and hearing others speak languages are valuable supplements to reading.

If you have a ready reading knowledge of a language, the capacity might profitably be retained by some daily or weekly reading.

Another probable reason why a study of at least one foreign language is required in high school is the valuable mental training it affords.

I hope this theme will increase the interest of the high school pupils in the study of foreign languages.

(I have written this theme:) (1) to show why ~~one~~ foreign language is always included among the required subjects; (2) to bring to your attention the fact that we should supplement the memory of the eye with the memory of the vocal organs and that of hearing, and, therefore, (3) to increase the interest of the high school pupils in the study of foreign languages.

C. Hanson '25.

NEED OF A LIBRARIAN

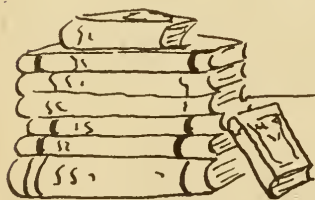
We now have a small library in Room Four at the disposal of the pupils of the high school for reference. Those books are arranged according to their subjects. They are taken from the shelves and when the

pupil is through with them, they are thrust into any convenient space. The consequence is that when another pupil wishes to use this same book, he does not find it in its proper place but must look through the whole collection.

And, again, many times the pupil wishes to take a book home. There is a book on the teacher's desk in which a record should be made of the fact that a certain book has been taken from the school, but this is not always done. In many other schools of this size, the upper classmen take turns performing the task of librarian. This idea might be carried out in this school with a great advantage.

R. Plimpton '24.

LITERATURE



"A MERRY CHRISTMAS TO ALL."

It was a crisp December day, when Jean Stewart and Ruth Arlington, inseparable friends, were doing some of their Christmas shopping.

"Oh Jean, we've seen practically all there is in this store, so let's go to Bailey's" said Ruth.

"All right," agreed Jean.

At Bailey's while they were looking at different things, Jean cried out:

"Oh, Ruth! Look at that poor woman; how thin she is. See what longing eyes she looks at the things spread out on that counter."

The next day, they saw the same woman with two small children, as ragged as she, pointing to various toys. "Come on, they're not for you," they heard her say to them, in passing.

Ruth's and Jean's heart ached at the thought of what kind of a Christmas those children would have, especially compared to theirs.

"Ruth, I must find out that lady's name and address, and we'll try to make it a happy Christmas for those children," said good hearted Jean.

"Let's," said Ruth, eagerly. "Come over to my house tonight, and we'll plan Christmas for that poor family."

Three days later, Jean went down town with her father, Dr. Stewart, and she again saw the woman.

"Dad, who's that woman?"

"She's Mrs Brady; but why do you want to know, may I ask?"

"I'd like to know her," said Jean, and she then unfolded her plan to her father.

"Her husband is crippled, and he's one of my patients, so would you like to come with me on my next call over there?"

"Oh, Dad," she cried, "I will go."

So the next morning Jean set out with her father for Mrs Brady's house.

After meeting Mrs Brady, Jean told her about the planning Ruth and she had done.

The poor woman was very much pleased.

Ruth and Jean were now busier than ever, planning for the Brady's and their own Christmas.

Christmas Eve finally came.

"Girls," said Bob, Jean's brother, I'll help you fix up that Christmas tree, if you want me to."

"All right, come along, We need a man, I think."

"Here's another one going with you," said a voice from behind. They all turned and saw Donald, Jean's twin brother, dressed as a Santa Claus, and intending to play Santa Claus's part.

They fixed a "dandy Christmas tree," as Jean put it, for the Brady's.

Christmas morning dawned bright and clear, and it was well worth the little trouble that Jean and Ruth had given themselves, to see the joy of those six small Brady children.

PAT'S LUCKY DAY

Patricia Dean climbed the stairs to her dingy apartment, with a troubled heart. She was working in a department store and earned barely enough money to support herself and her blind mother.

Mrs Dean had been a dressmaker in her earlier years, and had sewed so much that it had affected her eyes and she had become blind. She lived with a hope that after a rest her sight would come back to her.

While Patricia was at work the landlord called and demanded a payment of the rent, which was several months overdue. If they failed to pay he threatened to put them out. Determined that her mother must be saved the disgrace of being turned into the streets, she went out to borrow some money of the manager at the store. She thought perhaps he would let her have her salary in advance if he knew the circumstances.

There was a light in the office when she arrived, so she entered, to find no one there, and the safe open and empty. She turned to go, but, in the doorway stood Mr. White, the manager, with two officers, who searched and questioned her. No trace of the money was found, so they came to the conclusion that this girl had aided someone in stealing it.

She was arrested and sent to await her trial. She tried to explain that she had come to see the man on business, and had found the office in the condition it was now in. She tried to tell them of her mother, who couldn't live without her, but they wouldn't listen, and sent her away.

Her mother, when Patricia didn't come home that night, thought, of course, she was spending the night with her chum, as she frequently did. But when she failed to come home the next night, the mother was disturbed, and started out to find someone who could tell her the whereabouts of her daughter.

As she crossed the street a small car turned the corner and struck her, knocking her unconscious to the ground. The driver, a chap of about 25, tall, blond and good looking, lifted her frail body into his car and drove her to his home, where she would have proper care.

Carlton Lyman had never had an accident with his car before, and was terribly upset over this one. He stayed by the woman until she regained consciousness. Then she

told him and his father, Judge Lyman, the story of how her daughter had disappeared, and they promised to find her.

In an alley way in the slums of the city a man had been seriously injured when a stone structure had fallen and crushed his body. He was removed to the hospital, but it was too late to save him.

Before he died he confessed to having stolen some money and bonds from a store, and told where it could be found.

When the news reached the judge that the money had been restored, he sent for the girl and told her he would have his son drive her to her home, wherever it was. As she stepped into the corridor she came face to face with Carlton Lyman. He recognized her at once, with her mass of red curly hair and shining brown eyes. Her mother had described her to him, so that he had a vivid picture of her, and after a moment's hesitation he asked her if she was Patricia Dean. If so, he was told to take her to her mother.

Pat felt quite flattered to have a ride in such a fine car, and with so fine looking a young gentleman.

The following days were happy ones for Patricia and her mother. Pat had been left sole heir to a large estate in New York, and they were living there. Of course Carlton came to see how Mrs Dean was feeling after a serious operation on her eyes. The bandages could be taken off in a few weeks. Incidentally, he was becoming better acquainted with Pat.

On Christmas day the bandages were taken from the blind woman's eyes, and her sight was restored. She wished for no other Christmas gift than this. Nothing could make her more happy.

Patricia wished for no other gift, for she received her engagement ring from Carlton, whom she married soon after. Thus Christmas proved to be her lucky day.

Leona Morse, '26

MARCIA'S EVENTFUL CHRISTMAS.

It was a week before Christmas and everyone in the little town of Banbury was hastening to do their Christmas shopping. They were journeying to the nearby city to complete what shopping was necessary. Everything and everyone was in a hustle.

Children were happily gazing into store window in search of Santa Claus, who ap-

peared before them often, distributing candies and fruits.

Many boys and girls were returning from out of town schools to take part in the festivities in their homes.

Among these was Marcia Reed, a girl who had in her college career, so far, distinguished herself.

As Marcia left the train she was met by her father, who was one of the town's leading men.

During their ride home both were silent, contented just to be in each other's company.

Suddenly their car came to a stop and Marcia jumped from it and running up to the front door, turned and said, "Dad, I am so glad to be at home at last. It seems wonderful to think of three happy weeks with you --and m--m--mother." Why, did she hesitate on that word so? Her father soon came up and consoled her.

They entered the house, removed their wraps and started to enter the drawing room. They did not go in, however, because Mr. Reed suddenly realized that Marcia's new mother was giving a bridge

They entered the library to wait until Mrs Reed's bridge was over. They talked of Marcia's school, her visits home which she had always enjoyed so much, and about her new mother of only a few months.

Finally Mrs Reed entered and crossed to where the two were seated. Marcia was introduced and at first received a very good impression of her.

But as conversation continued Marcia's impression changed and she realized her dear Dad had married a society woman. She also decided that if this woman wanted formality, which she always hated, she would surely give it to her. Thus the hostility began.

Christmas day arrived and as usual Marcia expected to spend part of the day with her father, riding in the country, picking Christmas greens, and talking of old times they had so pleasantly enjoyed in this same manner.

But, as Marcia entered the breakfast room to inquire of her father, if he was ready, she found to her dismay that her mother was receiving callers and wanted her father there.

He tried to console his daughter by telling that they would take their trip in the afternoon. Afternoon came and father's plans

were again upset as they themselves were to make calls.

Marcia was left alone, and knowing it would be the same that evening, conceived a plan.

As soon as her father and mother had departed, Martha dressed in her usual sport costume and left the house for the stable where her father kept his two spirited horses. She ordered one to be harnessed, much against the wish of the stable man, and started down the drive.

After she had driven for about a mile the horse began to show his spirit by dashing and jumping about.

Although Marcia tried with all her strength to control him, it was useless, so she tried to leap from the sleigh, but before she had time to do this, the horse had over- turned it and she lost consciousness.

It seemed a long while to Marcia before she finally was informed of her whereabouts.

It seems she had been discovered unconscious on a heap of snow and taken to a house not far away by the son, a young collegian also home for the holidays.

The boy's parents brought her back to consciousness and she then asked Marvin, the son, to drive her home. After some consideration he did so.

Marvin was a constant visitor from that day until Marcia returned to school.

At school, as might be expected, a correspondence grew which lasted still longer.

About five years later, the little town of Banbury was again hurrying,—but not for Christmas. It was something more eventful the wedding of two of the town's leading citizens, Marcia Reed and Marvin Davis.

Years later Marcia told her husband how she dreaded that Christmas day and what led her to dare drive such a spirited horse.

Marvin explained that although he was sorry she had been hurt, he had the horse to thank for his wonderful wife.

Marcia in her turn explained that had it not been for her new mother, she would not have done it, therefore, the two were thankful for having been brought together.

Marian Berry, 24

THE SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS.

Christmas spirit! How often we have seen and heard that phrase! It means the spirit of giving and good fellowship. It promotes good will and prompts generosity among

those who come under its influence. At the annual Christmas time, the birthday of Christ, everyone is happy and in sympathy with his neighbors. Material gifts are given to show this mutual good will.

But the true Christmas spirit need not be practiced on Christmas Day only, but all the year 'round. In fact, those people possessing the real spirit, realizing that it is their duty and privilege to do so, make use of it every month, every week, and every day, to the advantage of those around them.

We need not wait until December to express our liking for our friends and our appreciation of them.

So let us remember the real value of the true spirit of Christmas, for which the best interpretation to be found is that well known and everlasting, clause, "Peace on earth and good will toward men."

Edna L. Poeton, '24

SANTA'S CHRISTMAS JOURNEY.

'Twas twelve o'clock on Christmas Eve
When Santa from Santa Claus land did leave
With his bag in the sleigh drawn by four tiny
deer

To carry his many toys far and near.
Through Tommy's chimney down he went,
Left many toys besides a tent;
Then helped trim Mary's pretty tree
With toys and goodies, in great glee
Down each child's chimney he did go,
Filled stockings up from top to toe
Spread happiness and Christmas joys
O'er all the youngsters, girls and boys.

E. Champagne, '26

"THE LOVE TALES"

"Some Sunny Day" "When the Leaves
Come Tumbling Down" I'll go "Swingin'
Down the Lane" "Beside a Babbling Brook"
with that "Red Head Gal" "Annabelle."
"Nothin' But" "Little Rover" to remind us
that if "We Don't Get Home Until Morning"
her "Aggravatin' Papa" will be "Running

Wild" beside their "Georgia Cabin Door."
He was just "Waitin' for the Evening Mail"
but gave me the "Farewell Blues."

I just told him to "Pack Up His Sins" and
go "Down in Maryland" with his "Louisville
Lou." "Who Cores" when he is "Gone." He
said, It is a "Lovely Nest" "When All Your
Castles Come Tumbling Down," so I "Lost
a Wonderful Girl" and I had those "Down
Hearted Blues" when I met "Rosalie" my
"Sweet One" by the "Saw Mill River Road."
She said "Everything is K. O." and I was
"Falling" for her where I met "Peggy Dear."
She was the "Snakes Hip." I told her how
"My Sweetie Went Away" and she said "You
Know You Belong to Somebody Else," so I
"Gave Her Up Just Before She Threw Me
Down" and went back to "My Old Love,"
Rosalie. She said, "Who's Sorry Now" and
I said "Dearest" I'm Crying for You" "Open
Up Your Arms" and come down "Sweetheart
Lane" to "Starlight Bay" with me.

THE ALMIGHTY

Far, far up above the clouds,

There's One who sees us all.

He sees the weary farmer pause,

And hears the lone wolf call.

To the thirsty He gave drink,

While the hungry He did feed.

My friend! He will hear and answer,

No matter what be your need.

The poor have more than once

Been cheered by what He said,

The sick have listened to His words,

And risen from the bed.

With a sight of unknown limit,

He has helped us, kith and kin.

Given us strength where we might falter,

And cleansed us of our sin.

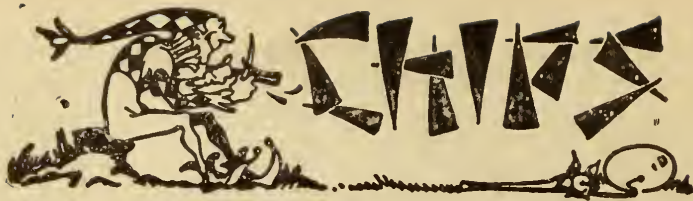
So with a hymn of gladness,

We shall bow down at His feet.

For the One of whom I speak is God,

With whom we all must meet.

R. Smith, '25.



Ask Miss Johnson if she knows Jerry.

Miss Sullivan: About how old was Rustum?

Cormack: I don't know. How long did they live in those days?

In ancient history--

Miss Putnam (giving names of gods and goddesses and asking what each one had charge of) Simonds: Juno.

Simonds: I don't think so.

Miss Putnam: So you don't believe Santa Claus drives reindeer over the snow?

Hebert: No ma'am.

Miss Putnam: You're from Missouri.

Hebert: No ma'am; Florida.

Birdsall: I've gone 12,000 miles without a puncture.

Hall: G'wan, I saw you at the dance the other night with a flat tire.

Reidel: Did you hear about the short story writer who was drowned in Webster Lake?

Oldham: What did he have, the writer's cramp?

Marian Berry: What's Tabor sitting on the ball for?

He: Sh! He's hatching a touchdown.

Hall: Quite a KuKlux demonstration last night wasn't it?

Carney: Yes, even the rain came in sheets

Leclair: Does anyone know where money can be found?

Allard: Yes, in the dictionary.

L. Leclair: What is the best way to catch a mouse?

Montague: Go down to the cellar and make a noise like a cheese.

Snell: Have you heard of the Boston baby who was brought up on elephant's milk?

Hanson: No, tell me about it.

Snell: It was the elephant's baby.

L. Clemence: What is the best way to keep fish from smelling?

Smith: Cut their noses off.

S. Claffin: Why is education like a tailor?

R. Pollard: Because it forms our habits

Miss Johnson: I think it's about time this room was quiet, don't you Tabor?

Tabor: If you're asking my opinion ma'am I think so, too.

Hanson, translating Virgil: The goddess shone in respect to her rosy neck.

Miss Sullivan to her English III class: "You might read some of this war poet's works; he dies during the war and hasn't written anything since.

Louise Nolan: Dear, what's better than an idea?

Tabor: You, dear.

Miss Putnam in Latin III: What is the more common name for the Big Bear and Little Bear?

Miss Nolan, brightly: Two Bears.

1924

Miss Berry (in English composition): "Peran Wisa was asleep on his bed--his arms close by."

Miss Putnam (in Am. Gov't:) Can any of you recall a time when there were three parties instead of just the Republicans and Democrats?

Carney: Boston Tea Party.

Miss Sullivan: Can any of you think of a better plan than Sohlab's to find his father?

Marian Berry: Why didn't he advertise in the newspapers?

Cormack (discussing Senior play:) Gee, where could we get a parrot?

L. W.: I think you'd be a dandy one, Cormack.

LAST QUARTER.

Miss Firnegan: (to L. Williams translating rapidly (?) in French class) "Just a

oment Miss Williams. Time out while Hall
ats away his playthings."

From Charles Hall, our philosopher:
Some people are so dumb that they think
ussel shoals is a wrestler, and that Liberty
ell is a retired actress.

Gaumont: (translating French) "She
ssed him, pressing her lips to the cheek of
r financier."

Miss Putnam: Miss Pinsonneault, why
d the United States enter the World War?
Miss P: Because the Germans threatened
kill our ships and sink our citizens.

FAVORITE EXPRESSION OF OUR FACULTY

Mr. Gibbons: "Please pass out quietly."
Miss Johnson: "Does anyone want to go
see Mr. Gibbons?"

Miss Finnegan: "Where's Dean Tabor?"
Mr. Doyle: "Oh, gosh gee yes!"

Miss Sullivan: She hasn't any--she says
with her eyes.

Miss Aucoin: "We can do without that"

Miss O'Donnell: "Sh! Girls, quiet."

Miss Crocker: "Oh, rats!"

The other day Callahan, you know him,
at little boy in the Freshman year, got in
rong with Miss Crocker. He was explain-
g to her why he didn't have his algebra fin-
hed. "Look, Miss Crocker," he said, after

I had the finger cut (it was in a splint) the
doctor put so much catgut in it that every
time I use my finger it is a wonder it doesn't
meow."

Ralph Hall asked our music teacher the
other day for an opinion of his voice. "Tell
me," asked Miss Swett, "Are you very fond
of music?" "Oh! yes, immensely," answered
Ralph. Miss Swett looked puzzled for a mo-
ment, then said. "That's very curious."

A COMMON OCCURRENCE.

'Twas early in the morning,

At half-past seven o'clock

When my mother came to call me,

(I was dead to the world as a rock.)

She called me once, she called me twice,

She tried to make me wake.

But. Ah! She couldn't do it,

(For sleep, I'll take the cake.)

She got me up at quarter to eight

And then I thought, "By Heck!

If I get up there very late,

Mr. Gibbons will wring my neck."

I surely dressed in a hurry,

I ate but half my gruel

And then I ran up two hills,

So I wouldn't be late for school.

I reached the school in no time,

But then it was half-past eight

And when I landed in the room

I found I was two minutes late.

Richard Tillyer, '26

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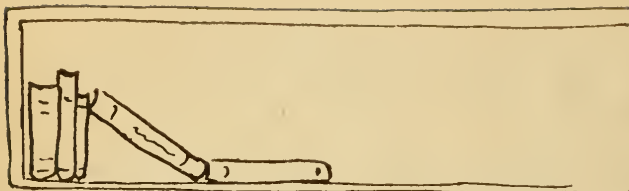
NUTTING, SAWYER & THOMPSON

PICTURES.

FRAMING

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Locals



JUNIOR PLAY.

On Nov. 27, the Junior Class presented their play, "The Missing Miss Miller," in the Town Hall. The attendance was very large and they netted about one hundred and fifty dollars. Candy was sold between the acts, and the High School orchestra furnished the music between acts. Dancing was enjoyed until eleven thirty.

The cast of the play were as follows:-

Mymen Trouble.	Dean Tabor
Mrs. Lostee Man	Mary Serletto
Gevendolyn Dashforh.	Adele Werner
Cassie Pauline Skidoo	Elizabeth Rich
Tessie Tapp.	Hilda Gregory
Bostonia Joughnz.	Gertrude Farley
Peter G. Q. Wurdz.	Louise Allard
Sherlaw Combs.	Royce Fitzpatrick
Scotty Buckskin.	Lawrence Litchfield
Colonel Penuckle.	Roland Thayer
Dr. Faunce Rhinestone	Robert Montague

The success of the play should be attributed both to the cast and Mr Doyle, the coach.

On Nov. 26 from one o'clock until two the High School pupils enjoyed a lecture, with slides, on Alaska, by Colonel C. H. French.

HIGH SCHOOL ORCHESTRA.

The first appearance of the High School orchestra was at the Junior Play, when it played between the acts. Its fine work was commented on by many people, it being due to the hard work of the director. Miss Doris E, Swett, and the members. The members are as follows:-

Doris E. Swett	Director
Charles Hall	President
Robert Oldham	Vice President
Arthur Gaumond	Secretary and Treas.
Virginia Cortiss.	
Aline Pinsonneault.	

Beatrice Gaumond.
Charles Hanson.
Albert Labelle.
Kenneth Small.
Edgar Wilcock
Aline Pinsonneault.

OBSERVATION OF EDUCATION WEEK.

On the evening of Nov. 21st, Education week was observed by a session of school from six thirty to eight thirty, there being no school in the afternoon. The schedule for the evening was that which would have been used in the afternoon session. All the parents were invited to attend, in order that they might become better acquainted with the school and its methods.

GLEE CLUB.

A Glee Club of about 80 members has been formed, the officers being as follows:-

President, Elizabeth Rich.
Vice President, Charles Hall.
Secretary and Treasurer, Isabel Spielman.
Librarians, Alice Beardwood and Marian Berry.

The club meets from twenty minutes past two until three o'clock every Friday afternoon, Miss E. Swett being leader. The dues are ten cents a month, and the money collected is used for the purchase of music.. Pins have also been purchased by the members.

The work of the club is centered on an operetta, "Polished Pebbles." The following people were chosen:-

Uncle Bob.	R. F. Plympton
Mrs O'Brien.	Lillia B. Pinsonneault
Rosalie.	Elizabeth Rich
Winifred.	Olivette Bonin
Millicent.	Isabel Spielman.
Mrs Gabble.	Mary Serletto
Martha.	Ruth Wriston
Nick.	Lawrence Litchfield

ALUMNI NOTES

Miss Julia Campell, a former teacher here, was the weekend guest of Lucille Williams, '24, November 23rd.

Miss Catherine O'Keefe, also a former teacher spent the weekend of November 10th in town.

Mrs Kenneth Raison, (Dot White,) '23, accompanied by her infant daughter, Jean,, made visits to many friends here while the guest of Lucille Williams.

Miss Marjorie Harris, '23, was the guest of her parents, Nov. 30.

Miss Blanche Weatherhead, '23, Wellesley 27, also spent this weekend at her home.

Miss Beatrice Page, '22, enjoyed the Thanksgiving holiday in town.

Miss Thecla Fitzgerald, '22, Radcliffe '26, also spent the holiday in town.

Miss Constance Grant, '22, Radcliffe '27, accompanied by Miss Stillwell, Radcliffe '25, spent the weekend of the 30th at home.

Isabelle Corey, '20 has accepted a position in Amherst.

Muriel McKinstry, '23, has moved to Rochester, N. Y.

Germaine Paquette, '25, and Alice Lafleche, '25, are taking courses at Becker's Business College, Worcester.

Miss Cora Gatineau, '10, is employed in the United States custom service in Boston.

James Nolan, '22 is at the Business Administration School, Boston University.

Walter Lindell, '18, of Melrose played our boys in a recent football game.

Among our other alumni visitors are:- Dorothy Pratt, '22, Forsythe Dental; Louise Rowley, '20, Simmons '24; Irene Hughes, '23, Notre Dame, Boston; Pearl Desautel, '22, working at the American Optical Co.

SCHOOL SPIRIT.

What is needed? Comes the question
Into everybody's mind;

When they see that their own high school
Seems to lay a bit behind.

When the pupils, going onward
Never have a thought of time,
Nor a thought of what they might do
To help their school to climb.

What is needed? It is Spirit
To think and do for all
Needed duties; and to answer
To every earnest call.

What is spirit in your classes?
Is it rushing right along
Never heeding, never listening?
Be a booster in the throng.

Spirit in our high school classes
Needs the help of everyone,
Needs the loyalty and devotion,
It will count in the long run.

Let us all have good school spirit,
True and loyal to each call
Till our high school reaches a standard
That may be a pride to all.

S. Claffin, '25

Exchanges

We have received an unusually good lot of Exchanges this quarter, and they are very welcome. More comments, however, would be appreciated. We acknowledge with thanks the following:- "The Banner," Rockville, Conn. A complete and interesting paper, with plenty of jokes. "The Authentic" Stoneham, Mass. Your stories and editorials are especially good. The general appearance of the paper would be improved by using larger type.

"The Herald," Westfield, Mass. Your Commencement number was one that any class would appreciate. The "Prophecy on the Prophetess," saves much embarrassment to the author of the prophecy. "The Spotlight," Spencer, Mass. Longer stories and more editorials will make your paper one of the best. Come often. "The Argus" Gardner, Mass. You seem to have gone in for poetry, and with very good results. Your ads show good backing. "Ravelins," Oxford, Mass. You have the right kind of school spirit, and a fine little paper. Wouldn't it be better, though, to cut out some issues, and have the rest printed?

"The Senior," Westerly, R. I. We liked the "Address of Welcome" very much. We would suggest that you lengthen the different departments. "The Dial," Brattleboro, Vt. A true representative of good school spirit, as shown by the unusual number of contributors and the quality of material.

"The Gleaner," Pawtucket, R. I. You have a good range of subject matter and an exceptionally complete "Tattler" department. More cuts might be used.

"The Student's Pen," Pittsfield, Mass. A magazine that shows good work and plenty of it.

"The Milichi," Milica, Minn. A snappy little newspaper, worthy of the good backing it appears to get from the school.

"The Spotlight," Cranford, N. J. Your literary department is well developed, but the other parts, now rather short but sweet, could be enlarged.

"The Micrometer," Cincinnati, Ohio. A well filled magazine, with an unusual cover. We would suggest combining some of the departments.

"The Peter's Piper," Southboro, Mass. Some cuts and a better separation of the departments would improve your paper, you have a fine number of ads.

"The Red and Black," You need more and longer stories to balance your editorial and exchange departments, which are very complete.

"The Wyndonian," Willimantic, Conn. Your stories are plentiful and well written. Why not keep them separate from editorials?

"The Academy Journal," Norwich, Conn. Your societies department is an innovation. A few editorials would help.

"The Chronicle," Pasadena, Cal.

"The Echo," Winthrop, Mass.

"Trade Winds," Worcester, Mass.

"The University News," Boston, Mass.

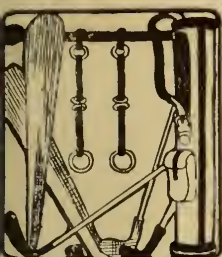
"Tech News," Worcester, Mass.

"The Polytechnic," Troy, N. Y.

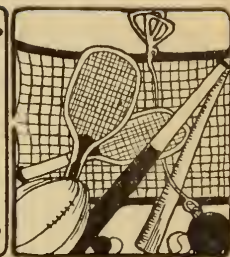
"The Critic," Derry, N. H.

"The Emerson News," Boston, Mass.

"The X Roy," Sacramento, Cal.



ATHLETICS



Basket-Ball—It's Coming; Just a note in regard to our prospects this year. We established an enviable record last year. Let's do it again. With Ralph Hall as their leader the following will appear under the colors of the Wells High School.

Fitzgerald who played a great game at back last year.

Thayer, a man that played both forward and guard with skill.

Other men who will try for positions are:

Tillyer who should make a forward berth this season.

"Lawry" Litchfield, a strong bidder for a guard position.

Openshaw, who has a reputation among the grammar school boys, is with us this year. We are sorry that Wriston, Edmonds and Kleiner are not here but we hope to hear of their performances in their respective "homes."

On Oct. 13, the team went to Whitinsville, in a large truck, accompanied by the same rooters who turned out for the first game

In the Whitinsville elevens our boys found a hard and clean playing team in spite of all our backfield could do, and that, by the way was not a little, the Wells boys received a defeat to the tune of 37 to 0.

This did not, however, discourage the charges of Coach Doyle. The lineup was:-

Northbridge--37	M. E. W. H. S. --0
McClellan le	re Clemence
Smith lt	rt L. Litchfield
Horan eg	rg Thayer
Bigelow c	c Taylor
Jchson rg	Birdsall lg
Gow rt	lt Smith
Lawton re	le McKinstry
Cahill qb	qb Tessier
Liberty lhb	rhb Carney
Trimier rhb	lhb Hall

FOOT-BALL RESULTS-1923

The Mary E. Wells High School football team opened the season on the Worcester-Street grounds with the Gibraltar A. A. on October 5th.

As this was the team's first real test there were, perhaps, flaws throughout. However, with Hall and Fitzgerald playing a great defensive game the "Gibs" nosed out with a win by the narrow margin of 12 to 0.

This being the first rugby football game of the season in Southbridge the turn-out was fairly good. The lineup:

Gibraltars 12	M. E. W. H. S. 0
Belanger re	le McKinstry
Dodd rt	lt Smith
Bombard rg	lg Birdsall
McIntyre c	c Taylor
M. Girard lg	rg Thayer
Combs lt	ft. L. Litchfield
McKinstry le	re Carney
Fromblay qb	qb Tessier
Greenhalge rhb	lhb Hall
Senecal lhb	rhb Clemence
Torrance fb	fb Fitzgerald

After a week of stiff practice the local gridsters took on the Putnam team here in Southbridge.

The home team was apparently the weaker during the first quarter, but in the second they settled down, and although no long gains were made they held Putnam scoreless.

The third quarter passed in the same manner, and in the last, Tabor, our "Fordham Flash," intercepted a forward pass and ran ten yards for a touchdown. Hall got off a beautiful drop kick for the point after the touchdown. Putnam held gamely and no further scoring was done.

The home team showed a vast improvement in their playing and showed that team work will do far more than depending on only one or two good men.

The attendance was a bitter disappointment; only 68 paid admission and only twenty two of these were high school students.

Putnam had more rooters on the field than Southbridge, but the Wells boys won by the score of 7 to 0. The lineup was:

Putnam--0

Thayer re

Davies rt

Elliot rg

Valentine c

W. Arnold eg

Barber lt

Cody le

Pritchard qb

Gessler rhb

Cartier, lhb

E. Arnold fb

M. E. W. H. S.--7

le McKinstry

lt Smith

lg Birdsall

c Taylor

rg Thayer

rt L. Litchfield

re Fitzpatrick

qb Tessier

lhb Hall

rhb Tabor

fb Fitzgerald

On Nov. 3, Woodstock was to play the M. E. W. aggregation on Hamilton field. The game was cancelled, and for an excellent reason, in which we of the Wells High, extend our sympathies in an attempt to right the article which was published in the Southbridge News with absolutely no authority from the high school.

The Southbridge A. A. was substituted for Woodstock, and although the high school eleven was considerably outweighed, they made the game interesting from the first to the last whistle.

The school lads showed gameness and each played his position with very few mistakes.

Tabor took the pigskin over for a touchdown in the third quarter.

The final score was, Southbridge, A. A. 19, High School 6

The lineup:-

Southbridge A. A. --19

Lindell le

Donais lt

J. McKinstry lg

Duluth c

Smith rg

Damien rt

Connors re

Buckmaster qb

Mahan lhb

Desaulniers.rhb

Regan fb

M. E. W. H.S --6

re Fitzpatrick

rt L. Litchfield

rg Thayer

c Taylor

lg Birdsall

lt R.Smith

le D. McKinstry

qb Tessier

rhb Hall

lhb Clemence, Tabor

fb Fitzgerald

sides, Putnam being more on defensive than otherwise. Our boys opened up in the fourth period and Hall made two touchdowns:

Every man that made the trip took part in the game. The lineup:-

Putnam --6

Thayer re

Davies rt

Elliot rg

Valentine c

W. Arnold lg

Barber lt

Cody le

Pritchard qb

Gessler rhb

Cartier lhb

E. Arnold fb

M. E. W. H. S.--19

le McKinstry

lt Smith

lg Birdsall

c Taylor

rg Thayer

rt Fitzpatrick

rt L. Litchfield

qb Tessier

lhb Hall

rhb Tabor

fb Fitzgerald

The first game with Bartlett High was played in Webster, Nov. 17. The visitors were outweighed considerably and their lack of football knowledge was made apparent. They held Webster to a field goal and a touchdown to one touchdown for them at the end of the first half, when the score stood 9 6 in Webster's favor.

The feature of the game was the unleashing of a series of forward passes which netted long gains. This feature was contributed by the Southbridge gridsters.

Webster, however, scored twice more, and when the final whistle blew the score stood: Webster 16 Southbridge 6

The Line-up:

Intas le

K. Kelly lt

Ziemboweki lg

Uchon c

Gadoury rg

Schonfelt rt

Broniff re

Sins ob

F. Kelly lhb

Chabot rhb

Haenig fb

re Fitzpatrick

rt L. Litchfield

rg Thayer

c Cormack, S. Litchfield

lg Birdsall

lt Smith

le McKinstry

qb Tessier

rhb Hall

lhb Tabor, Clemence

fb Fitzgerald

Monday afternoon, Nov. 12, the high school boys journeyed to Putnam.

Putnam scored first in the first quarter, their only tally. Tabor ran eighty yards with the oval tucked securely under his arm for our first touchdown in the same quarter. No further scoring was done in the first half. The score was tie, each missing the point after the touchdown.

The third quarter went by scoreless, and in it was displayed some rare football on both

On Nov. 21, Southbridge played off her cancelled game with Woodstock. A victory was obtained by the locals in a contest marred by fumbles and misplays.

Capt. Moore of the visitors received a broken nose and was forced to retire.

The score and lineup was as follows:

Woodstock 7

Ericson le

Scranton lt

Andrews lg

M. E. W. H. S. 20

re McKinstry

rt L. Litchfield

rg Thayer

Swanson c	c Cormack, S. Litchfield
Safford rf	lg Birdsall
Phaneuf rt	lt Gaucher, Smith
Hughes re	le Fitzpatrick
Johnston lhb	rhb Clemence
Moore rhb	lhb Tabor
Wetherell qb	qb Hall
Morse fb	fb Fitzgerald

The Wells high school closed its season on Wellsworth field, Wednesday, Nov. 28, with Bartlett high of Webster as opponent. Both teams were confident and on the third play, "Red" Kelly, of Webster was forced to retire with a badly wrenched knee. The next play saw Smith, left tackle for Southbridge come in order and Hall, our highly prized half-back took to the bench in a shape that was far from enviable.

The players who stuck were game, however, and although Webster won, we cannot but admit that there was some high class work done by our subs. Speaking of dependable men, I wonder if anyone chanced to see Cormack perform. He certainly did himself and the coaches credit in his last game of high school football. We'll miss him, but we wish him well in his further adventures.

Tessier came back and was a thorn in Webster's side from the beginning to the end.

Fitzgerald played a great game, and showed the old spirit we like to see. We're certainly glad he's only a sophomore.

The lineup:--

Webster 32	M. E. W. H. S. 0
Intas le	re Fitzpatrick
K. Kelly lt	rt L. Litchfield
Zeembowski lg	rg Thayer
Urchon c	c Cormack, Taylor
Gadoury rg	lg Birdsall
Schoenfelt rt	lt Smith, Taylor, Cormack
Braniff re	le McKinstry
Sims nb	qb Hall
F. Kelly lhb	rhb Tessier
Chabot rhb	lhb Tabor
Haenig fb	fb Fitzgerald

The football season this year has been a fairly brilliant one for us as far as victories and defeats are concerned. With three victories and two defeats, with one more game to be played, the high school gridsters have made a good impression. This does not, however, include the games played with the town teams.

"Dan" McKinstry has played a great game at end this year, while a family relation, Fitz-

patrick, played the other end and had a very delightful way of pulling down forward passes.

R. Smith at left tackle was another find of the season. He played in a part of every game and fulfilled the name of his position, tackling hard and often and breaking up many plays which otherwise would have made substantial games. He will be with us one more year.

L. Litchfield and Gaucher played a story game at tackle. Gaucher's feature was interfering for Hall in the Woodstock game.

No one could have filled the guard berths better than "Cap" Thayer and Birdsall. "Birdie" is a tower of strength and we shall hate to part with him next June.

Taylor, Cormack and L. Litchfield have kept the ball going at center and made a great job of it too. Taylor will also leave us next June as will our other center, Cormack. We know "Stought" can uphold the intricacies at center next year and we wish him luck.

Hall has played dependable football all season and we are happy to say that he is only a Sophomore. What will he do when he is a Senior?

We shall lose Carney in June and in him we lose a player of worth.

"Lu" Clemence will be with us next year and if he ever gets going the other side will have to step because he is a corking broken field runner.

Tabor needs no endorsement just look up his record. He can run like a deer and he has nerve. These two characteristics combined with training have made him a "Thorn in Webster's side," so to speak.

Last but far from least comes our full-back "Fitzie" or to strangers, Fitzgerald. A hard worker and a real full-back, he has gained more than one yard for his team and although he has made no flashy touchdowns, he is O. K. Don't think that we don't appreciate your playing Fitz, there's not a person in the school that could fill your position as you have.

Much credit is due Mr. Doyle and Harvey Paige who have made us what we are in football today and we are highly appreciative of their achievements.

According to a recent statement made by Coach Doyle, the following men will be awarded the Crimson "W" for playing the

required amount of time on the high school foot-ball team.

R. Thayer (Captain)	rg
R. Smith (Manager)	lt
L. Litchfield	rt
A. Gaucher	rt
W. Birdsall	lg
D. McKinstry	le
R. Fitzpatrick	re
G. Carney	re
K. Taylor	c
G. Cormack	c
S. Litchfield	c

Note—Players are placed according to the position they played when completing their time.

Did you know that:

Birdsall has the unique record of being the only High School football player in our school to have played every minute of every game? Some record!

Wriston earned his numerals as a player on the Springfield Y M C A. Freshman football team? Good boy, Ajax. Keep up the good work

Hall was high point scorer for us in football?

Our team won and lost three games? Not bad for a starter.

Fitzgerald is the only player, on either our or the opposing teams, who has the distinction of having booted the leather over his opponents goal posts on the kick off?

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Would Things Look Queer?

What Would His New "Specs" Do, Anyhow?

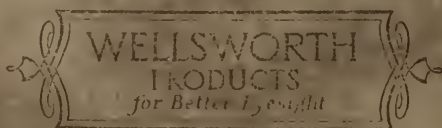
Perhaps they make him feel shut-in as by a baseball catcher's mask. Perhaps! He gazed the full length of the street through his new glasses. And you may be sure that the father who watched was quite anxious and eager as the boy.

Suddenly back from the horizon to the anxious face above him, swept the boy's eyes. His face lighted with a happy smile, "Why, Daddy," he exclaimed, "The whole world looks cleaner!"

From the boy's young eyes all blurred, black patches of vague shapes had rolled quickly away like clouds out of the wind scoured sky. Shadowy forms had become definite. Blurs had been changed into clear cut shapes. The world was suddenly cleaner—brighter. Five million children in this country are struggling through school and making hard work of play handicapped by imperfect and inadequate vision. They don't tell you about it because they don't know they are handicapped. They have never seen through any eyes but their own. How should they know, therefore, that other eyes are different?

There is absolutely no way to be sure other than to avail yourself to the tremendous resources put at the command of those who examine the eyes. Progress in school, happiness at play, chances in later, grown up years may depend on the action taken in this vital regard.

American Optical Company Southbridge, Massachusetts, U.S.A.



The **CRIMSON** **and GRAY**



Mary E. Wells High School

VOLUME VII

APRIL 1924

NUMBER 3

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The Crimson and Gray

PUBLISHED QUARTERLY BY THE STUDENTS OF THE MARY E. WELLS
HIGH SCHOOL, SOUTHBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS

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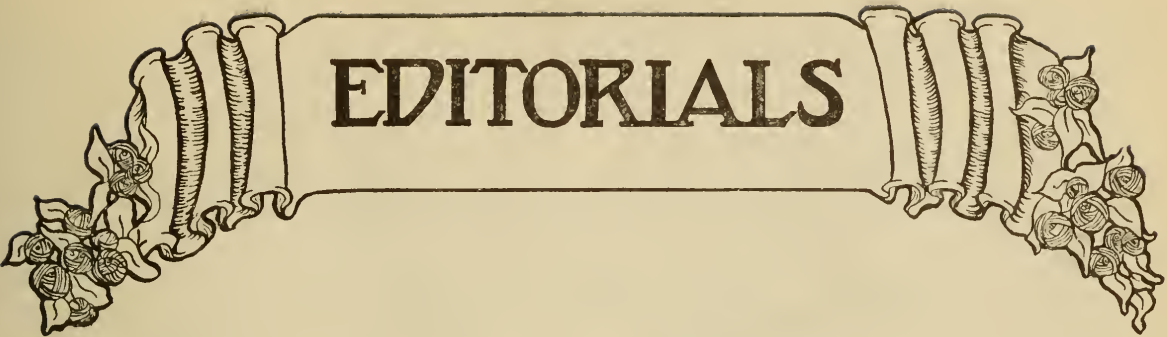
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EDITORIALS

"THE NEED OF SPANISH"

As the trade of the United States with Spanish-speaking countries increases, it is a matter of national importance that every young man or woman should study Spanish. The success of our foreign trade depends mainly, of course, on the efficiency of its traders, and it is evident that in international business, sellers must learn the language of buyers, or fail. What should we think of a foreigner who asked us to learn his language in order that he might sell us his wares?

The principles seems obvious, but its importance is not yet generally realized, for Spanish-Americans are still complaining of having to do business through interpreters, and of receiving thousands of catalogues which they cannot read. It is to be hoped that our business men will soon realize that their agents who cannot read and write Spanish might as well be tongueless or fingerless.

The Spanish-American business man, unlike our own, wants to talk about something besides samples and prices. By being sociable one can sell him more goods than in any other way.

It is not a matter of pleasure or even of personal profit alone but a duty therefore, for the exporter to learn Spanish.

Secondly, if our foreign commerce is of national importance, so is the duty of Spanish.

If all the students would study the language of the eighteen Spanish-American republics, it would not be long before our general ignorance of them would begin to disappear and make the trade between the United States and Spanish American almost a pleasure.

Delina Dugas, '26.

BRIEF BITS

In working for a better school paper we enlisted the literary ability of the entire stu-

dent body. The result was a group of very acceptable stories, in return for which we have been able to offer only four awards. The Editors believe however that you will enjoy the achievement of a good story issue.

Remember: School spirit is not a beverage to be kept in a vault in the cellar until some special guest and occasion arrives. It is a real prohibition drink, so let's have some!

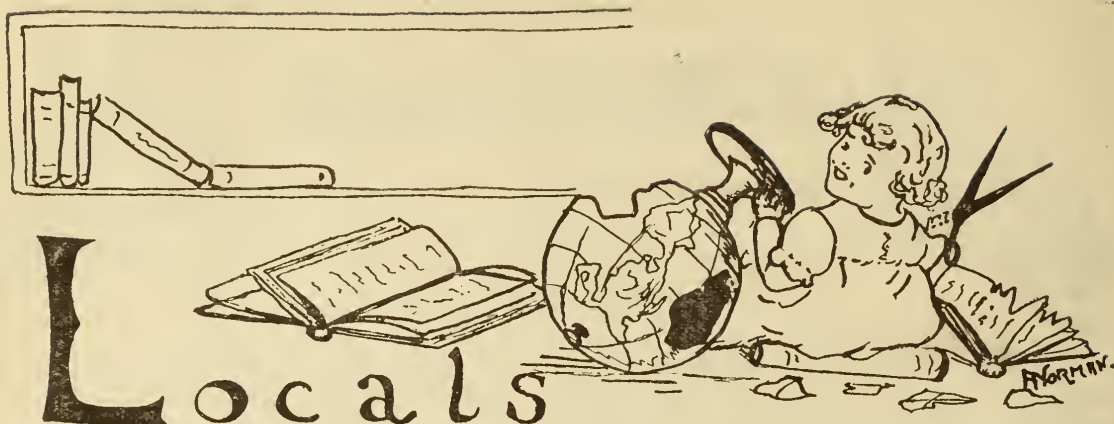
Snobs! Have you encountered that turned-up nose, disdainful air, and stoniness of speech of a snob? The word and the person should be foreign to a democratic school. The logical way to down a snob, in the long run, is to have the best man win. If you have a fair chance of being the winner in any contest of brain or muscle, don't brag about it but rather look forward to unsolicited praise when successful. Such a course would promote better feeling in school.

Taylor '24.

CLIQUEES

Boys and men and women and folks are apt to form cliques. You find a few congenial friends and you stick close to each other and give the cold shoulder to everybody else who comes around. Now friends are fine, and it is bully to have a little crowd of them you like especially. But, did you ever stop to think that the fellow you shouldered off today—the fellow who was hanging around looking as if he'd like to join up with you, was mighty lonesome? Maybe he was a new boy in town. Maybe you'd like him a heap. He might have more in the way of good companionship to give you than you have to give him. Anyhow, it's sort of off color to be too snooty—to have a close corporation. Give a thought to how the other fellow feels about it, and behave like an honest-to goodness feller.

From the "American Boy."



THE SOPHOMORES ENTERTAIN

The first of a series of four parties to be given by the different classes of the school was a Valentine Party on February eighth, in charge of the Sophomores.

The programme began with an address by the Sophomore president, Miss Dorothy Sheard. After this, games were played by all the members of the school. Dancing began at half past nine. During the intermission in which refreshments were served, Miss Sheard presented the school with a much needed tub to make punch in.

Many novelty dances were enjoyed by all until quarter past eleven, when the party ended.

Alfreda Norman proved to be an efficient chairman of all committees. The chairman of the refreshment committee was Miss Helen Clarke; the other members were Miss Mildred Barrett, Miss Delina Dugas, Miss Yvette Lamoureux, and Roger Brown.

The hall was decorated in true Valentine fashion. The decorating committee consisted of Miss Alice Gaumond, chairman, Miss Beryl Morse, Miss Agnes Tait, Laurence Pce-ton and Richard Riedel.

The entertainment committee was composed of Richard Tillyer, chairman, Miss Dorothy Sheard, Miss Stella Lavallee, Ralph Hill, Stoughton Litchfield, Donald Fitzgerald, and Miss Catherine Clarke.

The music was in charge of Robert Oldham, Albert Labelle, and Miss Helen Kenfield.

The matrons were Miss Eloise Crocker, Mrs. F. E. Corbin, Mrs. C. E. Hall and Mrs. J. G. Clarke.

THE SENIOR PLAY

On the evening of February twelfth, the Senior Class presented a very successful

three-act play, entitled "A Full House." It was given in the Town Hall, and the audience lived up to the name of the play, as almost every seat was taken.

The members of the cast were all well suited to their parts, and it could plainly be seen that they all had worked very hard to make it a success.

The class is much indebted to Miss Mary D. Sullivan for her excellent work as coach and director, and for the large amount of time she gave to it.

The cast of characters was as follows:

Parks	Kenneth Taylor
Susie	Marion Berry
Ottily Howell	Isabel Spielman
Miss Winnecker	Lucille Williams
Daphne Charters ..	Alice Beardwood
Nicholas King	Wallace Birdsall
Ned Pembroke, Jr.	Charles Hall
George Howell	Arthur Gaumond
Dougherty	George Cormack
Jim Mooney	George Carney
Clancy	Raymond Allard
Mrs. Fleming	Edith Mason
Vera Vernon	Laurenda Boyer
Mrs. Pembroke	Edna Poeton

Between the acts vocal solos were given by Olivette Bonin, and Dean Tabor, and Albert Labelle played a cornet solo. The play was followed by dancing.

The net proceeds came to two hundred and sixty-five dollars.

HIGH SCHOOL MOVING PICTURES

A series of moving picture shows has been given in the auditorium and they have been well attended although a larger attendance is desired.

"Silas Marner" was given on the afternoon and evening of January eighth. The

others were "Miles Standish" on January 29th, "The Man Without a Country" on February 19th, and "Lorna Doone" on March 4th.

The Radio Club was reorganized at the beginning of the year with about twenty members. It now has a set of its own and is enjoying the use of it. Meetings have been held weekly, and every Tuesday and Thursday night the use of the set may be enjoyed by those who wish.

THE DEBATING CLUB

The newest addition to school activities is a Debating Club, under the supervision of Mr. Gibbons. At the beginning of the season, the members of the club studied the technicalities of debating.

The first debate was given March eighteenth on the subject "Resolved that Physical Examinations Should Be Compulsory in the School."

The affirmative debaters were Lucille Williams, chairman, Marion Berry, Laurenda Boyer, Edna Poeton and Charles Hanson. The negative debaters were Isabelle Spielman, chairman, Robert Montague, Edgar Wilcock, George Cormack and Kenneth Taylor.

The affirmatives won the debate with a score of two to one. The judges were Miss Crocker, Miss Sullivan, and Miss Finnegan.

Considering that it was the first attempt, it was thought by all to be very good.

THE FOOTBALL RECEPTION

On the evening of December twenty-first, a reception was given for the members of the football squad. The evening was spent in dancing, with a few novelty numbers. During the intermission, Mr. Doyle gave an address and presented letters to the boys who had earned them. Those who received the letters were Roland Thayer, captain, Roland Smith, manager, Luther Clemence, Ralph Hall, Daniel McKinstry, Donald Fitzgerald, Dean Tabor, Stoughton Litchfield, Wallace Birdsall, Laurence Litchfield, Kenneth Taylor, Adrian Gaucher, George Cormack, and Charles Tessier.

The matrons were Mrs. J. R. Fitzgerald, Miss Eloise Crocker, and Mrs. C. E. Hall.

While the dancing was going on, the members of the football team met in the office to elect a captain for next year. Laurence Litchfield was chosen.

The committee in charge was composed of Miss Alice Beardwood, chairman, Isabel

Spielman, Robert Montague, Laurence Litchfield and Raymond Allard.

ALUMNI MINSTREL SHOW

On the evening of March fourth, the Alumni with the help of a chorus of undergraduates put on a very successful Minstrel Show at the Town Hall, under the direction of Prof. E. L. Tapin. The scene was supposed to be a broadcasting station with "Bill" Henry as announcer and interlocutor. The program was opened with an ensemble by the chorus. This was followed by an end song, "So I took the \$50,000" by "Al" Surprenant. Following this "Del" Gendron gave an exhibition of a one man band, and also several whistling solos which brought much applause. "Clem" Small, end man then sang "Chile Bom Bom" and this was followed by the ballad "Absent" by "Bill" Henry. "Bill" also gave an original poem on "The Business Outlook of Southbridge." Next came the biggest hit of the evening, an end song, "Me No Speaka Da English," by Louis Serleto. "Oh Baby" by "Bill" Coderre, another end, followed, and after this, Leontine Genereux sang "I'll Not Forget." Ben Tully received many encores when he sang "When It's Night Time in Jerusalem." Lawry Curtis, already famous for his performance in our last Minstrel Show received encore after encore when he sang "They'll Never Bring Up Father." Following this, music for dancing was furnished by Wills's orchestra. The net proceeds amounted to two hundred and twenty-four dollars which was turned over to the Athletic Association.

VOCATIONAL GUIDANCE WEEK

Vocational Guidance Week, January 7-11, was observed in the school with a series of lectures on various vocations given by town men with the exception of the first one which was given by Captain Armitage of Clark University, on "The Value of a College Education." On January 8, Mr. Parkinson of the American Optical Company, spoke on the "Value of a Business Education" and its various branches. Olin Jackson of the Hamilton Woolen Company spoke January 9 on the various branches of engineering. Mr. Montague spoke on the Profession of Lawyer" on January 10, and Dr. Reed was scheduled for January 11 to talk on the Medical Profession.

A series of similar lectures has been planned for the near future.



Miss B. Morse. Did you ever see the Cats-kill Mountains?

Miss Clarke. No, but I've seen them kill mice.

Brown. Do nuts grow on trees?

H. Goodell. Sure.

Brown. Then on what trees do doughnuts grow?

H. Goodell's wise remark. The Pan-tree.
(pantry.)

"A man learns most who begins at the bottom," remarked Mr. Gibbons.

C. Smith. How about the fellow who is learning to swim?

Miss O'Donnell. Why did they fight the Revolutionary War?

Miss Callahan. They fought to keep warm.

A Frightened Deer

Miss Finnegan when R. Hall dropped a book while her back was turned.

R. Smith. Do you know that Adam was the first radio engineer?

Simonds. No. How's that?

R. Smith. Well, he made the first "Loud Speaker out of his rib.

Did you follow the prescription I gave you for rheumatism?

If I had, I would have broken my neck.

How's that?

Because I threw it out of the window.

Did you hear about our friend Bill Smith being scalded to death?

Yes, I heard about it.

Well, they wanted me to write an epitaph for his monument, so I put on "To our 'steam-ed friend."

Your sister who works for the photographer is getting very stout.

Yes, she's developing rapidly.

Your friend Brown lost his overcoat in the lunchroom yesterday.

That's nothing. I know a lawyer who lost his suit in court last week.

Did you see that new automobile hearse they had on exhibition yesterday?

No, but I should think it might be very fine. Yes, the people are dying to ride in it.

Have you noticed how generous the car conductors are getting now?

No, how's that?

They give you a ring with every fare.

Heard in English III.

Miss Sullivan. "Clemence, can you describe a natural right?"

Clemence. "No mam, but I can show you one." (Waves his right arm in air.)

Latin II

Translation—Brutum adulescentem classi.

Simonds. (with difficulty) Brutus-a-a-Smith (generously) "A classy young man."

There was a young fellow named Dunder.

He made an awful blunder,

Thought Miss Crocker was "easy."

But found she meant business, by Thunder.

Hall. Did you vote for prohibition, Mr. Doyle?

Mr. Doyle. No, it was such a surprise to me that it took my breath away.

Standing on the bank of the Quinebaug we saw a headless body come floating down the stream. We gazed at it in astonishment. A few minutes later a head came by, sadly singing "I ain't got No-Body."

Mrs. Howell (I. Spielman.) "Susie, do you know anything of my husband's whereabouts?"

Susie (M. Berry.) "Yes'm, they're hanging on the line."

There is one bone even a dog will refuse to pick, and that's a trombone.

CLASS OF 1924

Mr. Doyle. Cormack, I want you to remain here.

Cormack. What for?

Mr. Doyle. A half an hour.

Miss Finnegan. It doesn't pay to take chances.

Carney (with a guilty conscience.) Did you speak to me?

Mr. Doyle. Taylor, give an example of a reducing agent.

Taylor. Camp's Daily Dozen.

Mr. Doyle. Where is carbon monoxide found?

Tabor. In illuminating gas.

Mr. Doyle. What are its properties.

Tabor. It illuminates.

Mr. Doyle. What illuminating answer!

Here lies Henry Wallace Smoot

His humor never failed

Until he called a Sears-Roebuck suit

A first-class coat of mail.

Mr. Doyle. Why didn't you turn out for track practice yesterday?

Tillyer. I had a date, sir.

Mr. Doyle. Had a date, did you?

Tillyer. Yes, sir, but I didn't break training rules. A Miss is as good as a mile.

Miss Werner. Where are you going?

Brown. I'm taking this cow up to the bank.

Miss Werner. What for?

Brown. To have her milk certified.

BASKETBALL NOTES

As Fitzgerald works his way down the floor and then cages a nice shot, a new fan says, Oh! what a shame that there is a hole in the bottom of the basket.

If Cormack was a Chinaman his name would be "One Long Chin."

Mr. Doyle says, "Boxing gloves would be a great help to some people."

Reidel. Why is it that all bum actors are called hams?

Callahan. Probably because of their close association with eggs.

"The Wanderings of Ulysses."

Scene—In the corridors.

Time—Every day.

Teacher, to curious pupils. "Do you know that curiosity once killed a cat?"

Pupil. "Why was the cat curious."

You may talk of the signs of the weather,
Of the coming days you may sing,
But sitting down on a red hot stove
Is a sign of an early spring.

He thought it safer to write the girl's father for her hand. He was an ardent lover, but a poor speller and his note ran: "I want your daughter, the flour of your family."

"The flour of my family is all right," replied the old man. "Are you sure it isn't my dough you're after?"

S. Claflin. "Speaking of small babies, my father weighed only three pounds at birth."

R. Pollard. "And did he live?"

Teacher. "You got zero on your exam. Do you know what that means?"

Student. "Sorry, but zero means nothing to me."

He. "The engine seems to be missing, sweetheart."

She. "That's all right, dear, it doesn't show"

Wanted. To know what would happen if Montague entered the building yelling at the top of his lungs. "If "Charlie" Tessier came in without knocking someone out.

Hall and Smith in Battery practice.

Mr. Doyle. "What kind of form is that Smith?"

Bright youth. "Chloroform, I guess."

Note. The editor wishes to make no false impressions, so he states here that Smith was not the "bright youth."

Notice! Beware!

All persons to whom this magazine is of especial interest should take note of this warning. There's a young fellow in the Junior Class who gave some friendly advice to a friend. "It's like this," he said, "You see her home and linger on the porch for a while. The light is on but it's very easily turned off. The rest is easy." Alas! The friend tried it out and the result was a badly swollen nose when he came in contact with one of the pillars. He altered his shape a bit but the pillar remains the same. He gives a bit of advice. "Leave the light on and see what you're doing."

Seen on the Board in Room III

"Astonished at the sight of a strange soldier descending, steed in hand, from that solitary mountain, the corporal stepped forth and challenged him." That soldier's first name must have been Hercules.

Tabor has brought the ocean into our presence with a permanent wave.
Note. No chance of drowning.

Schooling

He was teaching her arithmetic,
She said it was his mission
He kissed her once, he kissed her twice
And said "Now that's addition."

And as he added smack to smack
In solid satisfaction
She timidly gave him one back
And said "Now that's subtraction."

He kissed her and she kissed him
Without an acclamation
Then they together said,
"Now that's multiplication."

But pa appeared upon the scene
And snorted with derision
He kicked poor Bill three blocks away
And said, "Now that's long division."

Miss Sullivan. Hall, did Addison write anything else besides satires?

Hall. Yes, he wrote a few flat tires.

Miss Sullivan. Give Steele's life.
Birdsall. I think it was pretty tough.

Hall Visiting Potter at Brown

Hall. "What does the chaplain do here?"
Potter. "Oh! He gets up, looks over the student body, and then prays for the college."

Miss Putnam in American History tells us of a woman who was so fat that when she fell down she rocked herself to sleep trying to get up.

Leclair (Bothering Miss Finnegan with questions.) "How long can an animal live without brains?"

Miss Finnegan. Well, let's see,—how old are you?"

R. Smith reading about a sheet of water.
Miss Sullivan. "What's a sheet of water?"
R. Smith. "Well, -er-er. It's a little thinner than a blanker of water."

Hanson. "My sister broke her engagement."
Montague. "That's too bad, but don't you think glue will fix it?"

Heard in the Debate

All the pupils would have to pass the Schick test (pronounced Sheik.)

Note. A good many boys at school ought to pass the Sheik test easily.

Hanson translating Virgil

"Place yourself around my submissive neck."

Information Bureau

Ask Miss Williams how Fitzgerald's rowboats are.

A llard

Hal L
Birds A ll
Fit Z gerald
Ta Y lor

G aumond
C A rney
McKi N stry
G regoire

Miss Johnson. "Run up that curtain Smith, please."

Smith. "Do you think I am a monkey?"

Tillyer. Are you going to Hall's funeral?

Clemence. What Hall.

Tillyer. Alcohol.

Heard in the Sub-Auditorium

Reidel seeing a prune with the dates in his dinner box exclaimed.

"Gee, I've got a date with a prune."

Miss Sullivan. Simonds, turn around so that I can see your sweet face.

Tabor. "Yes, sir, someone aimed a base cowardly egg at me."

Miss Werner. "And what kind of an egg is that?"

Tabor. "A base cowardly egg, Miss. A base cowardly egg is one that hits you—and then runs."

Miss Johnson. "You would be a good dancer Mr. Gibbons only for two things."

Mr. Gibbons. "And what are they?"

Miss Johnson. "Your feet."

Heard at the Tech Tournament

Tech fellow to Mr. Doyle. "Where do you expect to go to college when you get through high school?"

Miss Putnam. "Miss Berry, now do you get the point?"

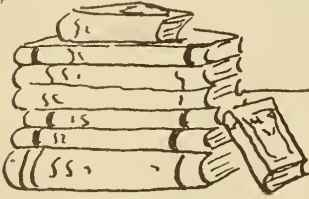
Miss Berry. "Yes."

A wise student. "All right, then sit on it."

A burglar entered my place—
"Be still," he said, "I do no harm."
I threw my Big Ben in his face
And thus I struck with with alarm.

- Taylor thinking of M. A. C.
- Taylor. "Did you hear about that Ag. Student who swallowed some nitrate fertilizer?"
- Birdsall. "Yes, he's complaining of growing pains."
- Miss Sullivan. "Are you taking good care of your cold?"
- Miss Williams. "You bet I am. I've had it six weeks and it's as good as new."
- Tabor. "You looked so absent-minded when I spoke to you this morning."
- Miss Bonin. "I was probably all wrapped up in thought."
- Tabor. "It's a wonder you didn't catch cold."
- Leclair looking at a picture of a zebra. What's that?
- Miss Finnegan. "That's a horse in a bathing suit."
- Miss Johnson. "Picture me the lonesomest situation that you can think of."
- Miss Gregory. "Well, about the lonesomest thing I can think of would be a safety razor in Russia."
- Miss Finnegan. "My alarm clock went off at 7 A. M."
- Miss Sullivan. "Hasn't it got back yet?"
- Carney. "How did you get that tan?"
- Hall. "From Sunshine."
- Carney. "How did you get the red nose?"
- Hall. "Moonshine."
- Cormack. "Every time I get a cold my father uses a paddle on me."
- M. Berry. A paddle!
- Cormack. "Yes, he calls that the Board of Health."
- Mr. Doyle. "What does HCL stand for?"
- Taylor. High Cost of Living.

LITERATURE



JUST PIETRO

Down into the seething crowds gazed the Junior partner as he lounged against the big front window in his office. The figure of an Italian arranging his fruit on a flimsy stand caught his attention. "Ump. . . There's a new merchant at the corner, Dick," he remarked indolently over his shoulder to the manager.

"Yes-s," drawled the manager, "a new one every two weeks. It's getting to be quite a joke."

Then the important men strolled to their equally important desks, and buried themselves in momentous affairs.

Young Pietro moved briskly about his stand. He piled up golden oranges in pyramids; wiped red cheeked apples with a bit of flannel cloth until they shone as if varnished; hung glossy cherries with his best bunches of white grapes where they bobbed merrily in the breeze, way up on the rafters.

This work took Pietro a good while for he scrutinized the fruit carefully with the eye of an artist. Each individual piece must be shown off to the best advantage, and the whole color scheme must mingle to present a tempting array. Every now and then he stood back to judge his work—if it was found wanting, he took off every piece and re-arranged all on a new plan just as briskly as before, until the picture was complete in color groupings.

Pietro was lively because pleased and excited and hopeful. He was agitated, too, for this was the first time he had been in business for himself. Three months before he

had received an honorable discharge from the army, and more precious still, hidden under his ragged khaki shirt, and just over his heart, was the cross he had had won "Over There." It more than sufficed for his maimed leg, for a hoarse voice and choppy cough—all souvenirs of France. The doctors had advised him to get some light, out-of-door business, if possible, so here he was, elated with hope, at work again.

The stand was not his, he had rented it for two weeks, while the fruit was the result of a bargain at a big downtown market, because it was over-ripe. But Pietro thought the risk was small and hoped to dispose of it in at most two days.

"Yes, Miss," he murmured to a prospective purchaser, "They ver' nice fruits. The oranges? Yes, thirty cents. Thanka you."

The first customer! Ah, business was starting, and he smiled brightly, beginning to dream of the future.

But something happened that Pietro could not have foreseen.

Suddenly a gust rose and filled the streets with clouds of dust. It sped the crowds along among whirlwinds as fugitives raced for shelter in shops or street cars. Those safe in the shop laughed at the Italian trying to save his fruit and closing up his stand. But the same crowd had cheered themselves hoarse, and then turned away with tears in their eyes as three years ago he had marched with boys who never returned.

Then, the wind storm over, it grew warm and drops of rain fell thick and fast the rest of the day.

When Pietro re-opened the stand the next morning, he found much of the fruit spoiled. He breakfasted on the least decayed, then threw the remainder away. Taking stock, he found he must eat but once a day to make the food last. His funds were low, and to pay for the stand he must remain open late at night. Most of the fruit was bad, spotted and partially decayed. He had no money to buy more. The urchins in the street yelled at him, "Say, you, whatcha got the rotten fruit for? Throw it out!"

The next day it was worse. Nobody would purchase it, so he held out handfuls of fruit to passers-by saying, "Good apples, mister—miss. Only five cents." They looked at him without change of countenance. Pietro lost heart.

He began to feel ill from eating decayed fruit. The elevated trains jarred on his nerves, the sun blinded him and the hurrying noon crowds made him dizzy. He leaned back on a chair with eyes closed to rest.

A long black car drew up against the opposite building. A tiny nose was flattened against the glass, and two peeping eyes twinkled. When Nurse leaned forward to speak to Henry, the chauffeur, mischievous hands opened the door and the girl skipped out to the middle of the roaring street. Whistles shrieked in her ears, truck drivers roared hoarsely at her, but she managed to dodge them all until nearly across to safety.

A truck thundered along at a great rate. Nearer, nearer, it came. The driver could not stop, could not, and the child stood there, paralyzed. The nurse screamed and closed her eyes.

Pietro looked up and realized the danger in a second. Quicker than thought, before any one could stop him, he was with her—had her—a great shove, and she was safe! But not quickly enough—not quite. The great wheels moved mercilessly upon him. The Junior partner's child ran to her dad as he came out of the building, and he never knew of her danger.

The crowd remained waiting for the ambulance which brought the crushed man to the hospital. He raved a few hours and died, and only the young doctor gathered the complete story as he lay in fever.

"It is getting to be a joke," said the Junior partner to the manager a few days later, as they were again looking from the window. "There's another new Italian selling fruit at that stand."

"Yes," drawled the manager, "I guess bad moonshine killed off the other one."

Adele Werner, '25.

A PECULIAR SITUATION

The machine took him down a beautiful road, which he had traveled many a time, a few years ago. What a long while it did seem to be! So thought Earl Gordon as he drove along. Rounding a curve he came to a path, which he remembered led to a pool entirely secluded from the road. He as a boy he had been accustomed to come with his friends on a hot summer's day for a swim. How great it would be to get out and go down there now! He stopped the machine, got out and walked slowly along the path. It was much cooler under the shade of the trees, and when he reached the pool he could not resist the temptation to go in for a swim. Although he had no bathing suit he felt perfectly safe, for the way was little frequented and the pond well hidden.

Removing his clothes he stepped in. "Gee! he remarked aloud, "the water's great!" After swimming around for a little while, he was thinking of coming out, when he heard someone approaching through the bushes. Before he could decide what to do, a young girl appeared, singing softly to herself. Catching sight of him, she stared at him with unbelieving amazement.

"Why.....why, Earl Gordon, what are you doing here?" she asked coldly.

Gordon nearly forgot where he was as he answered, "Marion, what a surprise, I didn't expect to see you or anyone!"

"Well, you won't see me any longer," and Marion Allison, turning haughtily, started to leave.

"Wait a minute, Marion," said Earl, "See here, you don't really think I did it, do you?"

"Why, how could anyone help it?" she replied. "Everyone was sure you did it, for the evidence was against you."

"True, but just the same, you didn't think so at the time, you know. Why, you told me so yourself."

"Oh, I know it, but...then, it was different then," she answered, annoyed.

"Could you prove it?" she went on turning around and facing him.

"Yes," he said, and raising his voice, he said, "Where was Jimmy Cole the day after the theft was discovered?"

"Where was who?" came a voice from the woods, and then, who should appear but Jimmy Cole, red and breathless.

"Oh, hello Marion. I followed you here, he said breathlessly, and then his gaze turning to the water, in which the uncomfortable Gordon sat, he added "Oh!"

Marion, thinking his exclamation peculiar, asked, "What do you know about this, Jimmy?"

"Know about what?" asked Jimmy, evidently in great confusion.

"About this theft," replied Marion, and then noting his increasing confusion, she asked suddenly, "Did you steal it, Jimmy?"

"W...w...what...yes...no; No of course I didn't steal it," answered the much flustered Jimmy.

"You said 'yes';" said Marion, turning to Gordon she went on, "What shall we do about it?"

Before Earl could reply, Cole had turned and was fleeing thru the woods.

"Let him go," he said. "When we get to town, we'll inform the authorities, and they can go after him."

"And now," he continues, "will you please go to my car and wait for me, so that I can come out and dress. I'm nearly frozen," he added shivering.

"Of course," she said, and turning, started back thru the bushes.

Earl rushed out of the water, threw on his clothes, and hurried to catch up with her. He found her picking flowers, and when she heard him she turned and smiled.

"Here so soon? It didn't take you long."

"Of course it didn't, when I knew someone was waiting for me," he replied, adding joyously, "someone who believes in me."

Robert Oldham '26.

ONE GAS WORKS, PLUS

Tom Randolph had a very bad case of the picture taking fever, so bad, in fact, that he couldn't notice anything the least bit out of the ordinary without seeing it in his mind's eye in the form of a picture taken by himself. There was one thing, however,

that stood in the way of his complete happiness; that was the fact that his camera, aged twenty-three, while good enough for many purposes, still left a great deal to be desired both in looks and in performance. Tom's great problem was how to raise sufficient funds to purchase his heart's desire in the camera line, as per the illustration in his catalogue.

One afternoon after school, the day being suitable for picture taking, he mounted a small hill to try to improve on a previous attempt to get a birdseye view of his home town. This, on account of the size and proximity of the town's gas establishment, had resembled, as Tom said "One gas works, plus," with a city of dwarfs in the background. He got the view in the finder, and once again the gas works loomed up large. He found that if he tipped the camera, all he would get would be sky and distant hills, so he decided to try and find a more favorable location from which to "shoot" the town.

Just at that moment however, there came a terrific noise, and a moment later Tom found himself sprawling in the bushes. When he arose, he saw a conflagration below him, the place where the gas tank had been, being now a seething mass of flames, and the rest of the adjacent territory was thoroughly strewn with all the parts of a first-class gas works. The place was doomed, but luckily it had been far enough away from the built-up section of the town so that the flames did not spread, and no very serious damage was done, except in that one spot.

After the excitement had died down Tom returned home and developed his film, for he saw that the picture must have been spoiled when he was knocked over, as the lever had been moved. What was his surprise, then, on seeing a perfect picture of the gas works with the roof about ten or twenty feet above its proper resting place, and a cloud of smoke starting to issue from the intervening space. He saw that he must have pushed the lever in his first shock of surprise. Later, when he showed the picture to John Curtis, a friend who worked on a city newspaper, he got another surprise in finding out that the paper wanted a picture of the explosion and was willing to pay well for it, because none had, so far, been obtained.

A few weeks afterwards, Tom again ascended the hill. When he reached the top,

he took from its case a shiny new object, the exact replica of the one which had so often engaged his attention in the catalogue. This time, the gas works being minus, Tom got as good a picture as he could have wished for, although it looked a little of the individuality of the last.

Robert Montague, '25.

A LUCKY LEGACY

What is more thrilling than the sight of a sparkling blue ocean, stretching for miles to the distant horizon with its billowy surface and huge breakers bounding joyously up the beach to meet you? What could be more thrilling? Thus mused Audrey Fox to herself, curled contentedly against a massive rock in the middle of the beach.

Her first day at the shore and proving to be a quiet but delightful one. It was so much better than the smoke and roar of the city where she had lived all her life. Even now, only a legacy from her grandfather made it possible for her mother and herself to escape the drudgery of it. This particular day, Audrey was very happy.

She was suddenly startled from her reveries by a loud exclamation of utter disgust and impatience, followed by a book that landed with a great deal of force at her feet. Wondering who could be in such an agitated frame of mind she looked in the direction from which the book had come. There, perched on the very top of the rock she saw a young man, evidently unconscious of any other human presence, glaring savagely out to sea.

"Did you drop this?" she inquired, handing up to him the book filled with sand. He started visibly and seized the book without ceremony. "Oh! Yes! that is-er-oh, I did drop it. In fact, I am inclined to think I threw it, perhaps er-rather forcibly." His face softened and his eyes filled with boyish admiration. "Really, I'm sorry. Did I hit you?" Audrey wanted to laugh. "Why, no,—not quite, but I might have been killed outright you know. May I ask the cause of such a sudden attack on an innocent young lady?"

"You may." was the answer, "Do you see the title of this book? 'Wonders of the Sea,' by Mills. All I hear is sea, sea, sea, and beach, beach, and more beach. Dad's a sea captain. Raves about it all the time. I'm sick of the sea, I'm sick of the beach, and I'm sick

of this one-horse town. Give me the city. I'm just about fed up on country seashore towns. Mother won't move, I have to stay with her while Dad is off. Not that I don't want to stay with her. It's this darned lifeless place. Isn't it awful?"

"Awful!" exclaimed Audrey, "How can you? I just love it."

"Well," he remarked, "you know it has been more interesting the last few moments" His eyes twinkled as he looked down on her. "How long are you going to be here, and how on earth are you going to kill time?" Audrey smiled. "Oh, We're here for a whole month. I don't expect to kill much time on earth,—that is, on land. I'm dying to go fishing. Are there any boats around here?"

"Are there?" was the sarcastic reply. "Why, woman, there's nothing in this place but boats, fishing tackle, and oilskins." Suddenly a bright idea occurred to David Barnes. "Oh, I say, I don't suppose you would let me take you fishing—to-morrow say?"

Audrey laughed, a merry, rollicking laugh. I don't know, I'm sure," she said. "I'm afraid you might begin throwing oars at me, perhaps er-er-rather forcibly."

David eyed her suspiciously. "Perhaps I could refrain. Would you go on that condition?" She consented and promptly left him, with a promise to be ready at nine sharp.

Audrey and her new friend found out each other's identity that evening, a thing not at all difficult in a town the size of Shoreton. Mrs. Fox was a bit dubious about the trip until her landlady assured her that David Barnes was "the nicest fellow in town."

Ten o'clock the next morning found Audrey sitting in tense silence at the end of the dory, waiting anxiously for her first bite, while the amused David watched her from his seat at the oars.

"Tell me when you feel it and I'll haul it in for you," he said.

But he didn't need the information. The next thing he knew, a skinny, scaly fish landed against the side of his face with a stinging slap. Audrey, full of apologies, tried to keep from laughing at his dazed expression. It was soon gone. "So," he laughed, "that's the way you do it? One big yank. eh?" "Oh, I'm so sorry," giggled Audrey, "but is that as big as they come?" looking down at the poor little two-pounder floundering in the bottom of the boat. "No," was the answer, "but that was plenty big enough for me,"

ruefully rubbing his face. For three hours they fished, exchanging stories and jokes, meanwhile, and finally came home with enough fish for two or three delicious meals.

"The nicest fellow in town" suddenly began to show unusual signs of life and interest. He was often seen near the post-office or at the drug store soda fountain,—but never alone. Always by his side was a daintily dressed girl of about eighteen,, maybe nineteen, so decided the old sea cronies that were the main supporters of the pillars in front of the post-office and the hitching posts before the drug store.

After their first fishing trip, David sought Audrey's companionship a great deal. His mother and Mrs. Fox became fast friends, and knitted and sewed together while the young ones went off swimming, fishing or playing tennis, Dave always full of fun and admiration, and Audrey in merry and high spirits.

But the time was drawing near when the Foxes must be going back to the city. The month was almost up.

The night before they were to go Dave and Audrey sat for a long time on the beach, watching the distant lighthouse flash its rays out on the water. When Audrey finally came in, starry-eyed, her cheeks flushed with pleasure, Mrs. Fox sat industriously knitting, waiting for her to speak.

She didn't have to wait long. "Oh, mother!" exclaimed the girl breathlessly, "I told him we were going to stay here always—for good. And see what he told me!" laughingly thrusting under her mother's eyes a sparkling diamond.

Edna Poeton '24.

“ONE LIVES TO LEARN”

Oh, Mother, I can't, no I just can't leave Martinsville." The speaker was a pretty girl of nineteen named Dulury Dale.

"But, darling," protested her mother. "I can't leave you here alone, while I am gone."

"Yes, you can mother. I am perfectly able to take care of myself, and besides you know I can always run over to Mrs. Hunter's when I get lonesome."

"I knew that, Dulury, but you know I have never liked Mrs. Hunter, even if she is Joe's mother, and I hesitate to leave you alone with no one but her to depend upon. If you insist, however, I suppose I shall have to go on to Major Bement's without you."

"And I do insist," answered Dulury laughingly, "It would break my heart to leave this place and Mrs. Hunter, even if Joe is working in New York. At least I can see him once in a while here."

A week later, her mother left for Philadelphia, where she was to be the guest of an old schoolmate, Major Bement. Dulury's father had died when she was but a small child and Major Bement was now impatient to continue the old romance of their college days. A month ago, Mrs. Dale and the Major had become engaged, although Dulury had not been told of it at the time; her mother had hesitated because of Dulury's objection to a successor for her adored father. However, although Mrs. Dale had loved her husband dearly, she was not one who lived in the past, and did not hesitate to accept the Major's proposal and to escape from household worries, for the Dale fortune had long ago begun to dwindle. The night before her departure, she told Dulury of her approaching wedding. The girl was stunned, but although she protested a great deal, nothing she could do or say would alter her mother's plans.

After her mother's departure, Dulury hired an elderly woman to come and keep her company, but she spent a great deal of her time with Mrs. Hunter, whose husband was dead. She lived in a pretty white cottage. She had but one son Joseph, who had inherited her extraordinary good looks, and who was now working in New York.

A few days after her mother's departure Dulury received a letter from Joseph. In this letter he told her, with many apologies, that he had fallen in love with his employer's daughter, and wished her (Dulury) to give him back the ring which he had given her when he left, and also to release him from his promise. There followed a glowing description of his new fiancée. Dulury soon saw that it was written by a young man who had evidently become infatuated by the thought of wealth and position. It is needless to say that she was dazed and almost besides herself with the blow.

A month later, Dulury's mother wrote that she was now back from her honeymoon and had become established in her beautiful new home. She gave accounts of the new friends she had made and of the dinners and luncheons she had attended. She urged Dulury to join her, but Dulury was not to be won over. Not even the knowledge that the fa-

mous Anthony Channing, the war hero, was their guest, succeeded in arousing in her any interest.

One Tuesday morning Dulury was summoned over to Mrs. Hunter's. She found that good lady in great excitement, waving a telegram.

"It's from Joe," she said frantically. "He is coming home Wednesday and bringing his employer's daughter, Patricia Burns, with him. Whatever shall I do? Joe says she is used to the best, and I haven't even a maid. I know absolutely nothing about cooking or serving a dinner."

Dulury's first impulse was to go away. The thought of Joe's return with her rival fairly sickened her, but still she could not bear to leave Mrs. Hunter in such a predicament, so instead she promised to stay and help, not only by cooking the dinner but by playing the part of maid. Mrs. Hunter protested at first, but the thought of her son's guest soon made her accept the proposal.

Dulury remembered also that she had a very attractive maid's costume which she had used in a play while at boarding school. It consisted of a short black dress with white ruffles at the neck and sleeves, a pair of black kid pumps with extra high heels and a white lace cap.

That afternoon, she and Mrs. Hunter were very busy. They cleaned the silver, and put the little house in order. Most of the baking was also done, so that only a little of the cooking, and the setting of the table remained for the next day.

Wednesday morning found them both in great excitement. Dulury answered the bell when Joe and his guest arrived. As she took their wraps, she motioned to him for silence, and left the room just as Mrs. Hunter, in black taffeta, entered to fulfill her duties as hostess.

All through the serving of the dinner, Dulury felt Joe's eyes upon her. She noticed also that he had changed in a way that she did not like. His new sweetheart, to her, seemed artificial. Her eyes looked hard and her coloring too vivid. Her hands fairly blazed with jewels.

The dinner went off to perfection, and Dulury's cooking and serving deserved much praise. The excitement had given her a radiant color and she looked extremely pretty in her costume.

At the end of the meal, Mrs. Hunter took her future daughter-in-law into the parlor, leaving Joe to finish smoking in the dining room.

When Dulury returned to remove the dishes, she found him there, and at sight of her, he exclaimed, "Dulury, my dear girl, why are you masquerading in that costume?"

"Your mother was worried about entertaining Miss Burns, and I merely offered to help her," she answered, turning toward the kitchen, but Joe seized her hands and exclaimed, "Honest, Dulury, I had no idea you were so pretty. Won't you forgive my hasty words and let me give you back the ring? I promise you I'll never be unfaithful to you again." Dulury was furious.

"How dare you speak to me like that? Please release me immediately."

Joe's only answer was to seize her in his strong arms. At this moment the door opened and admitted Mrs. Hunter and Patricia.

"A very pretty tableau indeed," drawled the latter. "Is it the custom in this town to make love to one's maid?"

Dulury had freed herself by this time and, running to the door, she said angrily, "You will have to excuse me, Mrs. Hunter, but it seems unwise to remain in this place any longer."

Joe now turned his attention to Patricia and began to apologize, and Dulury as she left the house heard Mrs. Hunter exclaim in a shrill voice, "I guess I will have to discharge her, Miss Burns. Do not blame Joe. This will not be the first position she has lost for the same reason."

The next day Dulury left for Philadelphia, and it was a very sobered and repentant girl that found herself in her mother's arms. The last thing heard of her was her engagement to a real man, one who had other things besides personal beauty to make him attractive, the war hero, Anthony Channing.

I. Lindblad '24.

"THE GHOST OF RUFF ISLAND" (A true story)

Many years ago there lived on a small island in the Bay of Fundy a man named Andrew Ruff, with his family, consisting of his wife and three sons. Ruff was a brutal tyrant; he abused his wife and boys, the youngest of whom was a cripple as a result of a blow from his cruel father.

When the oldest boy was about sixteen, Mrs. Ruff died very suddenly. Shortly after her death, on a wild stormy morning, the oldest son rowed to the mainland and told a very incoherent story of the death of his father which was caused, as he said, by the fall of a tree under which he had been pinned.

The men to whom he told his story returned to the island with him and found Mr. Ruff under the large tree, but in such a position that their suspicion was roused.

The two boys were arrested and brought to trial for murder, but the evidence of the little crippled brother caused the jury to bring the verdict of "Not Guilty," and the three boys were allowed to leave the country.

As years passed by, Ruff's Island came to be shunned by all. The substantial farmhouse was neglected and was falling to ruin. Stories of strange sights and sounds were told by fishermen who passed the island at night.

About this time a crowd of men, young and old, were gathered in the old village store on the mainland and their conversation turned to the stories that were being circulated about the ghost on Ruff's Island. A young man named James Holliston spoke up.

"I don't believe there is a ghost on that island," he said, "I wouldn't be afraid to stay there at night."

"You wouldn't," scoffed another, "I'd like to see you do it."

"Neither would I be afraid to stay there spoke up another young man. Two others joined in and said they were not frightened by what they called "fish stories." "You can't expect anything else, seeing they come from fishermen," said Jim. "Well, fellows, will you go there to-morrow night with me to prove that there is no ghost?"

"Of course we will," the others cried. "We will show these boys."

"You'll come rowing home in the middle of the night," said one man laughingly.

"No, we won't," Jim said determinedly. "We'll let you row us out and bring the boat home so we can't get off the island till morning even if we want to,—which we won't," he added.

So the next night the four young ghost hunters were rowed to the island by their friends. They arrived there about dusk and it looked very gloomy indeed.

"I don't envy your stay here," said the man who had brought them over, and he hurried

ried to push the boat off and return to the mainland.

The young men turned and walked slowly up to the large deserted old farm-house. They were awed by the strange quietness of the place and though none would admit it, they all wished heartily that they had not come. They entered by the old door which swung on its hinges and squeaked when the wind blew. Going into a small room they looked for some means of making themselves comfortable for the night. There were only a few old boxes and a broken chair or two, but they sat down and tried to be cheerful. Conversation soon lagged and they sat in silence.

The house was very dark by this time, the boys strained their ears, listened for sounds but none came. At last Jim broke the dreadful silence saying, "Let's lie down and go to sleep. Nothing's going to happen."

So they lay down; but sleep was out of the question.

"Listen! What was that?" whispered one of the men sitting up suddenly.

"What?" stammered another in a low voice. They were listening intently now.

Tap, tap, tap, came a sound in the room above! Then a silence, a long dragging sound. Then a loud Bump! Bump! With one movement the four men were on their feet running for the door. They squeezed out and hurried to the beach. The rest of the night they spent huddled together wishing for the morning light to come. Finally the sun rose and they ventured to look around.

"Shall we go up to the house?" inquired Jim

"Yes, we'd better, or the others will laugh at us when they come," said another. "We'll go up and see what it was."

So their courage renewed by the warm sunlight, they marched up to the house, looked cautiously in at the windows and then went up to the door. At the foot of the rickety stairs, lay a forlorn old sheep, with its leg broken, looking at them appealingly.

"Say, fellows, this must be the ghost," exclaimed one of the four.

"Yes, look at this step," answered Jim, who had been examining the stairs. "The poor thing fell downstairs and he's as frightened as we were last night."

"To think that we were scared out by a sheep," laughed another. "The boys will have something to laugh at now."

So when the boat came for them they went down to the shore carrying the old sheep and were rowed home.

"We don't believe in ghosts," they laughed as they stepped on to the mainland, "but we don't want to stay on the island at night again even though our ghost was only a sheep."

Audrey A. Dartt, '27.

"ACE PORTER"

Landisville, although a progressive little New England town, always had a mediocre aggregation to represent its high school in athletics.

The story begins in the spring, and in the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of baseball. Consequently we find the high school squad taking full advantage of a clear sky and dry ground. After looking the outfit over we find it nothing more than the ordinary school team. There is no particularly clever player among them.

Coach Delehanty watched with keen eye and despairing heart the work of his freshman recruit, Don Porter, south-paw flinger. Turning to Mayhew, his veteran hurler, he announced in a disappointed tone that it would take that "rookie" at least two years of hard work to be able even to look a batter in the face. He failed to notice the queer expression in Mayhew's eyes. Ah! How well did he, Fritz Mayhew, remember when he couldn't pitch a ball without shaking like an old man. How the crowd would ride him one moment and praise him the next.

The "rookie" wound up not half clumsily and let the ball fly. Crack! The ball sounded like a pistol shot in Jim Dwyer's mitt. What speed! If only he—well—he, the clever Fritz would try.

So the ball season came and went. Nothing extraordinary occurred and the team missed the cellar position by a most disconcerting margin. The recruit, Porter, had practiced every day, but for all this he wasn't allowed to start or finish a game.

He was forever reading about great players, pitchers in particular, who had overcome their faults and had at last landed a berth with a well paying club. He also developed the habit of going off after supper to "fulfill," as he stated it, "one of the requirements of his training table."

Winter came on and baseball was supplanted by basket-ball and hockey, and con-

sequently the name of Porter was seldom, if ever, mentioned. In the early spring, however, thoughts turned back to the would-be moundsman. His ability was as yet untested and yet he was the only pitcher in the school.

The first game was with a contingent which represented a trade school. Sure enough, Saturday afternoon found the rookie, Porter, on his way to the mound. Dwyer spoke a few hurried words and took his own post behind the bat. How neatly he fitted there! The perfect picture of a young athlete. In fact all seemed in their proper places except the pitcher. How queer he looked! Six feet tall, slender in build, so slender that it seemed as though he could never last nine innings of real baseball.

Umpire "Paddy" Ryan cried, with that certain tone characteristic of all umpires, "Play b-a-w-l."

Porter, visibly nervous, surveyed his field and then concentrated upon the man confronting him. Powerful in shoulders and aggressive in looks, but he bent his body so much as to attract Porter's attention. Perhaps he was a bit afraid of a close ball. That was it. He'd been hit by one at some other time and now he feared them.

What was the crowd yelling anyhow? Something about "Eat 'em up, Lanky, come on boy, do your stuff."

Porter wound up, deliberately, and with all the speed he could muster, sent the ball toward the man. How that ball flew!

The batsman in desperation jumped back to let the winged product of Spaulding go by.

It seemed to be aimed squarely at the buckle on his belt. He forgot however that a ball thrown with a side-arm motion, especially so with a port-sider, is bound to have a curve attached to it. "S-t-r-i-k-e," yelled "Paddy," as the sphere whacked into Dwyer's waiting mitt.

The man at the bat was now afraid of Porter and the result was that he swung wild at an easy drop and gave the snappy short-stop a chance to give an exhibition of catching a pop-fly which that individual did to perfection.

The game continued with Coach Delehanty's wards holding the reins, and at the end of the game the score stood Trade School 5, High School 12.

Was Landisville High at last a winner? Wasn't that kid, Porter, the berries, though?

Such questions flew like fire among the people who had seen the game.

But when the league games started Landisville lost and kept losing until on the eighth game they took Knoxville into camp to the tune of 15 to 11. Porter showed brilliantly with two and three men on the bases.

They lost again in the next game however, and not until the final game with Knoxville did they win. This time the "Ace," as Porter had become known because of the number of victories and defeats he had figured in, was invincible, and at no time was Landisville threatened.

"Ace." Gee! that name got his goat. His friends never called him that but that crowd of would-be players that hung around Parker's drug store never missed a chance to identify him as the "Ace." He had given his best and now they joked him about it.

"Anyway," he thought, Fritz said, "You'll get kidded but the man who sticks can't lose." He, known county wide as "Ace" Porter, would stick. He'd show them something yet.

During the long winter months "Big Don," as he was sometimes called, took ski-hikes, and spent as much time out-of-door as he possibly could. The effects of this life upon him were readily observed in his firm muscles and somewhat broadened shoulders.

In the early spring when the whole community talked of the "Big leaguers" going south to train, Don began to lay plans for the high school team.

The season opened and Landisville lost the initial engagement.

What a beginning! Porter was the only one who relied on the old saying about "A poor beginning." The next two games he showed good form and Landisville came through winning each game.

An old major-league player stood by Coach Delehanty in the last game and watched the "Ace" with increasing interest.

The coach said in a sort of undertone that his "Ace" was coming through, to which the stranger replied that the lad on the mound would rank with the best of high schools hurlers in another season. He offered to take the boy under his wing.

What a chance for Porter! Hadn't this man, "Smoky" Joe Reed been one of the calibre pitchers in his time?

Porter progressed rapidly under "Smoky's" supervision and Landisville won five out of ten league games that year.

Yes! the "Ace" was beginning to wear his name aright. All people, young and old, began to show a certain amount of respect for Porter. This fact only goes to prove that the world admires a plugger even though they joke him while he plugs.

During the summer Porter did some twirling for one of the community teams. He was looked up to as one of the best baseball men around there. The "Ace" had become a great pal of "Smoky" Joe's. They were hardly ever seen apart.

The latter part of July there came to Landisville a young lady, rather tall, with bobbed auburn hair, and a fine pair of large brown eyes.

Don had never been able to make himself at home with girls but this one had a way of putting him at ease and he was beginning to care for her. Yes! he even got a bit jealous if she went out with another fellow. People had begun to mention their names in the same breath, which is a pretty fair proof that they were more than ordinary friends.

The night before the first game Don called on the young lady. Walking briskly toward his home his thoughts turned back to the girl, Marilyn Dunbar; she did so want him to win the game on the morrow.

Landisville won that game and all the others except one. Vinton High had the same record and Saturday would decide the championship.

Just before the game, Porter saw "Fritz" talking to Joe Reed. He must do his best for their sakes, and Marilyn's.

The game was three all in the eighth, a man on second and two out. Don signaled the fielders to look for a fly. He threw and the fly was headed for center field. "Peanut" Horan, the fielder in that position, ran in to catch it, but alas! he slipped and just missed it. In came the man from second and no further runs were scored that inning.

After that both sides were on even terms and the game ended with Landisville one run short.

The "Ace" was offered sympathy from all directions but all the sympathy attainable would not and could not equal the difference between victory and defeat.

His three friends, Merilyn, "Fritz" and "Smoky" Reed looked knowingly at one another and perhaps the faintest suggestion of a smile played on their lips.

"Ace" went calling that night, to see that winsome young lady, of course. "Gee," he mused, "I wanted to be on that all-league team but I suppose "Dutch" Roedel will get it now.

Merilyn looked very, very wise and as they parted, suggested to Don that he have courage until next Wednesday evening, when the team was to be announced and the letters awarded.

All Landisville, or so it seemed to Don, was there. The letters were awarded first, and then the principal rose to name the all-scholastic team. The pitcher came last on the list, and so far no Landisville youth had been mentioned. "Ace" Porter sat between "Fritz" and Smoky," and when the principal read "Donald Porter," that individual just sat as though he was a carved image. Congratulations began to fly and cries for "Speech" started. Then he told the secret of how he used to meet "Fritz" in the evening and how "Fritz" kept his spirit up when things went wrong.

With a lump in his throat he thanked Mayhew for all he had done for him, and the assembly hall was filled with a mighty cheer as the "Ace" sat down. That look from Merilyn was worth a thousand defeats.

As they sauntered home she exclaimed, "Isn't it perfect, Don?"

"It certainly is," replied the "Ace," and the look in their eyes as their glances met belied the fact that they were still in their 'teens.

Roland Smith, '25.

"THE CANDLE-SELLER OF ST. MAIXENT"

The last rays of the fast waning day streamed through the multi-colored windows of St. Maixent and fell upon the form of a sleeping girl. The candle-light glowed fitfully on the small statues and the white drawn face of the girl. There was a sharp contrast between the colorless face on the bench against which it had fallen, and the dark oak of the pews. A candle sputtered and a drop of wax fell upon her arm. She awoke with a start, thinking a customer wanted her services.

She replenished the burnt-out candle with a fresh one and sat up awhile to rest her

back which ached from lying on the hard bench, sighing wearily as she thought of the events of the past month. Four weeks ago the little village where she lived had been almost wiped out by a bombing attack. Her mother had perished in the ruins and she and her brother had been carried away in a large white motor.

She had tried so often to remember what had happened after that, but always in vain. Oh! how bitterly she missed her young brother. What would he do without her? He was a cripple and it had always been her duty to care for him. The first thing she remembered after being carried away from the ruins was the huge war hospital. She had awaked as if from a long sleep, with a throbbing pain in her head. She had lain dazed for several moments without trying to think. There was a damp smell of fresh earth in the air and the odor of the blossoming lime trees. "It is spring, she thought. Then she noticed for the first time that there were others in the room. They were all in beds as she was. What could have happened? Slowly at first, then very swiftly, events came crowding back into her tired mind. She heard soft voices at the head of her bed, and turning her head painfully, she saw a nurse and doctor conversing in low tones.

"Will she live, do you think?" inquired the nurse.

"Yes, but she will have to be kept very quiet for a while," answered the doctor. Were they talking about her, she wondered? Oh yes, she must be sick. Was not her head aching fearfully? In a weak voice she asked of them, Andre, he is all right, yes? Bring him to me please." As they did not know who Andre was, she had to explain to them.

"I remember now," said the nurse. "He was taken by one of the kind ladies who could care for him properly and give him a good home, Mme. Kerouguet, in the country. She has no son of her own and is very lonely since her husband died." Upon hearing this Jeannie cried pitifully and before dozing into fitful slumbers thought to herself, "I must get well quickly so I can go to Mme. Kerouguet's home and surprise Andre. I'm so glad he is happy." In this she was mistaken. Andre's little wasted form lay on a huge couch in his room and he had everything a child could wish for. He tried to be cheerful and to seem grateful to Mme. Kerouguet, but often times she caught him brooding and calling for "Little Sister."

After Jeannie felt stronger the doctor gave her a small purse of money and let her go from the hospital. She wanted to find work in order to earn the fare to Mme. Kerouguet's, which was many miles out in the country. Day after day she returned weary and heartsore from a fruitless search, to the cheap boarding house where she was staying for a small sum.

On a day that had been as discouraging as the others, she was on her way to her room, and as she passed the open doors of St. Maixent's cathedral, a feeling of peace came over her; she entered and went into one of the pews. She was too tired to pray, and someone was playing the organ, giving her a feeling of calm. She sat there until the organ stopped, and longer. Someone touched her shoulder and looking up she beheld a good padre. He asked her why she was alone at that late hour and, upon hearing her story, offered her a small position as candle-seller. She gladly accepted and thereafter stayed at the rectory with Gertrude, the old housekeeper. Some day soon she would get enough money to go to Mme. Kerouguet and demand Andre.

A sharp rapping interrupted these thoughts, and looking up, she beheld the cross old sexton, with a lady customer.

"Must you sleep all the time, you lazy girl?" grumbled the well-meaning man.

"That is all right; I am in no hurry," said the tall lady in elegant furs. "It is storming dreadfully and I came in here for shelter," she explained to the courteous Jeannie.

"Do you mind if I sit and talk to you? I should like to stay here until the storm ceases somewhat."

They talked on and on, and without realizing it, Jeannie had told all of her pitiful story to a willing listener.

"And what is the lady's name that took your little brother away?"

"Mme. Kerouguet," replied Jeannie. A startled look, not noticeable in the gloom, came into the lady's eyes.

"Soon I hope to go to her and see Andre," explained the unsuspecting girl at her side.

"I am very lonely and would like a girl like you to live with me. If you care to do so I'm sure I could help you find Andre." Jeannie's eyes filled with hope and she knelt and said a short prayer of thanksgiving. She was too overjoyed to say anything else.

The kind lady helped to get her few belongings together and in a short time they were in one of the coaches of the big trains, so fearful and so strange to Jeannie.

Here they spent five long hours, during which time they passed many quaint and beautiful towns.

"We will get off very soon now," remarked the strange lady, and in a few minutes they were in a carriage that had been waiting for them. When they reached the large house on the hill, Jeannie thought she had never seen anything so beautiful. They were met at the door by a servant who relieved them of their bundles.

"I should like to have you come up stairs for a minute, Jeannie," said the lady, whom Jeannie was fast learning to like, "I have a little surprise for you, so please close your eyes and I will lead you." Jeannie did this and was taken somewhere that smelt of flowers. "Now," said the lady in a voice that seemed strangely choked. A little face turned from the window to see an astonished girl in front of his couch.

"Little sister!" he cried.

"Andre!"

Brother and sister clung to each other in a loving embrace. The three wept, Andre, Jeannie, and the silent woman standing near the two, but they were tears of joy.

Hazel Lucier, '26.

PICK



PICK

Why Editors Go Mad

1. What is the story on, my good man?
2. On paper, of course.
3. I mean, what about?
2. Oh, about five pages.

Nonsense

"I see by the paper that the concert we attended last night was a tremendous success."

Yes, I had no idea we enjoyed it half so much at the time."

Dumme. Say, what song does a Junior think of when he thinks of graduation?

Dummer. (impossible) Oh! I knew—A Hundred Years From Now, Dear.

Cormack. "Miss Putnam, how do you spell financial?"

Miss Putnam. F-i-n-a-n-c-i-a-l, and there are two r's in embarrassment.

Mr. Doyle. "No one will be given liberty to talk while in this room."

Cormack's voice from the rear Give me liberty or give me death."

Mr. Doyle. Who said that?

Cormack. Patrick Henry

Miss Putnam in history:

Carney. Have you read the Constitution?

Carney. No, Ma'am.

Miss Putnam. Have you read the amendments?

Carney. No, Ma'am.

Miss Putnam (angrily) What have you read?

Carney. I have red hair.

Almost dishonest of him. Burglar (surprised by householder.) "Well, if that ain't the limit! What d'yer mean by writing on your door "Out of town till Monday.

The Happy Five—F. B. T. L. G.—

Who are they?

Labelle. "Did you ever take chloroform?"

Brown. "No, who teaches it?"

Teacher. Give three reasons for using that comma.

Bright pupil. You say so, the book says so, and Ma says so.

Our Studies

Gee! We just had History,
It's about battles that were fought.
And how Abe Lincoln learned so much
Without his being taught.

A while ago we had Latin,
Ceasar's bridge with logs in rows,
But that old boy's construction,
Can't beat the one that's in your nose.

We have a French lesson every day.
Some say "I don't know."

Miss Finnegan has found it out, but
She hates to tell us so.

We all have Algebra or Geom,
Sometimes it's rather punk,
Especially when Miss Crocker says,
"You've got to study or flunk."

These few lines may not require
Much mental concentration, but
You must pass the subjects mentioned
To take part in graduation.

R. W. S. Broadcasting.

M. E. W. H. S. Receiving.

Carney. I say, Hall, can you tell me why
the mumps and popular music resemble
each other.

Charlie. I should say no, neither can you.

Carney. Well, they're both rather catchy eh!

Miss Gregory. "Do you think dreams are
unlucky?"

Miss Finnegan. "Rather, if they come in
school hours."

She—You say you love me.

He—And so I do, darling.

She—Would you die for me?

He—Well, hardly. Mine is undying love.

Fitzgerald. What fruits go best together?

Allard. A date with a peach.

Miss Putnam. Tate, how far have you
studied?

Tate. Just as far as the book is dirty, ma'am.

Miss Sullivan. Is trousers singular or plural?

Dennison. If a man wears them it's plural.

Miss Sullivan. Well, if he doesn't.

Dennison. It's singular.

Donald Simonds. Say pa, what part of your
body is your vocabulary?

Father. Why, Donald.

Donald. Oh, teacher said Dick Tillyer had a
large vocabulary for a boy of age.

Mr. Doyle (explaining science remarked.)

"Girls are prettier than men."

Some girl. "Oh, naturally."

Mr. Doyle. No, artificially.

Taylor. "What step must I take to remove
A from the alphabet?"

Cormack. "B head it."

Miss Serletto. Why is a peacock like the
figure nine?

Tabor. Because it is nothing without its tail.

Hlal. Why does a hen lay eggs only in the
day-time?

Miss Gregory. Because she is a rooster at
night.

Simonds. Why should secrets not be told in
a vegetable garden?

B. Morse. Because the potatoes have eyes,
the corn have ears, and beans stalk about
there.

What kind of a husband should a young lady
get?

Would advise her to let husbands alone and
get a single man.

How can it be proved that a horse has six
legs?

He has fore legs in front and two behind.

What animal has the most brains?

The hog, because he has a hogshead full of
them.

Which country ought to be the richest?

Ireland, because its capital is always Dublin.

ALUMNI NOTES

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Miller (Vera Rich) '18
are being congratulated upon the birth of a
daughter, Marilyn.

Mr. and Mrs. Ray Russack (Dorothy Claf-
lin '22) are also receiving congratulations
upon the birth of a son, Ray Leonard Rus-
sack, Jr.

The Alumni gave a Minstrel Show for the
benefit of our Athletic Association which net-
ted us a profit of \$224 which we received
with thanks. The end men L. Serletto, L.
Curtis, B. Coderre, C. Small, A. Surprenant,
B. Tully were assisted by a large chorus of
high school students. Some of our other
alumni men rendered a quartet solo. Miss
Leontine Genereux also sang.

Mr. and Mrs. William Crosby (Edith Row-
ley) of New York are being congratulated
upon the birth of a son, John Rowley Crosby.

Elsie Samuelson, '18, is employed by the
Aetna Life Insurance Co. in Boston.

The engagement of Miss Alice Clarke, '19,
to Mr. Frederick Pellow, was recently an-
nounced.

Among our Alumni who recently spent va-
cations here were Elaine Leclair, '20. Wheat-
on '24; Rebecca Page, '22, Boston Univer-
sity; Blanch Weatherhead, '23, Wellesley
'27; Constance Grant and Thecla Fitzgerald,

'23, Radcliffe; Irene Hughes, '23, Notre Dame Academy.

Miss Louise Rowley, '20, spent the week of February 17th at her home on South street.

Marjorie Harris, '23, enjoyed a vacation at her home the week of March 25.

Frances Oldham, '19, was a recent visitor here.

Frances Troy, '20, has returned to Salem Normal School.

Mr. and Mrs. Porter Morse are receiving congratulations upon the birth of a son, Marvin Porter Morse.

Arthur Wriston, '23, enjoyed his Spring vacation here the week of March 20th.

Elizabeth Lone, '18, has returned here and is employed at the A. O. Co.

Helen King, '23, is now employed at the G. C. Winter Co.

Miss Daisy Apte was recently married to George I. Dodge of Florida, where she is making her home.

Frank J. Morrissey, '12, has recently moved to Harrisburg, R. I. where he has accepted a position.

The engagement of Miss Marjorie Harris, '23, to Mr. Sheldon Aldus, Newark, N. J. was recently announced.



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Exchanges

The exchanges have been dropping in quite frequently this quarter. Comments, however, were rather scarce. We would like more, in order to see how we look to you.

Several new papers have been received and we hope to see them regularly.

"The Tripod," Boston, Mass. A well gotten-up paper with plenty of cuts. You are very good to the alumni, but rather short on jokes.

"The Taconic," Williamstown, Mass. Your scheme to do without advs makes a neat-looking magazine. The Athletic write-ups are a little brief, but the rest of the paper, especially the plays, is good.

"The Index," Worcester, Mass. If you don't have room for exchanges, why not make more? Except for that the paper is well balanced.

"The Salemica," New Salem, Mass. Some longer stories would be better. We liked the "Twenty-third Psalm in Geometry."

"The Observer," Ansonia, Conn. Every department except editorials seems to have plenty of good material.

"The Enfield Echo," Thompsonville, Conn. Don't you think that you neglect the rest of your paper a little in favor of your splendid stories?

"The Emblem," Southington, Conn. The arrangement of your material is a little confused. A separate literary department would help straighten it out.

"The Opinator," Kingston, Pa. A paper showing good school spirit.

"The Red and Gray," Fitchburg, Mass. Your quotations at the foot of the pages are very true. Where are your cuts?

"The Enterprise," Boston, Mass. Another paper with good stories but whose arrangement would stand improvement.

"The Chronicle," Wallingford, Conn. Your best features are your stories and cuts. We suggest that you list your staff on a separate page.

"The Meteor," Berlin, N. H. Your paper is one of the best, both in neatness and contents.

"The Review," Medford, Mass. Your artists have been busy with cartoons, we see; also you have better editorials than many.

"The Palmer," Palmer, Mass. You are well up in stories, but not so in editorials. Why not retire the advs in a less obtrusive place?

"The Philamath," Framingham, Mass. Your cover leaves a good impression. The headings are very clever.

"The Inde," Hanover, N. H. The alumni notes are especially complete. A longer exchange column would be appreciated.

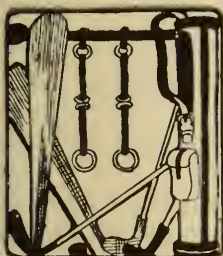
"The Sangonian," Sangus, Mass. Your second issue was a great improvement over the first. Keep it up!

"The School Life," Melrose, Mass. You are good on long story writing. The exchanges would profit by more material.

"The News," Putnam, Conn. You get the real kind of news that a paper needs. We don't see how you can have room for it, though, with so many advs.

We also acknowledge with thanks the following:

The Quill	Parkersburg, W. Va.
The Volunteer	Concord, N. H.
The Text	Lowell, Mass.
The Oracle	Englewood, N. J.
The School Grant	Ulysses, Neb.
The Chandelier	South Boston, Mass.
The Anesthesia	New York City



ATHLETICS



BASKET-BALL

Our past season in its sport has been fairly successful as far as victories and defeats figure in it. However, that it not every thing; in a sport there must be harmony among players, teamwork as near perfection as possible, and a desire to follow a leader's advice.

When our team displayed these qualities it was practically invincible. Our game with Oxford particularly demonstrated our ability, no one individual's. Every man on the team fought to the last ditch and they were remunerated in no small way for their playing by the glowing tribute paid them by the Oxford coach.

) Captain Ralph Hall at all times displayed the looked-for qualities of a leader—a hard man to guard and at all times a “Bad man” in his opponents' opinion. He'll be back next year.

“Fat” Thayer still excels in those “English” shots of his. He's a hard and conscientious player and more than once has he dropped in a much needed basket. Glad to have you “Fat,” drop in again next year.

“Don” Fitzgerald has proved himself a great center and basket maker. It's a good trade, Don. Stay with it. One hundred and sixty-six points do their own talking.

Louis Allard, one of our guards, surprised more than one bystander by his ability to play with hoops. His business is discouraging a good team by making a shot three-fourths the length of the Town Hall. See you later, Louis.

“Larry” Litchfield, the rugged guard, sure can make use of his six feet of brawn. Although not much at basketry we believe he can pull his opponents' efficiency down a peg. Watch him next year.

“Dick” Tillyer, in the capacity of relief man, did his bit for the “Crimson and Gray” and very acceptable it was. One likes nothing better than to see a fellow stick and win out. Good work Dick. Don't forget to come around next year.

Cormack carries away with him his first letter in this sport, and in the last month he has shown to good advantage that his relation to the great athlete, “Fido” Kempton, is not any way questionable. He has athletic initiative and can do well in any sport. Sorry you are leaving, George' but we'll not forget your services.

With the team intact but for losing Cormack through graduation we are all set for the big things next year, so we'll say “au revoir” until it rolls around.

ATTENTION! ATHLETES

This editorial is written at the suggestion of a few people who like to, and do, attend our basket-ball game. It has to do with outside playing. It is hard for an athlete of ability to refrain from doing his stuff for other teams than his school. That is absolutely proper, for it affords him excellent opportunity for practice and he also plays against good men.

But! It is doing the right thing for our school and our fans if we indulge in this professional rules styles of game. We occasionally see a very good example of what professional playing does to a high school athlete. It is bound to change the ethics of a player and oft-times proves fatal to a team through the “personal foul” route. If you are beaten, is it not a bit more consoling to hear a bystander say that it was a clean game than to hear your team jeered because of its general attitude while on the floor? Think it over and do what you think is right.

GREETINGS, BASEBALL!

At this time of the year every one's thoughts turn to baseball. A wealth of material abounds here this year and with few exception the team remains intact and may rightly be looked to come through.

Perhaps the one player we'll miss most is McGilpin. A better dispositioned fellow never donned a uniform to represent his

school. "Mac" was always willing to learn and his fielding was a sight for sore eyes. We'll never forget his "homer" in the Webster game. Where do you keep yourself "Mac?" Glad to see you anytime.

OUR 1924 BASEBALL SCHEDULE

April 19—Open.
 April 23—Stafford at Southbridge.
 April 26—Open
 April 29—Stafford at Stafford.
 May 3—Brimfield at Brimfield.
 May 7—Warren at Southbridge.
 May 9—Webster at Webster.
 May 14—Grafton at Southbridge.
 May 17—Blackstone at Blackstone.
 May 21—Uxbridge at Uxbridge.
 May 24—Millbury at Southbridge.
 May 28—Brimfield at Southbridge.
 May 31—Northbridge at Southbridge.
 June 4—Oxford at Oxford.
 June 7—Spencer at Spencer.
 June 11—Open
 June 13—Open.

Note: All teams, with whom no return game is played, are members of the Southern Worcester County Baseball League.

TRACK

Someone made a suggestion to the effect that the high school have representatives in the Inter-Club Track Meet. Consequently

Coach Doyle got down to business with the following results.

Poeton, Tabor, Cormack and Tillyer entered the sprints.

Poeton, to relieve congested traffic, dashed his way to third place in the 40-yard dash.

Cormack and Tabod entered the Running Broad Jump. Cormack came through with a beautiful jump of 18 feet, 5 inches, winning third place for the Wells High School.

Other entrants were not as successful but you'll never do anything unless you try.

The high school entered a team in the mile relay which ran in the following order: Poeton, 1st; Cormack, 2nd; R. Smith, 3rd; Tabor, 4th. This aggregation also surprised the dopesters by carrying off 2nd place honors. D. McKinstry and A. Dragon showed their stamina by doing the half-mile. Both showed promise in the run and will undoubtedly improve with a bit more training.

Poeton led the point scorers for us with 1 3-4 points. Cormack was second with 1 1-4 points. Relay team, third, with 3-4 point going to each number.

Poeton, Cormack, Tabor and Smith will receive an emblem, to be decided upon later, for their efforts.

There is much more track talent than this in the high school. Can it be that the fellows dislike the cinder path, or..?

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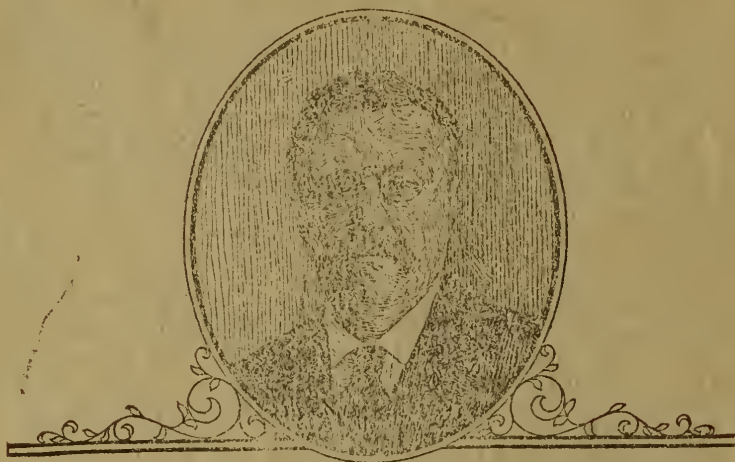
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HIGH SCHOOL, SOUTHBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS

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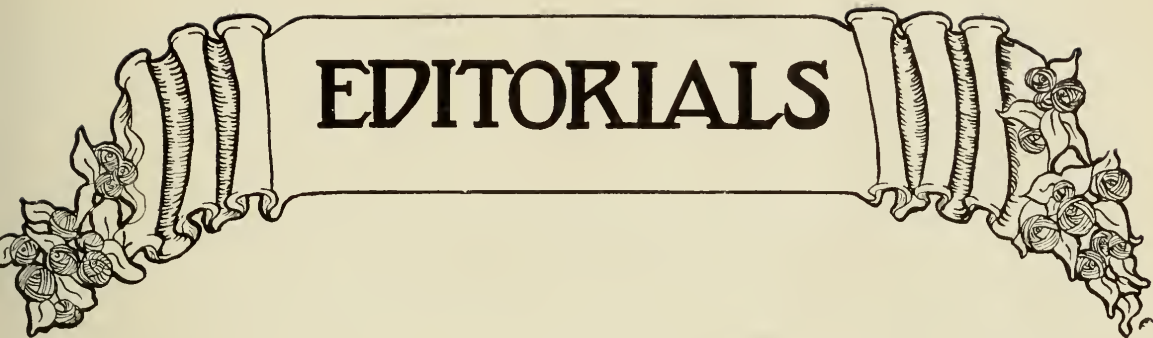
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Athletics



FROM FRESHMAN TO FRESHMAN CLASS

Having left the High School Freshman period behind in a somewhat obscure past and having allowed the necessary years to slip by, the editor finds that a new stage of Freshman activity must be carried through before the field of specialized training is fully open to him. The term Freshman has great significance when viewed from this angle. To sketch a few of these points is the object of the present editorial. To write, not as a wise Senior, but as a little green Freshman looking forward to next year.

The Freshman year is a preparation and an adjustment to new conditions. It has the swing of high school environment, but the class does not take a great part in the activities which produce that feeling of progressiveness. The year passed by quickly enough and the class has become a little wiser and has passed the requirements of entrance to a more progressive group, the Sophomores. The years following bring more responsibility and incidentally more work, though some manage to drift along without much of either.

The Senior year represents to most of us the time of many class enterprises, increased responsibility, and to some extent more privileges. But are we near perfection and the "top of the ladder" in knowledge? Not at all! On the contrary we, who are thinking of college, feel like green little Freshmen, not according to high school standards, but according to the strict standards of college attainment.

We the new Freshmen of college wish the lower classmen good luck.

KENNETH TAYLOR, '24.

THE HIGH SCHOOL EDUCATION

The great value of a high school education is very evident, as it is the foundation for higher education of all kinds. It is an essential for everyone who wishes to be a success in life, whatever phase of life it may be. Our graduating class feels the satisfaction of four years of hard work and study. We feel that we have accomplished something really worth while, something that will always remain with us and be a pleasure and advantage not only to ourselves, but to our associates. Some of us will enter higher institutions of learning, but it is the high school education that will get us there. Many of our number will go into business offices. Again it is the high school education that qualifies us. It will be found on investigation that few people can get very far in our bustling world without at least this preparation for the duties, responsibilities and pleasures of life.

But there are many who do not realize the value of such a fundamental training. This fact is quite evident from the steady decrease year by year in the membership of each class. Some leave almost on the eve of graduation, some slip out after a year or so, while others have been known to remain only a few weeks. The reason for this is often that people suddenly slack up on their work and drop out without considering the consequences.

We sincerely hope that the present enrollment of our school will not show any decrease in the fall. If any student has the vaguest idea of withdrawing it will be to his own advantage to consider it seriously before acting definitely.

It is earnestly desired that everyone return in September, more determined than ever to push ahead, and to add not only to his own credit, but to the credit of the school.

E. POETON, '24.



WALLACE BIRDSALL

"Wally"

"Wally" is the peppy leader of our class, and has helped to keep things lively this year. He is an enthusiastic scientist, but lately has developed a liking for dancing. We suspect and even observe that our scientist does not confine his observations to mere Physics experiments alone. "Wally" hopes to become an expert in chemistry, in the dye industry. We wish him the best of luck. Junior and Senior plays; Football, '24; Class Treasurer, '23; Class President, '24.



ISABEL SPIELMAN

"Is"

Long and lanky, cordial and industrious; that's "Is." She's one of the few girls that don't have to crane their neck to look up at the fellows. Seriously speaking, though, "Is" has been one of the active workers of the class and we sincerely hope that she will find success in her chosen field of endeavor. Class president, '23; Glee Club, '20-'24; Vice-President of class, '24; Junior and Senior plays, '23-'24.



KENNETH ANDREW TAYLOR

"Kennie"

"Kennie" came here in our sophomore year. As he has always been a hard worker the school will miss him, especially the "quartet." He certainly surprised us in football, and we know he will make good next year at Clark University. Glee Club, '22, '23, '24; Football, '23; Junior-Senior Plays, Quartet, '24; Class Secretary, '23; Class Treasurer, '24.



EDNA LOUISE POETON

"Eddie"

As time of graduation nears, one naturally wonders where his classmates will be next year. "Eddie," one of the "dependables" of the class, will always remain in our memories for her support in all class affairs. Senior Play, '24.

ARTHUR H. GAUMOND

"Joe" "Prof"

We sometimes wonder if Gaumond has ever found the "Lost Chord" that he was vainly searching for one assembly morning. At any rate he has served us well in the orchestra and other activities. His pronounced failing has often been observed as a liking for "Freshwomen." "It is our duty, boys, to make the Freshmen feel at home," says Gaumond. Assistant Business Manager of C. G., '23; Business Manager of C. G., '24; Junior and Senior Plays, '23-'24; Operetta, '23; Orchestra, '23-'24; Baseball Manager, '24.



MARIAN BERRY

"Berries"

Have you ever heard a certain demure little giggle disturb the silence of Room Four? Well without much doubt you would have found Marian to be the source of it. As shown by her acting in our Senior play, we believe that she would make a very successful maid, but Marian seems destined to become a nurse. Alice and Marian should go into partnership, with Marian taking up the work where Alice leaves off. Freshman, Junior and Senior plays; Glee Club, '20-'24; Gym Class, '20-'23; Girls' Basketball team, '20-'23; Class Treasurer, '22; Captain Girls' Basketball team, '23; Debating Club, '24; Assistant Librarian and Treasurer of Glee Club; Alumni Editor of CRIMSON AND GRAY, '24.



RODNEY FAY PLIMPTON

"Plimp"

Four years have passed and Rodney is still with us. His "avoidupois" carries weight in an argument and his energy helps out in our enterprises. Junior Play, '23; Senior Play, '24; Radio Club, '23-'24.



GEORGE WILLIAM CARNEY

"Puggy"

George is the most irresponsible person in the world. We don't wonder Miss Putnam almost goes crazy with his pranks. We suggest that George retire at 9 o'clock for about two months to make up all that lost sleep he brags about. Football, '23; Junior Play, '23; Senior Play, '24.





OCTAVIA CHAMPAGNE

"Tivie"

We seldom know what is going on in that little head of "Tivie's." She works a great deal and says very little. Her greatest misfortune is the fact that constant use of "every day in every way" fails to add to her height. Cheer up "Tivie," lots of famous people are short. Glee Club, '20-'24.



WILLIAM CARROLL

"Billy"

"Billy's" reputation for pranks and practical jokes is widespread. Ask any commercial teacher. One would never think such things of him to see his sober and demure countenance in history class. But then, the old saying, "Looks are deceitful," applies to "Billy."



GEORGE PERRY CORMACK

"Goo-Goo"

"Perrah! or just "Goog." We introduce the best arguer in the class. Small wonder he made the debating team. Nevertheless, we all respect George, especially in Math Class. Glee Club, '23; Basketball, '23; Football, '23; Baseball, '24.



MARY ANDREA REIDEL

We present another Sturbridgeite who is very elusive when it comes to information. Amy and Mary are really the inseparables. Athletic Association, '20-'24.

LAURENDA BOYER

Though seemingly retiring, Laurenda came out and did splendid work in our Senior Play. She plans to be a teacher. Senior Play, '24; Athletic Association, '20-'24.



ALICE BEARDWOOD

"Al" "Bea"

A bit of wisdom, much gaiety, and sturdy class spirit all combined in one popular member of the class. Coming to us in the Junior year, she immediately became one of us. If there is work to be done, or some activities to be planned, Alice is right there with her accustomed energy. We wish her success at her physical culture work, for it will prove useful when we get fat and prosperous. Junior Play, '23; Senior Play, '24; Glee Club, '22-'24; Debating Club, '24; Girls' Basketball team, '23.



LUCILLE WILLIAMS

"Lou"

"Lou" has served us in the capacity of acting class advisor and diligent chaperon. Regardless of this fact, her favorite question is, "Do you love me?" We will remember her as a class worker. Senior Play, '24; Debating Club, '24; Glee Club, '22, '23, 24.



CHARLES M. HALL

"Charlie"

"Charlie" is famed for his musical ability and for his work in our class. He will be remembered for his execution of the song "It Ain't Gonna Rain No Mo'," and it should be noted that it rained heavily for a week after. Nevertheless, he has done much toward making the orchestra and the quartet successful, and we wish him the best of luck. Class Treasurer, '20; Class President, '22; Junior and Senior Plays, '23-'24; Secretary Athletic Association, '23; Basketball Manager, '23; Glee Club, '20-'24; Orchestra, '20-'24; Quartet, '24.





RAYMOND ALLARD

"Ray"

"Ray" is a handy man to have around when stage scenery needs to be constructed. He and his Ford have helped out in many difficulties. "Ray" lends harmony to the quartet and when not occupied in this manner he can be found pounding away at the engine of his Ford in order to keep from becoming lonesome. Glee Club, '20-'24; Quartet, '24; Captain of Baseball team, '22-'24.



ALINE MORIN

We wonder whom Aline is saving those rare smiles for. At school she comes and goes very soberly, but at times we can make out a mysterious twinkle of mischief in the right hand corner of her left eye. Aline is another of our illustrious students who will get her sheepskin with honors. Athletic Association, '24.



JEANNE GUILLET

Our most famous and speedy typist. No one in this part of the country can touch Jeanne when it comes to typewriting. Jeanne distinguished our Commercial Department by winning a Portable Typewriter, the first ever won in this section of the country. Jeanne is one of the rare type that is studious and conscientious on one hand, but jolly and happy-go-lucky on the other. As she goes out into the big cruel world, Jeanne carries our best wishes. Athletic Association, '24.



EDITH MASON

"Edie"

If you have seen a sweet smile and a fair little face, and heard a merry giggle, you have seen and heard "Edie." This sweet classmate of ours is also very business-like. The fellow that employs "Edie" will get a wonderful stenographer. Glee Club, '20-'24; Senior Play, '24.

ANNETTE PINSONNEAULT

Annette has distinguished herself by attaining great heights in school honors, but she has failed sadly to gain height physically. But we are all glad of it. It would be so monotonous for us all to be beanpoles. We wish Annette the best of luck in her career. Athletic Association, '24.



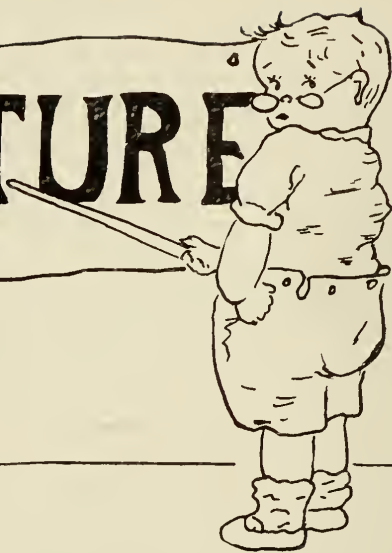
IRENE LINBLAD

Irene is one of our quiet members. It is a relief to find work accomplished without unnecessary deliberation or debate. Irene is the class artist. A line here and a little color there, and the picture is complete, whether she stands observingly before her easel or before a dressing mirror. Glee Club, '20-'24; Operetta, '23.

AMY EUNICE UNDERWOOD

One of our Sturbridge delegates. We don't know much about Amy, but the calm ones surprise us sometimes. Athletic Association, '20-'24.

LITERATURE



THE HISTORY OF SOUTHBRIDGE

We are citizens of Southbridge; we enjoy its prosperity; we avail ourselves of the opportunities it affords; we strive to make it a better and larger community. Being absorbed in the present, it perhaps may truly be said that few of its citizens know but little, if any, of its growth and development.

The town of Southbridge was taken from Dudley, Charlton and Sturbridge, in 1816.

The very first white men to visit the town were three men led by John Oldham, a famous trader, who undertook a trading expedition through "Tantusque," the Indian village which now forms a part of Southbridge. It was in this expedition, around 1633, that they first heard of the lead mines in Sturbridge.

As time went on, a few settlers came over to this region to establish homes and try to improve their mode of living and religious accommodations. One of the early settlers is worthy of mention, James Deneson, who, during the winter of 1730, took shelter under a rock now called Deneson Rock.

Around 1800, the people living in what is now the town of Southbridge felt that they were deprived of the privilege of the church, an important element in the lives of our ancestors. A petition for the incorporation of Southbridge as a separate town was presented to the General Court of Massachusetts. A few months later the petition was approved and the happy citizens lost no time in taking the next step—their first town meeting took place immediately and the first selectmen were elected.

Along with the new form of government came the development of industries. First of all, to Mr. Moses Marcy, credit is given for the building of a saw-mill and a grist-mill. Then came the cutlery industry, the leading firm being the Dexter Harrington and Son, which for a period of over a hundred years has been conducted by members of the Harrington family.

Among the numerous industries of the town must be classed the optical industry. As early as 1833, spectacles were being made on a very small scale by Mr. William Beecher until 1869, when the American Optical Company was organized. The present prosperous condition of this Company is due to the hard work and tireless efforts of many prominent men, but particularly Mr. George W. Wells, who perhaps has done more than any one else to make the optical industry one of the greatest industries in the world.

Around the year 1843, the shuttle industry was started under the name of Litchfield Shuttle Company. From then until today this Company has enlarged its plant, increased its output and become a most significant factor in the industrial growth of Southbridge.

Other industries deserving honorable mention are the cotton and woolen industries such as the Hamilton Woolen Company, the Central Mills Company, and the Southbridge Printing Company. They have greatly contributed to the welfare, and especially to the present successful and favorable condition of the town.

As a result of the start and development of

all these industries in a new town, there was a great increase in both population and wealth. In fact, the residents of Southbridge should be very proud of their town as it is, without doubt, one of the most populous, wealthy and thrifty towns in the Commonwealth.

Let us now glance through the educational life of our town. Ever since the incorporation of Southbridge, the people have been interested in the question of education. Over a hundred years ago, people were poor, and parents were obliged to get help from their children. When a child reached his twelfth year, he usually had to go to work to help his father in the support of the family. There were very few children attending school then, nevertheless a sum amounting to about \$500 was raised each year for school purposes. The first high school held in the early days of the town was located in the Town Hall, where it remained until 1918, when it was transferred to the beautiful Mary E. Wells High School building in which we are located today. The high school education of today compared with that of over seventy-five years ago offers us a great many opportunities taking into consideration the modern and perfected form of learning and the experienced teachers we have.

Another very interesting fact is the development of other schools, such as the Vocational and the Continuation Schools, which give young boys and girls a good chance to learn a trade. Southbridge holds a very high rank as an educational town.

Perhaps the most essential factor in the history of Southbridge is its patriotism. About the year 1860, the time of the Civil War, when Southbridge consisted of very few inhabitants, it took steps toward furnishing, training and equipping men for the struggle. Southbridge was very generous and furnished over four hundred men, both volunteers and drafted, and paid war expenses amounting to approximately \$34,000. In commemoration of the patriotism of the men who took part in the Civil War, the beautiful Soldiers' Monument is erected in front of the Town Hall. Very few of the veterans are alive today, but we still have the pleasure of listening to Mr. Corey's interesting stories of the Civil War at our Memorial Day Exercises.

Southbridge did the same and even more through the increase in population and

wealth at the time of the Spanish-American War and the World War. During the short time we were engaged in the war, Southbridge did its duty in furnishing over 900 soldiers to the service.

As a concluding point we shall consider how the many improvements and donations to the town have made it appear and, in reality, be the town which offers best opportunities concerning educational and industrial work.

First, highways: In the early years of the settlement, traveling conditions were not very pleasant; the roads were muddy, rough and narrow, and people had to travel on foot and in wagons; while today we have large, smooth roads; automobiles, trolleys and steam cars. It is very convenient and much more pleasant for people to travel.

We were very fortunate to have some people give large sums of money toward the promotion of education and public welfare of the community. A few examples are the Library by Mr. Jacob Edwards, and our High School Auditorium, very much appreciated by every student and member of the faculty, I am sure, was the gift of Miss Mary E. Wells.

We should feel proud of our town for a great many reasons. It offers wonderful opportunities to children for securing a very good education through the many different types of schools we have; the varied industries possessed by the town, besides helping our citizens, attract the attention of many people from other cities who come over here to better their present situation, so it is for us citizens of Southbridge, who are living in such a prosperous town to do all in our power to make it still a better and more attractive community.

ANNETTE PINSONNEAULT, '24.

THE JAPANESE EXCLUSION ACT

The recent act passed by Congress, providing for the exclusion of the Japanese people from entrance into the United States has aroused world-wide interest, and is one of the greatest steps in the history of our diplomatic relations.

The effect on Japanese public opinion was instantaneous. They accused us of breaking our treaty with Japan made in 1911, commonly known as the "Gentleman's Agreement," and threatened "grave consequences"

as a result of the passage of the bill. The "Gentleman's Agreement" in itself was a very noble idea, but after trying it for thirteen years we have come to the conclusion that the agreement has not been carried out. Japanese have been pouring into this country from all directions, until, in desperation, we have had to decide to do something about it. We are not breaking the noble "agreement"—it was broken long ago by the other party. We are merely beginning to realize that strict laws are the only things that will help the situation.

Public opinion in this country is divided. Many people share the Japanese point of view because they have been influenced by clever propaganda or because they are not well acquainted with conditions produced by Japanese in the United States.

It has been estimated that if Japanese immigration were based on the census of 1890, and only two per cent of the total number of Japanese admitted then were allowed to enter in this country, only one hundred and forty-six could come in each year. It is very true that one hundred and forty-six persons is not a great number, but after considering the results of marriage and inter-marriage it can be clearly seen that in a few years thousands of people would have sprung from the original hundred and forty-six. Besides, one must also consider the thousand and forty-six Japanese who are smuggled across the borders of Canada and Mexico into this country every year. It has been impossible to determine in the past whether the Japanese who were here entered lawfully or unlawfully, but now with the doors of immigration closed to the Japanese we can determine which ones have been smuggled in and arrange for deportation.

The question now comes up, "Why are the Japanese an undesirable people?" In the first place, they cannot easily be assimilated. This is a fact based on their natural characteristics; there are several chief points which prevent them from being adaptable to conditions in this country. The first point to consider is their custom of ancestor worship. Instead of dropping this custom when they enter a new country, they foster it, and although their children may be called American citizens they are as Japanese at heart as are the children of Tokio.

The second point to consider is the intermarrying, which is impossible to avoid when

two different races live in the same country.

One must also look at the subject from an economic point of view. Because of their extremely simple, if not squalid, mode of living, they are able to exist on next to nothing. This means that Japanese labor is so cheap that it would be folly for employers not to take advantage of the fact. Consequently, American citizens who must demand higher wages to maintain their superior standards of living are out of work half of the time. One cannot blame the employers of Japanese; they are not responsible for conditions. It is plainly a case for Congress to decide—once and for all.

To sum up the whole thing—the Japanese are unwilling to accept the United States as she is, but have tried to change her into a Utopia of their dreams—the United States to a certain extent, but based on the ideals of Japan.

California is an excellent example of a State which has had her taste of Japanese immigration with disheartening results. For years, in fact, directly before the treaty of 1911 with Japan, California's State Legislature was preparing to take drastic steps toward eliminating the Japanese. At that time, we were especially anxious to maintain friendly relations with Japan, so the Secretary of State was sent to California to attempt a reconciliation. The result of the visit was the "Gentleman's Agreement" with Japan. Since 1911 conditions have not improved in California, which goes to show that a mere agreement is not satisfactory. California has passed strict State laws, but they are frequently evaded with the help of crooked lawyers. One of these laws states that no Japanese may purchase land in California, but at the same time, he may purchase land in the name of his year-old son or daughter, providing that the child has been born in the United States.

Practically all of the fruit growing corporations in California are controlled by wealthy Japanese. It is an easy matter to procure a man, having a name with an American twang to it, to consent to having his name appear on the office doors—provided he is paid enough for it.

The public school system in California is seriously upset, especially in the southern part of the state. It is, of course, necessary that Japanese children should attend school for a certain number of years, but at

the time they are attending American public schools they are also attending schools maintained privately by Japanese in which they learn the art of ancestor worship, and form the habit of considering the Emperor of Japan the ruler of all men. Is it possible to produce loyal American citizens from such stock? It may be possible, but only after overwhelming obstacles are swept aside.

This Exclusion Act will also help to make our naturalization laws more consistent. In the past, a Japanese could not become a naturalized citizen of the United States, but a child born here of Japanese parents was a citizen. Would this Japanese child become a better citizen than his parents? It hardly seems possible, considering that his blood is as purely Japanese as that of his cousin in Tokio.

As far as the justice of the bill goes, it is as just as the law passed several years ago, excluding the Chinese, Koreans, Hindoos and others, who, because of their color, were not permitted to become citizens of the United States.

The United States has been most generous in past years, and her doors have been wide open, but now that it is impossible to maintain that policy, it is very unsportsmanlike to question her right to make her own laws.

LUCILLE WILLIAMS, '24.

AN OUTLINE OF RADIO

Radio, the present-day fad, as some term it, is not altogether a fad, and is not so new as one may suppose. To many, Radio means merely a long, low mahogany-finished box with a block front, on which are three or four dials and one or two switches, and connected to this is a horn from which issues music or howls, apparently produced by the whirling of various dials and knobs. However, this is not all there is to Radio, as I shall soon prove to you.

Scientists of many countries have contributed to the development of Radio telegraphy and telephony—Radio telegraphy being the means of communication by Radio with the use of a code; Radio telephony being the means of communication by Radio with the use of the voice.

Perhaps the first man to make any definite progress toward the present-day Radio was S. B. Morse, who in 1842, used a canal at Washington, D. C., as a conductor of the electric current in his wire telegraph system.

In 1880, John Trowbridge of Harvard University made an improvement on Morse's idea. Bell had great success with it, succeeding in sending messages a mile and a half to a boat on the Potomac River.

In the meantime, Sir William Preece of England put wireless telegraphy, Radio, to a practical purpose, having set up communication between Hampshire and the Isle of Wight when the cable became broken.

Later it was found that by erecting a pole with a metal cylinder on top, connected to the transmitting apparatus, that the signals could be received, if a similar arrangement was used at the receiving station.

However, all these types soon vanished after Guglielmo Marconi began experimenting on electric-wave telegraphy as early as 1896. And about this time the spark-transmitter was brought into extensive use. Other men also were working on this new theory, and the result was a rapid perfecting of new and much more efficient apparatus.

In December of 1901, Marconi succeeded in sending the single letter "S" across the ocean from Poldhu to St. John's, Newfoundland. After this great advance ships began to use it as a means of sending distress signals. It was with the valuable help of Radio that the seven hundred passengers were rescued from the *Titanic*.

And last, but by no means least, comes the broadcasting fad with which we are all familiar. This began in 1921, and has been continued and improved until there are now over five hundred of these broadcasting stations in the United States.

Having given a brief history of Radio, I shall now endeavor to explain the principle of it.

In Radio communication there must be the transmitter, the source of sound, a medium of transmission, space, and the receiver.

In Radio telegraphy, therefore, various types of transmitters are used, the first of which is the spark-transmitter.

A simple spark-transmitter consists of a battery of any voltage desired, the two terminals of the battery being connected to the primary terminals of a transformer—a transformer consisting of one coil of wire placed inside another coil with a great many more turns of wire on it. The electricity passing through the primary coil sets up what is called "induction" with the large coil, that is, the electricity passes from the

small coil into the larger, and is magnified because of the larger coil. Therefore, the current is made stronger and passes to the "spark-gap," one terminal of which is fastened to the aerial and the other to the ground. The spark-gap is merely two brass balls which are placed about half an inch apart and produce what have been termed "high frequency oscillations" in the antenna. The oscillations spread out from the aerial in waves much the same as are produced when a stone is dropped into the water. This explains the fact that the farther away the receiver is from the transmitter, the weaker are the signals. In order that communication may be carried on, a key, the device for opening and closing a circuit, is placed between the battery and the primary of the transformer. Thus, when the key is pressed, oscillations are produced in the antenna. Then, by interrupting these oscillations by means of the key for a long or short time, messages may be sent as is done in wire telegraphy. This, then, explains the principal of wireless telegraphy. However, much better apparatus is now being used and the spark-transmitter is being abolished.

The greatest and most important development in Radio telegraphy and telephony was the vacuum tube. This makes the sending power of a transmitter much greater and is also used extensively in receiving apparatus.

I have endeavored to explain the principle of the transmitter, and now I shall discuss the medium through which Radio communication is carried on.

The energy that is set up in the aerial goes off in the form of waves, much like the waves formed when a pebble is dropped into the water, as I have explained before. The waves spread out through space, becoming weaker as they expand, (much as in the case of the pebble), the strength of the transmitter and the atmospheric conditions determining the distance. If another aerial attached to the receiving apparatus is reached by these waves and stops them, it carries them to the receiving set.

Now, these waves pass into the receiving set, which must have a detector which may be either a vacuum tube or a crystal. The set must have an inductance coil, wire wound on a cylindrical frame, a pair of phones and a phone condenser, and an apparatus for storing electrical energy, if the detector is of the crystal type.

However, when a vacuum tube is used the set is more complicated. If more volume in sound is desired, one or two stages of audio frequency amplification may be added, this consisting of a transformer for each step.

Today there are many types of sets on the market and engineers are continually inventing new ones, so I shall not attempt to describe any one set to you.

Perhaps the most interesting feature of Radio is the broadcasting of entertainments. This is done by means of a microphone, a small instrument which has the power of reproducing sound very exactly without distortion or other difficulties. Usually the broadcasting is carried on from a studio which is draped with heavy curtains to stop all possibilities of echoing. It is in this studio that the entertainments are given.

However, microphones are now often set up in halls, churches, and theatres, thus giving variety in the types of entertainments.

In this brief outline, I have endeavored to give a small idea of the theory of Radio which has become so popular in the last three years.

RODNEY PLIMPTON, '24.

WOMAN'S PLACE IN BUSINESS

The World War has brought about many changes in the lives of all individuals, but none is more noteworthy than that brought about in the life of a woman.

One hundred and fifty years ago matrimony was the only career open to a woman. Rousseau, a great thinker in his time, said, "The whole of woman ought to be made relative to man; to please him; be useful to him; to educate him; to console him; to counsel him; care for him, and make life sweet and agreeable for him." He said that in his day marriage was the one profession open to woman, and competition was so brisk that a man could practically dictate the terms of employment.

The woman or girl who is not self-supporting these days is an exception. One means which has proven the most popular is that of business. Some of the positions occupied in business life by women are those of a stenographer, private secretary, court reporter and general manager of a store. Also clerical positions such as bookkeeping, accountancy, C. P. A. positions, Civil Service, Foreign Service, Insurance agents. Another reason why woman is interested in

business is the fact that household duties have been simplified a great deal by the modern mechanical inventions. Probably you have heard that the greatest business in the world is the business of keeping house, and of course that is a woman's business. The business next in importance is that which provides for the wants of the housekeeper and the home. It stands to reason that a woman is better fitted than a man to sell articles which she knows about from experience at home. Naturally this leads to greater efficiency in business, more economy, and larger profits.

Business is new to woman and she enjoys the thrill that a new thing gives. She is becoming more independent. Why? Because she has her own income. Independence means a great deal in the present generation. If a girl or woman has always been dependent on her father or mother, very probably she will become dependent on others. She should avoid this. With a business education she will want to avoid it. When a woman achieves complete independence, her home life and family life is going to be put on a business basis.

There no longer exists that ancient order of masculine domination; consequently there no longer exists a distinction between a man's occupation and a woman's. I do not think women will ever engage in bricklaying or watchmaking, yet during the war, women, in many cases, took the positions of men who had enlisted. After the war they lost these positions because they had been promised to the men, if they came home and were fit to take them again. But it goes to show that a woman is not afraid to burden herself with a man's job.

The business woman does not make any apology when she enters the wage-earning class. She is proud of it. Even a girl who earns her own pin-money while in high school is proud to admit it, or if she isn't, she should be.

Ex-President Taft has recommended that every girl be given a business training as part of her education. This training may be obtained in high school or in college, and a commercial education can be made as broad as any other. As our own United States is the greatest commercial nation in the world, many commercial men and women are needed. Please do not think, my dear friends, that all very brilliant people should become

professional men and women, and those not adapted to anything in particular should enter business; brilliant people are needed just as much in business as in professions.

The schools are better equipped now than they were a century ago. The graduates are also better fitted to step into their new life. Our own high school here in Southbridge was without a commercial department until a very few years ago. I often wonder how they ever got along without it and what the pupils did, who were unable to attend higher institutions. The business training course should not be looked upon merely from a mechanical bookkeeping or typewriting point of view, but from the educational point of view as well. It teaches one to think rapidly, to be accurate, independent and broad-minded.

During the last few years women have been quite persistent in showing the world that they can hold up their end of the business. Hitherto, a woman has received smaller compensation for her work, though her work is often equal to that of a man in quality. The business woman's motto is now, however, "Equal pay for equal work." Mrs. G. W. Spargers, a business woman of Pierre, South Dakota, formerly of Louisville, Kentucky, says, "The average woman may get off a street car backwards, but the average man has to smudge up his office with tobacco smoke, shut out all the fresh air, and asphyxiate himself before his brain will work." In order to receive equal pay for equal work the women are forming organizations, or, in other words, unions. About four years ago the National Federation of Business and Professional Women's Clubs was organized at a convention in St. Louis, and in these few years it has become one of the greatest women's groups in the country. The object of this organization is to promote the interests of business and professional women, and to direct and develop their group strength.

As I have said before, a woman's career years ago was not hard to decide upon, for there was only one open to her. She had the opportunity to study a course which was open to all, the course of the four R's—"Readin', 'Ritin', 'Rithmetic, and the Ruler," and with that she had to be content. But at present she is not content with what she has already gained—the business career. She expects to climb step by step until she has

made the name of woman ring in the ears of all the world.

ISABEL LOUISE SPIELMAN.

NEW SCHOOLS FOR OLD

Everyone knows the advantages of the modern public schools over the rural schools of only a few years ago.

The old-fashioned district school was usually a one-story building, poorly equipped, with small windows on only one side of the room, rude desks with the coats-of-arms of many pupils carved on the top, making them very rough. There was a tiny inkwell in one corner of the desk, usually empty, unless the pupil brought the ink from home. In the other corner of the desk was a hole in which to insert a candle on dark, gloomy days. The blackboards were usually so high that the little children had to stand on tip-toe to reach them. In one corner of the room was an old organ with an ancient dictionary lying on it. The woodwork of the school was an ugly pink, which had been blackened by a leaky stove pipe. An iron stove in the corner of the room provided a little warmth in winter. The wood was stacked in one corner, this being provided usually by the people in the district. Most of the rural schools did not provide for a janitor and the teacher, with the help of the pupils, did the work.

The outside door of the school opened into the class room; the children's hats, coats, and lunches hung on pegs; rubbers and wet shoes made puddles on the floor.

It must have been a difficult problem for the teacher, and the pupils as well, to remain in a school house of this sort during the few hours of the school day.

The law provides that every child shall have school opportunities, but it sometimes defeats itself by failing to provide a living place for the teacher.

In the district schools the teacher boarded a long way from the school, with people whose tastes and interests were perhaps entirely different from her own.

Districts with an enrollment of from twenty to thirty children expected three hundred or four hundred dollars to cover the entire expenses of the school for a year. The money was spent for the teacher's salary, about three hundred bushels of coal, two boxes of chalk, and a broom; (the pencils and paper were usually bought by the pupils). Then the harassed directors wondered why they

could not find a good teacher who would stay for more than a year.

The farmer appreciated to some extent the value of education, but he was apt to think that it was not necessary for a boy or girl who intended to stay on the farm.

In nineteen hundred and ten, the enrollment in the rural schools of the country was eleven million one hundred thousand five hundred fifty-three; and the daily attendance in the rural schools was sixty-eight per cent, and in the urban schools it was seventy-nine per cent. The attendance in a country school is always more or less irregular; the teacher expects it. Pupils must often walk long distances to school, and in bad weather this is impossible for the small children. A severe winter storm often closes the school for a day or two at least.

The growth of the colonies in wealth and economic importance brought with it the development of a middle class; among whom there grew up a demand for education beyond the elementary schools. Reading, writing, arithmetic and geography were the principal studies taught.

It was not until the close of the eighteenth century that there was any general provision made for formal education of girls. The boys at that time had an education equal perhaps, to the present sixth grade education.

The modern high school, as a public institution maintained by taxation of the whole community, was made possible by the popular success of the academies. Higher Americans had early adopted the view that education was a function of the states. This acceptance was at first restricted to elementary schools. Though the first public high schools originated in the East in the early decades of the century, their spread was opposed. They were considered an unwarranted imposition on the taxpayers. Though the first English high school was opened in Boston in eighteen hundred and twenty-one, high schools were at first more popular in the newer western states where land grants aided in their establishment.

The need for industrial and vocational schools was first realized in Germany. Until the outbreak of the World War more workers were being trained at public expense in the city of Munich than in all the larger cities of the United States together, although the American cities have a total population of twelve million people. The public schools

were slow to take up vocational training, beginning with the evening schools.

At the opening of the twentieth century only three schools offered industrial training as a part of the regular daytime program. Today industrial education at public expense is widespread, by day and by night.

In fact all branches of education have developed tremendously as can be seen by the wonderful opportunities offered every boy and girl in the United States today.

THE VALUE OF COAL TAR PRODUCTS

Coal tar products appealed to me as a field for investigation for two reasons: first, coal tar is the most repulsive, sticky, smelly substance imaginable, and second, in contrast, it is the origin of the finest perfumes, the richest dyes, and the mightiest war explosives. It is my object to show its development from a nuisance in industry to its place as the basis of a greater variety of products than has ever before been gained from any one source of supply. Although the origin of such an important substance is of interest to us, what it has made possible in industry captures the attention even more.

Turning back, then, a half century, it is timely to note the source of coal tar and its first development. There are two important sources of coal tar, not as an industry itself, but as a by-product or left over in the production of gas and in the making of coke. When coal is heated in an enclosed vessel it cannot burn because of lack of oxygen in the air, but it decomposes or falls apart. The substances in it which tend to form into gases are carried away and the coke is left in the container. When these gaseous substances are cooled and are turned back into liquid form, oily substances and coal tar are obtained. It was a problem to throw away this sticky material in former days. It was too sticky to flow well, but on the other hand, it was not sufficiently solid to be picked up. It disfigured the land and poisoned the water where it was poured. From sheer necessity it was imperative that some use should be found for the substance.

A system was developed for the separation of the varied components of the tar. When distilled it was found to give off different gaseous products at different degrees of temperature. The gases derived from each distillation, or from each heating to given temperatures, were condensed on a cool surface,

and were separated by chemical methods. By this means ten crude substances or sources for all coal tar products are obtained. From these originate nine hundred dyes and about five thousand brands of colors.

The bright colors now used in spring clothing are nothing more than coal tar dyes. It was but a few years ago, however, that a million acres in India was devoted to the raising of the indigo plant, the natural source of indigo blue. Now, by a method of analysis and constructive chemistry, the Germans have manufactured a superior dye and have reduced the price from four dollars to about fifteen cents a pound. Likewise the Tyrian purple, coveted by kings in ancient days, is now within the reach of the poor worker, but is inferior in quality to our new dyes. Such is the process of science which picks apart and analyzes, then builds up a new substance more beautiful and purer than could be formed by natural means. That science can accomplish this is made possible by coal tar products.

The possibilities of the use of coal tar in the dye industry was accidentally discovered by William Perkins in 1868 while experimenting in the search for quinine by the reduction, or picking apart, of coal tar. His experiment was unsuccessful, but he obtained through it a substance which gave a purple solution of great beauty. This was mauve, the first of the aniline or coal tar dyes. Perkins' next step was the analysis of madder or turkey red. When finally alizarine was discovered to be its active principle, there was a race between Perkins and his German competitors to perfect and patent a process for making this dye from coal tar. The Germans got their perfected process to the patent office a day ahead of Perkins and so it happened that France had to depend on Germany for the red in her military uniforms. Finding that Britain had not carried on the dye industry sufficiently, Germany formed a trust for the development and protection of their industry. Finally all the other countries were depending on Germany for nearly all dye-stuffs. German monopoly affected the United States as well as the other allied countries during the war. Toluol, a product of coal tar, was precious as the foundation for the manufacture of T. N. T. war explosives. Then, too, the country was left without dependable dyes. Under government encouragement one hundred and

eighteen companies entered the field of dye development. Fifteen plants were installed to get phenol, a coal-tar product, which furnished picric acid for filling bombs.

In the field of surgery and medicines, picric acid and other coal-tar dyes were developed into valuable antiseptics. Surgery by its expert knowledge and fine supplies was able to save about ninety per cent of the wounded in the last war. This was possible because of the fact that medicines were made to order and not gathered from all parts of the world.

Looking back into history we find that perfumes and spices were a merchant's most valuable possession. A very small quantity of these gathered from distant lands would bring wealth to the owner. Once again tar has served a purpose and from it have come perfumes and flavors equal to nature. Like an architect the perfumer builds up the simple coal tar product until its many components are no longer definite parts, but are united as a fragrant whole.

Thus from an ugly substance have come colors of matchless beauty, and from its black repulsiveness have come, in sharp contrast, things to destroy, and powerful means of healing. Riches sought by kings in former years are now the possessions of common people. And so, with mighty force, science continues to build up and construct, to destroy ruthlessly, then to reconstruct and heal, with those marvelous materials, coal tar products.

KENNETH A. TAYLOR, '24.

THE VALUE OF EDUCATION

To get an education one must study while in school; that means to study at home, and not only in school, as many do. Mothers are often heard saying that their children never study at home. This is not right. Parents should have their children study at home if they want them to know something later; when a child studies in school just before recitation, what he has learned cannot remain very long, for he has paid only a little attention to it. Studying sharpens a child's mental powers just as a grindstone would sharpen an ax or any other tool. Suppose a young carpenter receives a magnificent box of tools, but they are very dull. When he starts out in life as a carpenter he decides to work with the dull tools because the time he would take to sharpen them

would not be paid for. After a few days he will find out that his companions get more than he does. Why? Because his companions' tools are sharpened, and his are not.

Suppose a steel ax that had never been sharpened should cry, while being sharpened on the grindstone, against the hardness and harshness of the stone and ask to be covered with velvet, and thus be smooth and pleasant. One would say, "You foolish ax, velvet would not put an edge on steel." So it is with studies. Smooth and pleasant studies will not sharpen one's mental powers. The harder the lessons, the harder one will press towards the goal, and with the teacher's grinding process will sharpen his mental powers for present and future use.

Many children are leaving schools every day, everywhere. Why? Some have to work to help their parents, and they should do it cheerfully, for it is their duty. Those pupils can work during the day and go to night schools if they are ambitious. The night schools are established to give the workers a chance to get educated, but a very small number take advantage of the opportunity.

Many other children leave school because they have been told by uneducated people who do not like to study, that they will not get more by studying hard, but most of them leave school because they will have more money to spend. What is a few dollars compared to the many dollars they would earn by continuing their school work? One out of twenty-five may be successful. After a thorough investigation it was revealed that in Brooklyn, 10,000 men in jobs requiring only a common school education average a yearly income of \$657. Those holding jobs in the service of the city government which requires all applicants to have a high school education, get an average salary of \$1597. The educated ones earn an average of \$26 for every school day of the four-year high school course.

In New York it was revealed that boys and girls leaving school at 14, earn at 25, after 11 years of business experience, \$661 a year. Those leaving school at 18, earning at 25, after seven years experience in business, \$1612 a year. Those who stayed in school earn an average of \$26.85 for every school day of their four-year high school course.

In forty-three cities in Massachusetts those who enter business with a common education earn \$650 per year. Those who en-

er after high school education earn \$1550, giving them an average of \$25 for every day spent in high school. These figures show that while a person is going to school, a lifetime investment in brains is laid up where thieves, or business risks cannot reach

Educated people and uneducated people may be compared to an American freight train. The train is divided in two parts, the engine and the freight cars. There is only one engine, but many cars. It costs a great deal of money to build an engine, and but very little to build a car, because the material is abundant, and is easy to work with. The engine leads and the cars follow, as the uneducated people follow the educated. The engine carries only its fire and steam, but the helpless cars must carry whatever is put into them. If there is some trouble with the engine, the whole train stops, but if one of the cars is not in good order, it is cut out and left behind. The engine starts and stops whenever it pleases, it always commands; but the cars must follow and obey, or they are useless.

If when making engines in the workshop, workmen had used different material and designs, they would have built a helpless car. It is the same with all of us. The workshop is the school, and the workman is one's self. The future depends upon one's mental power and willingness.

Education is today a necessity to win leadership and success. Only one per cent of our population is college-trained, yet that one per cent furnishes seven-eighths of our prominent men.

Education is the only method by which we can get lawyers, doctors, teachers, engineers, leaders in business, and politicians.

In this Age as never before, Knowledge is power, and the man who *knows* is the man who *leads*.

L. BOYER.

THE RIFLE

This may be called a story of the natural development of the rifle, although it takes in its predecessors to make a complete story. The impulse of early man when he saw an enemy at a distance probably was not to wait until he came up within striking distance, but to hurl missiles. The modern rifle is but an improved means of stone-throwing. The first use of outside means to help throw

stones was the sling, the utility of which may be gotten from the story of David and Goliath.

The next development was in line with the spear, but the spear had the disadvantage of being useless at any great distance. The bow-drill was discovered for making fires, and the tension on the thongs was often so strong that the spindles were pulled from their notches and thrown to great distances. Then someone thought of using that powerful action to throw sticks as missiles. The bow and arrow thus developed was able to pierce tough skins of animals, but man soon invented metal armors, and stronger bows were needed to penetrate to a vital spot. The cross-bow was produced to meet this difficulty, and these were developed until their bodies were not strong enough to set them and they applied mechanics—levers, pulleys, ratchets, until they had huge siege cross-bows of enormous power.

Mechanics had reached the limit of their power and man now resorted to chemistry. They tried to inflict further damage by hurling burning torches into cities with great machines. In his search for the best burning compounds for torches, a monk, Roger Bacon, found that saltpeter, charcoal, and sulphur, when mixed and lighted, would explode. These records were studied by another monk, Berthold Schartz, who aroused the interest of Europe. Now, for the first time, possibly excepting the Chinese developments, firearms were manufactured to utilize the power of gunpowder. The first type were heavy bombards, many of which had to be supported on props and required two men to operate. A flash pan was added to the rifle at the side of the touch hole to facilitate igniting the powder. Then came the matchlock with a slow burning match so fixed that it touched the flashpan when the trigger was pulled. The match was later replaced with a piece of flint, which struck a piece of steel and dropped sparks into the pan when the trigger was pulled. These are being used even now in some parts of Africa and the Orient.

The next great thing before breech-loaders was the use of detonators, or caps, which are probably familiar to all as they are still in use.

Breech-loaders were used as early as the sixteenth century, but they were not practical until the day of fixed ammunition or

the cartridge. The Civil War was begun with muzzle loaders and ended with breech loaders. For some further development it may be interesting to trace the progress of a large gun plant of this country. Eliphat Remington, son of a smith of the same name, found that if he desired a gun he must make one, for guns cost a lot. Barrels were then made by lapping together the edges of a piece of metal shaped around a rod. This welding was accomplished successfully by young Remington and, lacking tools to cut rifling in the barrel, he took it to a gunsmith who was so pleased with the work that he added a lock to the barrel, and when Remington added a stock he had a finished rifle. Then came a demand for like rifles from the neighbors of the boy, and when he supplied them the demand spread to other sections of the country. Father and son built a new shop on a creek at Ilion Gulph in 1816 and manufactured all sorts of hardware for the district. The demand for guns was greatest, however, and they located a new factory at Ilion, on the Erie Canal, for better transportation. Up to 1850 the lapwelded barrel was standard, but with the perfection of boring machinery, invented by a man named Wilkinson in England, it became practical to bore barrels from solid metal. It was not a period of scientific work and the material was old scrap iron, but Remington was beginning to standardize, so that he could fill the demand for spare parts. In 1845 he made good on a government contract taken from Ames and Company for Springfield, Massachusetts. With the new machinery used he was in a position to better the quality of the product. The first barrels bored from solid steel in this country were in

Harpers Ferry muskets made for the government. Soon multiple bores in one piece of steel became common, and in demand. A contract for 5000 muskets which were needed for the Civil War, the same number to be fitted for bayonets, and great numbers of army revolvers, provided work for the entire community of Ilion. In 1863 they perfected breech loading rifles, and by the Berdan system enormous numbers of muzzle loading rifles were changed to breech-loaders which showed the breech-loader had come to stay.

The repeating rifle was next to be developed. The first bolt action gun, which is the same type as the modern army rifle, was made by James P. Lee. After another factory failed to make these rifles they were made at the Ilion factory and became the basis for the famous British army rifle, the Lee-Metford, and the Lee-Enfield was another development. Sights were made more perfect; machinery was invented making it possible to drill harder steels, which reduced the weight of the gun; in drilling, grinding, polishing, everywhere, accuracy was achieved.

Through the long line of developments it is seen that each improvement brought a demand for more. The use of slings, the bow and arrow, the discoveries in chemistry and the consequent use of firearms, the larger improvements in the earlier types and more detailed improvements in the modern types are all steps leading to the perfection of our most modern form.

It is impossible to tell what arms can be made to supersede the present rifle

BIRDSALL, 24.



Commencement

CLASS PROPHECY

TIME—Twenty years from now, 1944.

SCENE—Drawing Room.

PLACE—Mrs. Conklin's home in Boston.

Characters

MRS. CONKLIN—Designer for "Home Beautiful"—I. Lindblad

MISS SPEILMAN—Commercial Teacher at Waltham, Massachusetts.

LAURENDA BOYER—Lawyer.

MISS WILLIAMS—Superintendent of Webster City Hospital.

M. REIDEL—"Tillie the Toiler," alias Mrs. Standoffhander.

SUSIE—The maid.

(*Mrs. Conklin is sitting in the drawing room, busily sketching. Knock is heard at the door*).

Susie, the maid, enters.

SUSIE: Excuse me, Mum, but will you need me this afternoon? Me friend, the cook next door, 'as asked me to go on a picnic to Revere Beach.

MRS. CONKLIN: O Susie, I'm sorry, but I am afraid I shall need your services this afternoon, I am expecting an old schoolmate. Just think, Susie, I haven't seen her for ten whole years.

(*Telephone rings, Susie crosses the room to answer it*).

MRS. CONKLIN: Never mind, Susie. I will answer it. Hello, yes, Lucille. Who? Mary Reidel? Of course, bring her over, I'd love to have her come. See you at two-thirty then. Goodbye. This is a surprise. It will be such fun talking over old school days.

(*Bell rings, Susie goes to the door*).

SUSIE: It's a lady, Mum. Says her name's Miss Boiler.

MRS. CONKLIN: Boiler! Why, I don't know any one by that name. Show her in, Susie.

(*Susie returns, followed by a lady*)

MRS. CONKLIN: Why, Laurenda Boyer, I am so glad to see you. Susie said your name was "Boiler." Of course you've come to spend a few days with me. Susie, take Miss Boyer's wraps.

MISS BOYER: That will be impossible. I am planning to take the 10.20 tomorrow morning back to New York. You see I am a lawyer now, and have just come from Holyoke, where I have been working on a case for Jeanne Guillet. Jeanne is now doing concert work and making a great success of it. She is suing the piano tuner, who tuned her piano for her at her last concert, where his mistuning caused her to strike flat E instead of flatter (E).

MRS. CONKLIN: I am expecting Lucille Williams and Mary Reidel, now Mrs. Standoffhander, in to spend the afternoon. They certainly will be pleased to see you here.

(*Bell rings. Enter Lucille and Mary. Girls greet each other*)

MARY AND LUCILLE: Why, Laurenda Boyer! Where did you come from?

MRS. CONKLIN: Laurenda is now a lawyer and is practicing in New York. She has just arrived from Holyoke, where she has been working on a case for Jeanne Guillet.

L. WILLIAMS: Mary was in town for a few days with her husband, who is a prominent business man. She was telling me about Annette Pinsonneault. Two years ago Annette won the Interstate Speed contest in typewriting at Washington, and next Saturday, she will sail for England, where she will represent the United States in a contest with England, France and Italy, for the world's championship.

(*Express surprise*)

MARY: Annette was inquiring for Aline Morin. Have any of you girls seen or heard of her lately?

LAURENDA: Why, yes, Aline is in Holyoke doing secretarial work for Jeanne Guillet, who is now doing concert work.

MARY: Well, that certainly is nice. They have always been such good friends. Isn't it queer how we have all drifted around?

(*Bell rings. Susie enters*)

SUSIE: It's a Miss Sparmint, Mum.

MRS. CONKLIN: Very well, Susie, tell her I will see her in a few minutes. Excuse me a minute, won't you, girls? I guess it's another reporter; they always come at the wrong time.

(*Exits. Enters with Isabel Spielman*)

MRS. CONKLIN: O girls, let me introduce Miss Spearmint, as Susie calls her.

(*Girls crowd around Isabel*)

ISABEL: My land! Of all things! What is this? A reunion. Am I intruding?

ALL: Of course not. Where did you come from? What are you doing here? Where are you working?

ISABEL: Hold on, one question at a time, ladies. First, I came from Waltham; second, buying clothes, as usual; third, I am working in Waltham. I have charge of Commercial High, as I always said I would. There! Now I am ready to sit down and hear all the news.

LUCILLE: I have some news that will interest you. I guess you all remember George Cormack, or "Goo-Goo," as we used to call him. Well, last night he was brought into our hospital with a broken leg. It seems he is a bug catcher, and the other day, he was chasing a bug that he was anxious to get, and in his wild endeavor to overtake it, he stumbled over a picnic basket that some obliging person had left there, and broke his leg.

(*Express surprise*)

ISABEL (*Walks over to the table and picks up a newspaper*): Ha, I see you still keep in touch with our old home town! Isn't this the *Southbridge News*?

MRS. CONKLIN: Indeed it is. I wouldn't be without it for anything.

ISABEL (*Giving a scream*): O girls, look! Doesn't this look like Billy Carroll! Why, it is Billy Carroll, and listen to what it says about him. (*Reads*) "William Bernard Carroll, a former Southbridge man, now associated with the Morgan Steel Cor-

poration, recently lectured to a large audience of business men in New York, on Education. His topic was, 'I studied my way through High School and see where I am today.' Mr. Carroll is a graduate of the M. E. Wells High School, class of 1924."

(*All laugh*)

MISS BOYER: May I have the paper, please?

(*Isabel passes it over*)

ISABEL: Last week, I received a letter from Alice Beardwood. She is married now and living in Ohio. She writes that she is physical director of the Woman's Club, and finds her work very interesting.

LAURENDA: Just listen to this, girls. (*Reads*) "Professor Kenneth Taylor of Harvard University, has succeeded in discovering an anti-toxin for pneumonia. Professor Taylor is a graduate of the class of 1924 of the Mary E. Wells High School, where he distinguished himself in research work. He then entered Harvard, where he graduated with honors and a degree. Since then he has been experimenting in the laboratory of the college. Professor Taylor's wonderful discovery is one that will be a benefit to all mankind."

MRS. CONKLIN: My goodness, who would have thought that Kenney would ever distinguish himself in such a way. By the way, speaking of institutions, I guess you all remember Edith Mason. She is now the superintendent of the Mason Home for Orphans, of which she is also the founder. I received a letter from her yesterday and in that letter she told me that recently she had purchased a large number of shares in a private institution for homeless cats.

MARY: Oh, Edith always was fond of children. That's what I call good citizenship.

ISABEL: Charlie Hall surely has astonished his many modest classmates. He and George Carney are working together. Of course they never could be separated. As you girls all realize, there are very few masters of dead languages in the United States now. George is one of them, and in his translations and essays on Ancient History, he uses many illustrations of the old Roman type of man. He draws his own sketches and uses Charlie as his model. Can't you just see Charlie posing

in a Greek costume, with a wreath of leaves on his head and a scroll in his hand?

LUCILLE: No, all I can imagine Charlie doing is sitting at a table eating to his heart's content.

J. BOYER: I heard that Octavia Champagne is the only one of us who is still in Southbridge. She is settled peacefully in a nice happy home. "Tivy" certainly was cut out to be a model little housewife.

MARY: You all remember Amy Underwood, don't you? She used to be a public stenographer in the State Mutual Building in Worcester. She had an office there until an old uncle of hers died and obligingly left her his entire estate. At present she is traveling in Europe.

MRS. CONKLIN: Lucky girl. Where in the world is Marian Berry? She started out to be a nurse, but I'll bet her career of nursing turned out to be a romance.

LUCILLE: Oh, no, far from it. She graduated as a public health nurse in 1927, and soon after, she sailed for Africa, where she is at present, teaching the natives the art of nursing, and instructing them in Hygiene. Edna Poeton is in California teaching mathematics and history in the University. She was lured to that wonderful state about ten years ago and vowed she would never leave it. "Eddy" surely did like hot weather.

MARY: Someone was telling me, a short while ago, that he happened to run into Arthur Gaumond in Detroit, Michigan. He said Arthur was the President of an automobile concern, and seemed to have become very prosperous and successful.

(*Susie enters with "Southbridge News"*)

SUSIE: Here's tonight's paper, Mum.

MRS. CONKLIN: Let's look at the Sturbridge news. I'm interested in it because Sturbridge has finally been chartered by the state as a village with the Mayor-type of government, the first community organized in Massachusetts under this form of government. (*Reads*) "The first gathering to nominate a Mayor was held in the Sturbridge Town Hall and it was agreed that Rodney Plimpton, a former resident, and now a radio engineer, should become

first mayor of the village. It is expected that Mr. Plimpton will accept."

MARY: Do you remember in our Senior year at High School how Raymond Allard always said he would be an electrical engineer? Well, he certainly has been living up to his ambition, for he is now the live wire jockey for "Spark Plug." Wallace Birdsall also is living up to his ambition. He is in the fur trading business, and spends most of his time, dyeing white angora cats black, in order to make them look like skunks.

LUCILLE (*Looking at her watch*): My goodness, girls, do you all realize that it's half past five, and I'm due back at the hospital at 6. How fast the time has gone. It surely was a treat to see you all. Well, I can't stand here talking any longer. Coming, Mary? Goodbye.

CURTAIN

CLASS HISTORY

Four long years ago, on September 5, 1920, forty-one gawky green little freshmen entered the Mary E. Wells High School. On arriving there they clustered together in the main corridors to await instructions. Seniors, very dignified, passed by, smiling broadly as if they were looking at something really funny.

In a little while our "Guardian Angel" appeared in the form of Miss Crocker, who promptly led us to Room 2, which was to be our home room for the year.

Our first day seemed horrible, first in Algebra, then in Latin, and so on throughout. Each teacher seemed to think we were the most stupid class she had ever had, especially Miss O'Keefe, our English teacher, who delighted in frightening us. Our class may have seemed stupid, but we were not the kind to be easily frightened, as all our teachers later discovered. Mr. Clement, our principal, had also learned that we must be watched as the capers we cut up were very numerous.

After a few months we had become accustomed to our course of study. Mr. Goodreau, our science teacher, tried to make us understand what General Science was, but succeeded only in making us realize the largeness of Miss Spielman's feet, when he kind-

ly asked her, one day, to pull them in.

Miss Crocker did not think some of us very bright Algebra pupils and became disgusted with us, often losing her patience and shouting, "Oh, rats! sit down!"

Miss O'Keefe seemed more or less successful when it came to telling us about fairies and ghosts, which she assured us she believed in.

Miss Peabody showed us that she could cook, and taught us as well as she could how to become good housekeepers.

Miss Coderre quickly made us understand what "Comprenez-vous" meant; then we succeeded with her.

Miss Marshall seemed to think our Commercial bright little beings and was patient in her dealings with them in arithmetic.

Miss Dorothy Smith was our typewriting teacher, who showed much skill, as did her sister, Miss Rachel, when teaching our freshmen.

During our freshman year a minstrel show was given for our Athletic Association, in which many took part.

Although the upper classmen seemed to think us queer little beings, some of us were chosen to take part in the one-act play given with the Minstrel called "Her First Assignment." In this we had our first experience of shaky knees which has never left us when we face an audience.

Our first year was over; the very sedate seniors had left us; and we were sophisticated sophomores, really quite sophisticated, as all of us thought we knew everything there was to know since we had left the freshman class.

Mr. Goodreau was gone, and as we appeared in the science room we were greeted by Mr. Gibbon's smiling countenance. Biology with him, proved most enjoyable, especially the field work which we took with Almeda Walker, our Post Graduate, as our guide. Miss Williams' sorrow over the little white rabbit which we dissected also helped to make the class enjoyable as well as to add humor at the time, as weeping over a little rabbit seemed to some of us a huge joke.

We had all become accustomed to Miss O'Keefe's winning ways and had resolved to start the new year right. Hardly had we begun it when she announced her departure. This we all regretted much, and as she was leaving we presented her with a bouquet and gold pen as tokens of our esteem.

She was replaced by Miss Cummings, whom we thought very dignified, as our jokes were not appreciated. She did not believe in ghosts or fairies, but in spite of this she succeeded with us through our sophomore year.

Miss Peabody had also left us, and was replaced by another Miss Cummings, whom all the girls liked.

Miss Dorothy and Miss Rachel Smith were gone. Miss Jones was our new stenography teacher; Miss Aucoin the English teacher, and Miss Marshall were still with us, Miss Marshall, as head of the commercial department. Miss Sheehan, whom we never had the pleasure of knowing as a teacher, had gone, too, and Miss Campbell had taken her place.

As we entered the French room we all stared for a few minutes, then inquired where the teacher was, for she really looked as small and demure as any one of us, although not many of us could be called very demure. Our French that year seemed a cinch until we got our final marks, most of which were D's or D—'s.

Another year had passed and we were now enjoying the summer vacation, after our finals were over, which really made some of us feel like juniors.

During this period we learned that Mr. Clement had resigned and was going to New Jersey. We all were anxious to learn who the new principal was going to be, but had to wait until we went back to school.

Miss Marshall was also among the missing when we again returned, as were Miss Campbell and Miss Cummings.

Vacation was over and we were juniors. When we entered high school this year we all felt really important as we could gaze upon the green-eyed freshmen, who were now clustering about the corridors as we had done three years before.

Mr. Gibbons, we discovered, was our new principal, and he quickly ushered the small young freshmen to Miss Crocker's room, where they, like us, had to remain for the rest of the year.

We then entered Room 3, which was to be our home room, or at least, the home room of most of us. Our commercials were drafted upstairs for the year, and a few of us were placed in Room 4, to be under the guidance of Miss Putnam, the new history and Latin teacher.

In Room 3, we encountered another new face, sedate, and serious, which assured us he was the new teacher there.

This was Miss Sullivan, who, with her bright, shining eyes, has held us under a spell. Although Miss O'Keefe's eyes were good workers, Miss Sullivan's seemed to serve the purpose equally well.

In the French room, which was now upstairs, in Room 5, we met Miss Finnegan, who showed her ability in French as well as in joining heartily in all school activities. She earned the title of "a real good sport," after she had been here for a few short weeks. The name was really appropriate and suited her.

Miss Jones, who had joined our commercial force in Miss Marshall's place, was now at its head. Miss Aucoin was also one of the able instructors of this department.

Miss Dorothy Smith had returned to join us once more, for which we were joyful, and we soon elected her our class adviser.

During our junior year we were more or less, (more, without a doubt), important. Under Miss Smith's guidance we gave our junior play, which was the first (and last) to be given in our new Auditorium.

A successful food sale was also given by our class. Then came the more than successful Operetta, "All at Sea," given under Miss Earl's direction, in which many of us took part.

Our Junior year was almost over and we learned that Miss Jones was to leave us, to be regretted by many; Miss Smith also had hearkened to Dan Cupid's call and would be gone from us soon.

Before we close this page of our history we must not forget to mention the most important social event of our junior year, the junior reception. As a class adviser, Miss Smith proved able, and was an inspiration to us when it came to decorating and getting the other necessities which were all a part of this task.

June 28th, came at last and we were to honor the seniors at our reception.

Our music was good, so were the decorations and the "Old Town Hall" was filled to its capacity. Everyone had a good time and many compliments were given us, by which we tried to benefit.

Vacation was here once more and this one passed all too quickly. September came again and we were now seniors who were supposed

to be dignified, although the corridors are still noisy from our voices.

Mr. Gibbons was again our principal, for which we were more than thankful. Miss Sullivan, Miss Finnegan, Miss Putnam and our commercial teachers were all back with us with the exception of Miss O'Donnell, in Miss Jones' place, Miss Johnson in Miss Smith's, and Mr. Doyle as the science teacher to relieve Mr. Gibbons of this duty.

Our senior year seemed to be flying and we were hardly settled when the first test week came and we were all busy. This over, we were preparing for our senior play, "A Full House," which was given on February 14th. The name was appropriate for the play as the size of the audience justified the title. It was a huge success which drew more compliments for our coach, Miss Sullivan, and for us.

The play over, we thought we should rest for awhile but we could not, as our Glee Club decided to give an Operetta which was later replaced by a concert under Miss Swett's direction. This required many people, so some of the seniors took part in it.

After our mid-year vacation was over we were very busy planning for our senior party. We decided that this should be a costume party and so it was; everyone came dressed accordingly and had a very good time.

Miss Putnam and Miss Sullivan proved to all that they could clearly see what we should be in the future, when their "fortune telling booths" were opened.

Each day brings us nearer to our graduation, and every one of us looks upon this with joy which is mingled with sadness, as some realize their school days are over, others that they are to leave their friends, and all that they are to leave the school world here to enter a bigger one which holds much in store for each of us.

June has come at last and we are counting the days which are left for us to enjoy the school life. Senior week is here and we appear as little children, which some of us feel is quite natural, so make the most of our "Kids' Day."

Class day is here too, and the pages of our history, as well as our school days, are becoming short so we are endeavoring to use them to advantage.

All that remains to us now is graduation, with the reception to follow, and then the

pages of "Our High School Career" will be closed forever.

MARION L. BERRY, '24.

Will of the Class of 1924

Know Ye All Men by These Presents: That we, the Class of 1924 of the Mary E. Wells High School, being in our usual state of mind, and realizing that our end is near, do hereby make and publish this, our last will and testament.

First, it is our earnest desire that all of our briefs on Burke's "Conciliation with America" be passed on to the Class of 1925. They probably do not realize the magnitude of the gift now, but we are sure it will be appreciated next year.

Second, to the Sophomore Class we leave our dramatic ability. We hope that they will make as much money on their Senior Play as we made on "The Full House."

Third, to the Freshman Class we leave our ability in debate. We hope they will make good use of it and that the Sophomores may have a little opposition next year.

Our remaining gifts are to be divided in the following manner:

To Donald Fitzgerald we leave Isabel Spielman's big feet. We are most anxious that "Don" should enjoy a career in Barnum and Bailey's circus.

To Bernice Parker we bequeath all of Laurenda Boyer's superfluous flesh. Knowing that "Don" will want company on his career we suggest that Bernice apply for a position in the same circus as the fat lady.

To Dick Tillyer we leave George Carney's sense of humor. Having such an asset should certainly qualify him for Carney's former position as Joke Editor on the CRIMSON AND GRAY staff.

To the girls of the Freshman class we leave Arthur Gaumond's hair curlers. We have always thought that girls could use them to better advantage.

Octavia Champagne has made a special request to have her habitual silence handed down to Ralph Hall. We do not expect it to effect a cure, but only to act as a remedy for his horrible outbursts of mirth.

To Robert Oldham we bequeath Wallace Birdsall's ability as a sheik. "Birdy" has been exercising that art a great deal this year.

Ray Allard leaves his Ford truck to the Junior Class. The school has used it for so long that it would seem selfish for us to take it with us.

To Edgar Wilcock we bequeath Edna Poeton's dignity. We hope he'll take the hint.

Gorge Cormack leaves his Chinese name "One Long Chin," to Louise Apte.

To Charles Hanson we give Aline Morin's demureness. Charles has been altogether too wild lately.

Amy Underwood bequeaths her United States History maps to Hector LeClair. Please do not mention it to Miss Putnam, though.

Annette Pinsonneault leaves her vamping abilities to Robert Montague.

To Ruth Pollard we leave Rodney Plimpton's continual grouch.

To Dean Tabor we hand down Lucille Williams' bossy disposition so that Del Werner may have a little active competition next year.

Kenneth Taylor leaves his extra height to the Demers twins. We are so anxious for them to grow up.

To Mary Serletto we leave Alice Beardwood's unquenchable curiosity. With this gift, Mary ought to become quite a good detective.

Jeanne Guillet's typewriting ability is to go to all of the future classes in Typewriting.

To Hilda Gregory we leave Marian Berry's giggles. Marian inherited Lillian Proulx's last year, so we are really giving Hilda a pair of giggles.

To Clarence Smith we bequeath Edith Mason's perfect attendance record.

William Carroll leaves his school-skipping abilities to Beryl Morse.

To Homer Poeton we bequeath Irene Lindblad's art ability.

Mary Reidel leaves her sunny smile to Mr. Goodell.

To Roger Brown we give all of Charlie Hall's feminine charm. We didn't realize that Charlie could be so attractive until the Senior Costume party.

We feel that we cannot leave this school without first expressing our appreciation of the faculty. There is not a great deal of value attached to our gifts, but we are sure that the sentiment attached to them will make them dear to the hearts of our former teachers.

To Mr. Gibbons—A hitching post of solid
 nent to be placed at the top of Main Street
 to which he may attach his wiley flivver
 prevent it from careering down the hill.

To Miss O'Donnell and Miss Aucoin—A
 g Ben alarm clock to make it possible for
 em to arrive at school at 8.15 instead of
 10.

To Miss Finnegan—A special permit stat-
 g that she may be excused at two o'clock on
 days that the High School baseball team
 ys out of town.

To Miss Johnson—A "Manual on Child
 aining." We hope she will find it useful in
 nducting study hall.

To Miss Sullivan—We leave our sincere
 peciation of her successful efforts as
 ach of the Senior Play.

To Mr. Doyle—A set of black whiskers to
 ke him appear more professional, so that
 will not be mistaken for one of the pupils
 re.

To Miss Crocker—A new pink hair ribbon
 be worn at the next High School costume
 rty.

To Miss Putnam—A Latin pony so that
 e may gallop around the class room and
 ep up with the fourth year Latin class.

To Miss Corbin—We leave two yeast cakes
 make her dough rise.

To Mr. Corbin—A bottle of hair tonic.

To Mr. Goodell—A putty knife to be used
 r scraping our passe gum from the desks.
 We feel that we have been most generous
 the distribution of our worldly goods, and
 pe that they will be duly appreciated by
 e recipients.

In Witness Whereof, We have hereunto
 bscribed our name, and affixed our seal,
 is twenty-fifth day of June, in the year of
 r Lord, nineteen hundred and twenty-four.

THE CLASS OF 1924, M. E. W. H. S.

Witnesses:

The Cemetery Committee

The Police Department

The Fire Department

BACCALAUREATE SERVICE

The Baccalaureate Service was held in the
 Methodist Episcopal Church, Sunday, June
 1. Rev. John Wriston delivered the sermon.
 Music was furnished by the Glee Club, Or-
 chestra, and the Quartet.

CLASS DAY PROGRAM

Class Day exercises were held on Wednes-
 day, June 25, in the Auditorium. The pro-
 gram was as follows:

1. Class History . . . Marian Berry
2. Class Will { Lucille Williams
George Carney
Laurenda Boyer
3. Class Prophecy . . . { Isabel Spielman
Irene Lindblad
4. Class Song
5. Awarding of Basketball and Baseball
Letters
6. Planting of Ivy

GRADUATION PROGRAM

- Prayer . . . Rev. Harry LeRoy Brickett
- Overture Ascher
Orchestra
- Address—"The Most Beautiful City in
America"
Aline Morin
- Address—"The Value of an Education"
Laurenda Boyer
- Address—"The Independence of the Philip-
pines"
Edna Louise Poeton
- "The Heavens Resound . . . Andrew Hofer
Glee Club
- Address—"Woman's Place in Business"
Isabel Louise Spielman
- Address—"History of Southbridge"
Annette Pinsonneault
- "A Garden Lullaby" (Barcarolle) Offenbach
Glee Club
- Address—"Smithsonian Institution"
Amy Eunice Underwood
- Address—"Value of Coal Tar Products"
Kenneth Andrew Taylor
- Address—"New Schools for Old"
Edith Mae Mason
- "Venetian Summer Night" . . Miszowski
Glee Club
- Presentation of Diplomas
Chairman of the School Committee
- "Our Students' March" . . Emil Ascher
Orchestra
- Benediction . . Rev. Harry LeRoy Brickett

SENIOR RECEPTION

The Senior Reception was given by the Junior Class, in the Town Hall, Friday evening, June 27. Music was furnished by Collins' Orchestra of Marlboro. The hall was decorated in blue and gold, the Senior Class colors.

ALUMNI REUNION

An Alumni Reunion was given for every graduate of the Southbridge and Mary E. Wells High School, who had received diplomas. This was held in the Town Hall, June 28, 1924.

The classes represented started with the class of 1869, and included the present class of 1924.

During the evening a quartet, consisting of graduates of the Southbridge High School sang. Dancing was also on the program. Music being furnished by the El Dorado Orchestra. Later in the evening refreshments were served.

There was ample entertainment for each there, and it seemed that every one had a splendid time.

This reunion was more extensive than any which had previously been held. Several classes had had their own class reunions before this, but none had attempted anything on such a large scale.

Credit for its success is due Mrs. Marion Taylor and Mr. John T. Gibbons.

GRADUATES

COLLEGE PREPARATORY COURSE

George William Carney

Charles Muir Hall

Rodney Fay Plimpton

Edna Louise Poeton

GENERAL COURSE

Raymond Richard Allard

Marian Louise Berry

Alice Margaret Beardwood

Edgar Wallace Birdsall

Thomas Brew

George Perry Cormack

Arthur Hubert Gaumond

Irene Axelina Lindblad

Kenneth Andrew Taylor

Lucille Williams

COMMERCIAL COURSE

Laurenda Boyer

William Bernard Carroll

Margaret Octavia Champagne

Jeanne Valery Guillet

Edith Mae Mason

Aline Morin

Annette Pinsonneault

Mary Andrea Riedel

Isabel Louise Spielman

Amy Eunice Underwood

HONOR ROLL

Laurenda Boyer

Edith Mason

Aline Morin

Annette Pinsonneault

Edna Poeton

Isabel Spielman

Kenneth Taylor

Amy Underwood



LOCALS

JUNIOR PARTY

On April 25th the Juniors gave the second the series of class parties.

The evening started with two one-act plays: "Double Proposal," and "Souvenir spoons."

The cast of "Double Proposal" was as follows:

Joe Thomas	Roland Thayer
Ned Treman	Charles Tessier
Edith Thompson	Mary Serletto
Mrs. Thompson	Felecia Kane
Mary Roe	Betty Rich
William	Hector Leclair

The cast of "Souvenir Spoons" was as follows:

Lydia Varnell	Hilda Gregory
Cleo Varnell	Gertrude Farley
Walter Varnell	Lawrence Litchfield
Hatel Mavogor	Louis Allard

A violin solo by Aline Pinsonneault, and vocal solos by Dean Tabor and Royce Fitzpatrick were given between the plays.

The playlets were followed by dancing, including a few novelty dances.

The auditorium was nicely decorated in green and yellow by a committee composed of Constance Coderre, chairman; Aline Pinsonneault, Theogene Benoit, and Lucille Leclair.

In the middle of the evening, refreshments were served by a committee consisting of Louis Allard, chairman; Rosalind Lucier, and Gertrude Ouelette.

Music was in charge of Charles Hanson, chairman; and Gertrude Powers.

The Social committee was composed of Sylvia Clafin, chairman; Olivette Bonin, Ruth Pollard, Robert Montague, and Louise Nolan.

The committee for games was made up of Margaret LaFleche, chairman; Levi Benoit, and Antoinette Trahan.

The matrons were, Mrs. H. Montague, Mrs. A. J. Werner, Mrs. W. Gaucher, and Mrs. J. L. Coderre.

VOCATIONAL GUIDANCE WEEK

The second course of lectures which Mr. Gibbons has arranged for the purpose of helping the pupils to choose vocations was given during the week of May 5-9.

On May 5th, H. J. McCorkle, of this town, spoke. On May 6th, F. P. Morse, Director of Secondary Education, State House, Boston, spoke on the advantages of the modern school. E. H. Barber, an instructor at the Lowell Textile School, on May 7th, spoke to the boys on the textile vocation. On May 8th, Miss Ahead, from the Worcester Memorial Hospital, spoke to the girls concerning the opportunities of nursing. On May 9th, Major C. H. Haywood, of Camp Devens, spoke to the boys about Camp Devens and the advantages of a military training.

GLEE CLUB CONCERT

On the evening of May 20th, the Glee Club gave an entertainment in the Town Hall which was attended by a goodly number. The program was as follows:

Part One

Overture—"Light Cavalry" . . . *Suppe*
Orchestra

"Hail; All Hail" . . . *Bizet*
Glee Club

(a) "Impromptu" . . . *Shubert*

(b) "May Breezes" . . . *Mendelssohn*
Robert Oldham

(a) "Mighty Lak a Rose" . . . *Nevin*

(b) "Massa Dear" . . . *Dvorak*
(New World Symphony)

Male Quartet

1st Tenor, Kenneth Taylor

2nd Tenor, Charles Hall

1st Tenor, Dean Tabor

2nd Bass, Raymond Allard

(a) "All the World in Sunshine" . . . *McFarland*

(b) "Fallen Leaf" . . . *Logan*
Elizabeth Rich

"Woe Thou Sweet Music" *Elgan*
 Girls' Glee Club
 "Sweet Melody" *Ascher*
 Orchestra
Part Two

- (a) "Forest Dance" *Brahms*
 (b) "Roses of Picardy" *Wood*
 Glee Club
 (a) "Kentucky Babe" *Gerber*
 (b) "The Harlem Goat" . . *College Song*
 Male Quartet

Reading—"Minnie at the Movies"
 Lois Knights

Piano Duet—"Overture de Sakuntala"
Goldmark
 Hazel Lucier, Robert Oldham

Songs and Dances of Yesterday and Today—
 Songs Ruth Wriston

- (a) Minuet
 Lillian Pinsonneault
 Lawrence Litchfield
 (b) Waltz
 Olivette Bonin, Kenneth Taylor
 (c) One-Step
 Mary Serlette, Richard Tillyer
 (d) Modern
 Hilda Gregory, Ralph Hall
 (e) Children
 Dorothy Hudson, Prudence Martel
 Dancing Coached by Dorothy Hall

March—"Metropolitan Life" . . *Ascher*
 Orchestra
 Dancing followed the concert

Our competent director, Miss Doris E. Swett, received many compliments on the success of the concert.

It was said by many to be the best entertainment of its kind given in Southbridge for a long while. About one hundred and fifty dollars were cleared.

Some of the numbers of the concert were given June 5th in Social Hall, when the Eastern Stars gave an entertainment for the Masons, the Glee Club being paid well for this extra effort.

The money made from the concert is to be added to a sum appropriated for a new piano for the High School.

RADIO LECTURE

On the evening of April 9, a lecture, "The Romance of Radio," and a Radio Show were

given in the auditorium under the auspices of the Radio Club.

The lecturer was Mr. F. C. Putnam of Providence, R. I., and he brought with him a five-hundred dollar radio set and about two-hundred dollars of apparatus with which he gave demonstrations.

The Radio Show consisted of booths held by the radio dealers in town and one from Boston.

On March 26, a moving picture was given in the auditorium, the "Highest Law."

On April 9, the "Last of the Mohicans," was given, and on June 2, "Treasure Island."

SENIOR PARTY

The Senior Party, the third of the series of parties given by the classes, was given on Friday evening, May 9. It was a costume party.

The committees were as follows:

Refreshments—Chairman L. Williams, I. Spielman, L. Boyer.

Decorations—Chairman K. Taylor, R. Allard, E. Poeton.

Entertainment—Chairman C. Hall, M. Berry, A. Beardwood.

The party began with a little entertainment consisting of a playlet and a few songs by Charles Hall and Ray Allard.

Three prizes were awarded for the best costumes. The first prize was won by Miss Louise Apte; the second by Edgar Wilcock; and the third by Dean Tabor.

FRESHMAN PARTY

The Freshman Party, the fourth and last of the series of parties given by the classes, was given Friday evening, June 13.

The committees to whom the success of this party should be credited are as follows:

Entertainment—Miss Chamberlain, Miss Proulx, and Dennison.

Refreshments—Miss Apte, Miss Mason, Miss Lincoln.

Decorations—Miss Dani, Miss Gaumont, Thibeault, Hebert.

Music—Miss Corttis, Miss Taylor.

The entertainment consisted of a play, "School Days;" a dialogue, "A Courtin';" and a reading by Lois Knights, interspersed with musical selections.

ATHLETICS

BASEBALL, 1924

On April 23, our team journeyed to Stafford Springs for the initial engagement of the season. The day was anything but ideal for baseball, being cold with a high wind holding sway.

The first inning wasn't so bad; our opponents got one run while we were blanked.

The second inning was what might be termed a "Pitcher's Nightmare," as he had to stand by and watch his offerings belted for safe hits, many of them through means of errors. However, after they got eight runs they were retired.

The next inning neither side scored, and in the fourth, one run was made by Stafford. The next two innings saw goose-eggs on both score books.

Litchfield pitched the seventh, and although he had 'em guessing with his fast ball they touched him for one run.

Both teams were glad to call it a day's work after the seventh inning because of the intense cold.

The lineup:

STAFFORD—15	5—M. E. W. H. S.
Arnold	1B Allard
Risci	2B Litchfield, Clemence
Bissonette	3B Proulx
Armstrong	SS Tessier, Clemence
Andelsky	LF Litchfield, Dennison
Davis	CF McKinsty
August	RF Thayer
Abdo	C Dragon, Tessier
Rumbleau	P Smith, Litchfield

April 29, Stafford played here, and we started out with revenge in mind. Litchfield, our fast ball artist, ran the full distance for us.

Although he sent eleven men to the bench by the strike-out route, Southbridge could do not better than hold them to fifteen runs, while they held us to five.

Litchfield pitched winning ball after the second inning, but he received no support at all, and with men on bases we surely

showed everything we did not know about baseball.

Hall, our best bet in the back-stopping department, decided to join us, and his work behind the bat was O. K. With his advent we got Tessier back in his old position at short.

The lineup:

STAFFORD—15	5—M. E. W. H. S.
Arnold	1B Allard
Ricci	2B Clemence
Bissonette	3B Proulx
Armstrong	SS Tessier
Andelsky	LF McKinsty
Davis	CF Smith
August	RF Thayer
Abdo	C Hall
Rumbleau	P Litchfield

May 2, Brimfield hit the dirt road for Southbridge. It was an ideal day, and a hard-fought game was the result.

Our boys were great on the offense, but a bit shaky on the defense. Brimfield presented a pitcher that had one of the best "arms" seen in our games for some time. He fanned 17 men with a real cannon ball and a mean hook.

However, our boys were presented with passes occasionally, and they made them count. Consequently the score at the end of the game stood:

The lineup:

BRIMFIELD—6	5—M. E. W. H. S.
Higgins	1B Allard
Burr	2B Durgin
W. Sickie	3B Clemence
A. Sickie	SS Tessier
Conrad	LF McKinsty
Charles	CF Litchfield
Dumas	RF Thayer
Smith	C Hall
LaBroad	P Smith

On May 7, Warren came to Southbridge, and during the first part of the game they played anything but good ball. They tightened up toward the end and Converse worked

well in the pinches. Litchfield twirled great ball for us, but at times he played the game alone. Lack of practice made itself shown everywhere on our team. Burkett says, "The only way to play baseball is to practice, practice, and then some more." We're apparently content to practice just before the games.

The contest was shortened to seven innings by agreement.

The lineup:

WARREN—6		5—M. E. W. H. S.
Smith	1B	Allard
Nappa	2B	Durgin
Gingras	3B	Clemence
Quineau	SS	Tessier
Clark	LF	McKinstry
Wilson	CF	Smith
Leil	RF	Thayer
Lombard	C	Hall
Converse	P	Litchfield

May 9, we went over to Webster to take a fall out of their nine. But alas, Coach Finnegan was not to be denied another victory over the Crimson and Gray.

Although we claim to have outhit and outplayed Webster in the field, they touched us for runs through some timely hitting.

Outside of Wester's pitcher, our own "Lu" Clemence featured by colliding with the ball for a home run in the ninth inning with two away and two men on the sacks. Judging fly balls was about as certain as the weatherman's prediction, owing to a stiff breeze.

The lineup:

WEBSTER—9		5—M. E. W. H. S.
Kelly	1B	Allard
Sizpanski	2B	Durgin
Freeman	3B	Clemence
Hand	SS	Tessier
Lword	LF	McKinstry
Schoefield	CF	Smith
Lobbon	RF	Thayer
Braniff	C	Hall
Gwartz	P	Litchfield

Grafton brought their "champions" over here May 14, and for the first seven innings the teams were on a fairly even scale. In the eighth, hits, which coupled with rather shaky support, gave them a lead of ten runs.

The next inning, however, with none out and three on they were let down with one run.

Except for that eighth inning we played a fine brand of ball.

Failure to support its pitchers in the pinches is one of our team's worst traits.

The lineup:

GRAFTON—15		4—M. E. W. H. S.
Moore	1B	Allard
Dourelle	2B	Durgin
Hinchcliffe	3B	Clemence
Goude	SS	Tessier
O'Neil	LF	McKinstry
Ball	CF	Litchfield
Witofsky	RF	Thayer
Clarke	C	Hall
Maynard	P	Smith

We traveled to Uxbridge, May 21. The day was rather cold and wet for a good game, but still in search of victory we played a seven inning contest there. The sticks of their warriors proved too much for Smith, and the heart-rending support the team offered made Uxbridge the better aggregation. Hall played a nice game behind the bat. The general idea prevailed that it was more the field than the player's fault if an error occurred, and that idea is in no way unfounded.

The lineup:

UXBRIDGE—7		3—M. E. W. H. S.
Sherman	1B	Allard
Sharky	2B	Durgin
Carroll	3B	Clemence
Kennedy	SS	Tessier
M. Eston	LF	Litchfield
Perry	CF	Thayer
Hauge	RF	McKinstry
A. Eston	C	Hall
Taft	P	Smith

Millbury, a team we reckoned on trouncing, came over here May 23. Again we herald Litchfield as a star. The team's play in the field wasn't bad, but they batted against the second left-handed pitcher of the season. Maybe that has a bit to do with their not running up a larger score. Perhaps a little practice would straighten that difficulty.

The lineup:

MILLBURY—5

3—M. E. W. H. S.

Murray	1B	Allard
C. Army	2B	Durgin
Jette	3B	Clemence
Blean	SS	Tessier
McCrea	LF	McKinstry
Cross	CF	Thayer
Crouch	RF	Smith
Donovan	C	Hall
L. Army	P	Litchfield

The lineup:

NORTHBRIDGE—11 2—M. E. W. H. S.

Trinnier	1B	Allard
Carroll	2B	Tabor
E. Liberty	3B	Clemence
Frost	SS	Tessier
Keeler	LF	McKinstry
Horan	CF	Cormack
McGuire	RF	Thayer
K. Liberty	C	Hall
Graham, Creamer	P	Litchfield, Smith

May 28, we donned our war-paint and headed for Brimfield. The game was an honest-to-goodness pitchers' duel. After the first inning it began to rain, and it was practically impossible to curve the ball.

A slip by Smith in the ninth, coupled with an error, caused by over-confidence by one of our teammates, made an extra inning necessary.

Tabor started the fire-works with a beautiful triple, and before LaBroad could stem the hitting three runs were over the plate. A strike out, pop-fly, and foul fly spelled defeat for Brimfield.

The lineup:

BRIMFIELD—9

12—M. E. W. H. S.

Higgins	1B	Allard
Burr	2B	Tabor
W. Sickie	3B	Clemence
A. Sickie	SS	Tessier
Conrad	LF	McKinstry
Charles	CF	Cormack
Dumas	RF	Thayer
Smith	C	Hall
LaBroad	P	Smith

June 2, the fast Northbridge team pounced on Smith for 10 runs in the first six innings. Lack of support tended to spell defeat for us in the first of the fourth. Although it's prohibition time, Smith handed around enough high balls to force two runs in. Litchfield stepped in and for the next three innings they cut the air except when they bunched hits to score one run. Cormack did a cute stunt, stole every base, and brought in the second tally for us with a great slide into "home;" also he knocked in our first tally.

CLIPPINGS FROM THE CINDER PATH

More honors for our high school in the cinder path department. A rangy youth, whom we know best as "Fitz," Royce Fitzpatrick, in full, went to Webster to give his old teammates an opportunity to "eat his dust." The event was a special three-quarter mile run. "Fitz" proved himself a true "hill and daler."

Danny McKinstry came in on Fitzpatrick's heels, but through an error on the officials part he wasn't given the position he earned.

The entire track team goes to Worcester to enter the "Big Meet," June 7th. Coach Doyle has many entries and the team should give a fine account of itself.

Practice sessions have been held at the Sturbridge track, and when Poeton dashed the "hundred" in eleven flat, he bolstered Mr. Doyle's courage ninety-nine per cent above normal.

The relay team should also do some good work.

Many new-comers will be seen on the track in Worcester, which only shows that we have the ability if we are willing to bring it out.

THE BASEBALL PLAYERS

This does not apply to any outside school, just to our own.

Why have a baseball team if there isn't enough interest in the sport to practice? We have the makings of a team. Oh, yes! That's easily said, but—how does any coach form a team? He can't drive the men to practice—he must have their co-operation, and there must be perfect harmony among the players.

If a player thinks there's something wrong he should and could at least keep the spirit

from the entire squad. When a man is giving his best in a game and a fellow is narrow enough to say that he won't play another game if a certain fellow doesn't play also, that man should be invited to get off. How can a man play the right brand of ball if he knows some of the team wish another in his place.

Don't let this go over your heads. If the boot fits, put it on and read on a bit.

Such a feeling as just mentioned would only create a desire to do a bit more for one fellow than for the other.

This may sound like a fairy story, but it isn't. Then again when a man has a chance to be a "four letter man" what broad-minded, fair and square fellow would accuse him of "sucking" around the coach? It's a fact, they do.

However some of us wish him success, and as he's practically earned his fourth letter now, we congratulate him, and only a jealous disposition would hold any one back from doing as we do. The world admires a worker, and he has worked, and worked hard, to attain that signal honor.



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GLASS

IF SOME ancient Egyptian builder, again incarnate here and now, were to walk up Broadway, the mass and magnitude of our skyscrapers might not greatly impress him, for these achievements, though they involve new problems, are not greater than the building of a pyramid, or the setting upright of some giant obelisk.

If he should then enter one of our tall buildings and be carried to its topmost floors in an elevator, the silence and swiftness of that conveyance would doubtless arouse his admiration, but not his amazement, for the lifting of great weights to great heights would be a thing familiar to him from his far distant past.

But now suppose that he has entered an office whose windows command a view of city and harbor, and in his eagerness of interest stretches his hand out to point to something seen. What would be his reaction when that hand was rudely arrested by **an invisible** obstacle: Glass?

Then indeed he would be startled into admiration and wonder, for though the Egyptians successfully fashioned small glass objects, they never discovered the secret of **transparency**.

Familiarity has dulled our minds to this marvel of man's making: Glass, which matches the stone for hardness, the diamond for brilliance, the air for transparency, and has power to reflect an image no less clearly and truly than "waters stilled at even."

But its most useful property is that of light refraction—the diverting, without other disturbance, of light rays from their course; for this, aided by mathematical knowledge and mechanical skill, has given us **the lens**.

What Aladdin accomplished with the aid of his lamp is less magical than what science has accomplished with the aid of the lens. It has revealed and explored two worlds, beyond the range of normal human vision: the world of the vast and distant, and the world of the minute and near. But more than this, the lens has bestowed the gift of better vision on poor, impaired human eyes.

More valuable then, because more truly useful than gold or silver or all the jewels of the world is Glass.

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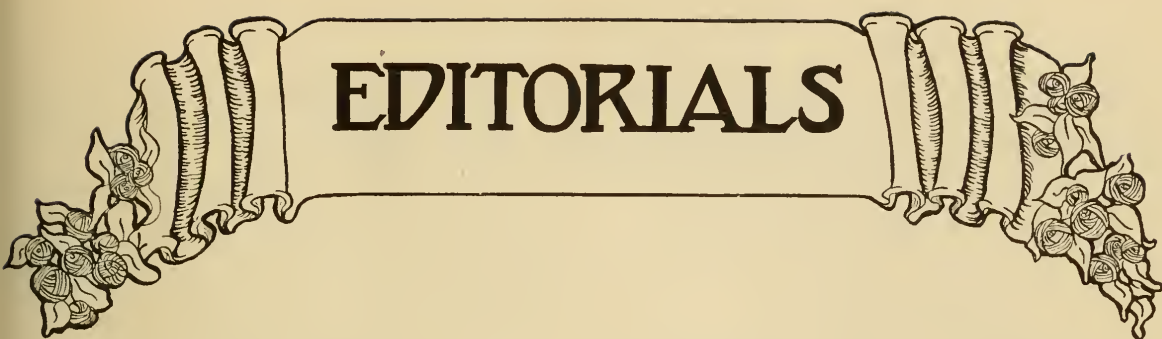
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"SCHOOL SPIRIT"

Of the many things that have been drilled, and will continue to be drilled into us, the most important is "school spirit." Have the great efforts of the faculty increased our school spirit? The answer is, "Yes, to some extent." Well, why not more? For the simple reason that high school pupils form so-called "cliques." Certain people in each class stick together and shun practically all other members of the class, considering them "below themselves." Does this aid school spirit? Inded not. It only helps to increase the lack of interest in the school and in its activities. Aren't we all on the same standing in school? Then why should some people feel as if they are above the rest? And why shouldn't we *all* stick together and co-operate with Mr. Gibbons in his untiring efforts to gain what we have always lacked, "a good school spirit"?

EVELYN CHAMPAGNE, '26.

WHAT SORT OF SALESMAN ARE YOU?

What are you getting for your time when in school? There is a high price as well as a low price paid. Which are you getting?

Everyone who goes to school is selling his time. In years to come, the world will judge your worth to a great extent according to the way you sell your time in school, and at the price you yourself set. In every school there are 100's as well as 70's to be earned. Which is your price? Are you satisfied to value yourself at 70, or do you demand 100, earning it and getting it? If you take the 70, blame nobody but yourself.

How about your play time? What are you getting for it? There is a high price there as well as everywhere else. Enter into the exercises and the real spirit of the games, and get 100 per cent of muscle, of judgment, of health, of strength, and of pleasure.

PHILIP RENAUD, '26.

The resignation of Miss Eloise H. Crocker, teacher of mathematics, caused much regret to the whole school. She has taught here since 1912, and her energy and ability have done much to maintain the high standard of the school both in scholarship and in training for good citizenship. She has always been helpful in the various school activities, and prominent in the life of the town, in which she has played an important part.

She has accepted a position in the high school at Danvers, where we wish her all success.

On the day of her departure, Miss Crocker was presented with a travelling case and a bouquet of flowers by the pupils.

REMINDERS

I wonder how many of us rise when we are spoken to by a teacher? I am not sure, but feel certain that many will remember having had to stay after school in our younger days, for carelessness in this respect. I am sure that we all mean to be courteous to our teachers, but are often either thoughtless or careless, and forget our manners. It was remarked last year, when we had the parents' night, that many of the visitors were unable to know who was reciting because the pupil did not stand. When we do stand, how many of us stand perfectly straight without the aid of a support?

Also, how many of us take an eraser, ruler, or some other article, from someone else's desk, and fail to return it? We may not do this with the intention of keeping the article, but often we heedlessly carry it away with us when the period is over. This act causes inconvenience to the owner, and added expense to the town.

Moreover, how many of us drop a piece of chalk on the floor and fail to pick it up? The next person who comes down the aisle is sure to step on that same piece of chalk,

making the floor look untidy and giving the janitor more work.

If every pupil in the school would be careful in these matters, what a perfect school the M. E. W. H. S. would be!

RUTH H. POLLARD, '25.

SUBSCRIPTIONS

Everyone wants to read the CRIMSON AND GRAY whenever it is issued. But how many can do this without having to borrow their neighbor's copy? Why not have one of your own? Not only the paper, but you as well, benefit when you buy it. You get something that is worth your while to read now and which will last to be a reminder of school days in future years. You will help give it a better financial backing that will enable us to provide better materials.

The best and easiest way to secure your copy is to subscribe. A good list of subscribers is a solid foundation for a successful paper; without it many opportunities and advantages are lost. To have more subscriptions means more valuable advertisements; it means a chance to send our paper at reduced postage rates; it shows a good spirit of co-operation. Besides, the cost is always less by subscription.

The sale of single copies is unsatisfactory in several respects. It costs the pupil more, and by its uncertainty has several times caused us serious losses, while at other times those who wanted a copy have not always been able to get one. The responsibility of keeping our magazine on a firm financial basis rests mostly with the members of the school. Think it over, and place your subscription order now.

R. MONTAGUE, '25.

"FIRE PREVENTION"

Every day people are realizing more and more the growing importance of fire prevention. Almost every newspaper edition discloses some new disaster caused by fire. In these blazes thousands of lives and dollars are lost. What makes it worse is that nine times out of ten the fires are caused by the carelessness of some individual or individuals who do not have the right system of heating or who have unnecessary fire traps in their homes.

In an effort to reduce the number of fires and also to do away with part of the danger caused by someone's ignorance, a national "Fire Prevention Week" was established. During this week, fire chiefs and officials not only in one state but in all the states went around to the schools endeavoring to get the children, and, through them the parents, interested in preventing one of the greatest dangers we have to encounter. The authorities also had window displays showing different appliances useful to have in case of fire.

Now, although the authorities are doing their best to reduce fire hazards, we must help them by keeping yards, homes, attics, etc., free from papers, grease, and other things which can cause blazes. We must remember that only with the hearty co-operation of all can the fire danger be reduced and our homes completely protected.

G. C. CODERRE, '25.

TO THE FRESHIES

We, the Seniors, Juniors, Sophomores,
Gladly welcome Freshmen here.
Cheer up, kiddies, you'll be Freshmen
Only through one long, hard year.

Through the year your minds will
strengthen,
And you'll learn a lot, and soon
You'll be Sophomores when it's over.
Then you'll sing another tune.

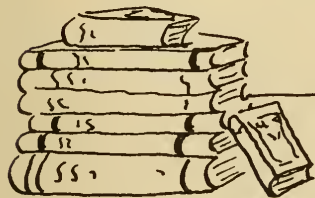
Here's advice to all you Freshmen,
Be careful not to do too much;
People sometimes do go crazy
From plugging, studying and such.

You must go to all the parties,
Do your share in everything,
For our Freshmen should be helpers;
Don't look on, but join the ring!

You will be our future leaders:
Learn how now, by pitching in.
Push your class, and be a good one,
Now's the best time to begin.

S. CLAFLIN, '25.

LITERATURE



"ON THE DRILL FIELD AT A SUMMER CAMP"

Our usual custom was to form on our company parade ground after morning inspection of quarters. In case of rain we drilled on the porch of the barracks. The officer in charge, or an advanced "Student," after making announcements for the day, put us through the manual of arms. Afterward the band started to play.

Then we went on the field where we stacked arms and removed our hats, neckties, cartridge belts with the bayonets, and shirts. Each company marched to a place on the main parade ground in front of a high tower on which the physical instructor stood. From that stand he shouted his commands, which we repeated and executed. At this time the sun was, as a rule, up just enough to warm us, but one morning toward the end of the month we had our exercises in a drizzle.

When calisthenics were ended we put on our equipment. The captain of the company grouped us in a semi-circle about a bandstand from which a medical officer gave us short, interesting lectures on hygiene and first aid. Two or three times during the month a lieutenant spent this period in informal talks on military courtesy and citizenship.

Whenever the company was divided for drill, non-commissioned officers and advanced "Students" took charge. It was always a pleasure to have as an instructor a non-commissioned officer of the 5th Infantry, Company C, for he knew how to explain clearly the execution of commands. Com-

pany drill under advanced "Students" was the hardest for us because of the poor commands. Some of these could not be heard because they were not given in a loud tone of voice. Frequently they were ill-timed, so that sections would be out of place after the command had been executed.

I must not lead you to believe that those acting as officers were the only ones to blame, for we in the ranks made blunders, as when working in squads, a pivot man moved out of place, thereby throwing his squad out of line. Then in competitive drill a captain gave the wrong command, making a ridiculous sight on the field. Half of his company started in one direction, the other part went where he wanted them to. The officer had quickly seen his mistake, and changed his command, but failed to give it loudly enough for his entire company to hear.

We were given rest periods at intervals during one of which we lined up to get our pint of ice-cold milk. On the hot days this was very welcome. Then at half past eleven we returned with the band to the barracks, where we received mail and prepared for "chow."

CHARLES HANSON, '25.

"HER FATEFUL RIDE"

Avis Randolph was driving home in her little brown roadster for a short vacation from training school, where she was studying to be a nurse. She was picturing the warm welcome her parents would give her. She wondered too, if Conrad would be there

to welcome her home. Conrad had always been a good pal and found some way of amusing Avis, for the life at her home was very dull and quiet. Conrad Creighton was a young college chap who had been brought up in the same little country town with Avis.

While these thoughts were occupying her mind, she failed to notice that she had arrived in her home town and that she was passing the little school house which she had attended when a child. She was driving fast in the cool spring air, and when a little child crossed the road quickly she could not stop the car soon enough.

There was a screeching of brakes, and a terrified scream from the child, who was Barbara Creighton, Conrad's little six-year-old sister. Avis did not know whom she had hit until much later, however, for she had fainted at the time, and was carried home unconscious.

She was all broken up over the accident, and still more so when she found that the child whom she had crippled was the sister of the person she cared so much for.

After her recovery she went to see Barbara. Her reception was very cold, and as she was not invited into the house she left, feeling very sad and lonely. It hurt to think of losing Conrad's friendship, he had always been such a good friend to have.

"Oh! If I could only do something to make up for the harm I have done!" she cried. "If there were only something I could do to take away the bitter feeling they have toward me."

Then a thought came to her. The child would need a nurse most certainly. "Why cannot I take the place? Have I not had almost four years of training?" At this she returned to the house she had just left with a happier heart. After a long time of pleading they granted her wish, and she began her duty as a nurse for the sick child.

Months passed; Barbara had grown strong under the care of Avis, and had become very fond of her nurse. Now that the child was better, an operation could be performed which might mean her recovery.

The time for Barbara's departure to the hospital came all too soon. Everyone in the Creighton household was very sad and pathetic. However, with the surgeon's operation, and Avis' tender care and watch over the little girl, she regained her health and was expected to walk with a year's time.

Barbara's recovery seemed to break down the barrier which had come between Mrs. Creighton and Avis, and once more they were happy again as they had been ever since Avis had been a child.

Conrad, who had avoided Avis all the past months because of his mother's wishes, now came to her, and all barriers were broken between them. Avis' happiness was now restored to her as quickly as it had been taken away.

LEONA MORSE, '26.

"ELEANOR'S GOOD LUCK"

Ruth Thomson, accompanied by her father, was on her way to Cuba. Ruth's mother had been dead for seven years. She now traveled with her father on a great many of his business trips. On arriving at Santiago they were met by Mr. Thomson's brother-in-law, who invited them to his house for their short stay there. Mr. Thomson and Ruth were very grateful and accepted at once.

"Ruth," said her father that night, "your uncle has promised to take me to the home of the company's agent where I can transact my business tonight. That means we can be on our way tomorrow. You won't mind staying at home alone will you, dear?"

"Of course not, Daddy, uncle has such a beautiful home; if I get tired indoors I can go into the garden."

Soon after her father and uncle left, Ruth strolled into the garden. While wandering around she imagined she saw something move behind a bush. She approached. It was a girl about her own age. The girl was trembling and crying bitterly. "What is the trouble?" asked Ruth, running forward. The girl seemed about to run away. "Please don't run away. Tell me what the matter is. Perhaps I can help you," exclaimed Ruth.

The girl soon quieted down and told Ruth that her name was Eleanor Reed. Her parents had been killed in a railroad accident while passing through Santiago on their trip around the world. An ugly old woman, who had been on the train with the Reeds, rescued the baby girl and brought her up because of the fortune she thought Eleanor was heir to. She had made Eleanor do all the hard work and had treated her very cruelly. "I couldn't stand it any longer," she continued, "so I am running away. I don't

know where to go or what to do. I came into this garden because I thought I would be safe for the night."

"I am so glad I found you," said Ruth, "because I'm sure I can help you. Come to my room now. You will be perfectly safe there for tonight and tomorrow I will ask Dad for a way to help you."

The next morning, after her father had met Eleanor, Ruth told him the whole story. "Won't you let Eleanor come home with us?" pleaded Ruth. "She would be almost like a sister to me. I love her already."

"Well, that is quite an idea," said Mr. Thomson. "I have been thinking you needed a companion for some time now, and Eleanor seems such a nice girl."

"Thank you so much, daddy, I knew you would understand," said Ruth, hugging her father. "I will go and tell Eleanor immediately."

That afternoon Mr. Thomson, with Ruth and Eleanor, got on board ship for the United States. When they were sailing away from Cuba, Eleanor said to Ruth, with a hug, "Oh! I'm so happy, dear sister."

MARGARET TAIT, '26.

"THE CONFESSIONS OF A DYING MAN"

"As I have not much longer to live, I shall at last tell of the incident which changed my whole life.

"About twenty years ago, when I was still a young man, I was very quick-tempered. My best friend and I were invited to a dinner party which we did not desire to attend, so early that morning we went to our camp in Maine, without telling anyone.

"One day, we were getting ready for supper. He was cooking and I was chopping some wood. He made a remark to which I objected, and I, in a fit of anger, swung the axe at him and killed him.

"Instantly, I realized what I had done and feared that I must go at once and give myself up, but after thinking it over I realized that as we had left secretly in our own car, no one could prove that I had killed him.

"I burned his body and everything of his that was there, and the next day left for town.

"About a week later I was arrested and brought to trial, but, as I thought, nothing could be proved, although everyone believed I was responsible.

"I left my home town, changed my name and became wealthy under the name you know.

"You all have wondered why such a man as I should be so troubled and finally become sick and dying just from anxiety, but all my life, every step I have taken, I have been followed by my dead friend reproaching me. I cannot stand it any longer. He has finally avenged himself"—and as he said this, he died.

R. L. TILLYER, '26.

"LAST ON THE PROGRAMME"

Charles S. Gregg, New York City, noted professor of the piano, was presenting at his studio the annual recital by his ten best pupils.

Among the members of the audience were three famous musicians, one of them being Leo Ornstein, great master of the piano. Ornstein was attending the recital with Mr. N. J. Rockwell, a very wealthy banker, and a devoted lover of music.

Professor Gregg always put his best pupil last on the programme. This year the name that held that honored place was Miss Barbara Saunders.

Barbara was a sweet, unaffected girl of eighteen, who had taken piano lessons ever since she was in the kindergarten. She was now just finishing her high school course. Although Barbara's parents had provided for her musical education all these years, they felt that they could not continue it any longer.

Tonight, Barbara was to receive her greatly longed-for reward—to be last on Professor Gregg's programme.

After the recital three men could be seen talking together, evidently intensely interested in their conversation. These three men were Ornstein, Professor Gregg, and Mr. Rockwell.

"Yes," agreed Ornstein, "Miss Saunders' musical education should certainly be continued.

"But she has no money with which to go on," replied Professor Gregg.

About five minutes later, as the three men were walking toward the Saunders family, Mr. Rockwell was saying:

"Well, nothing could please me more; now we'll see what the people concerned have to say."

Two weeks later, among the names on the passenger list of the *S. S. Eutraria* were these: Mrs. Tracy J. Saunders, Miss Barbara Saunders, Leo Ornstein, Geoffrey Davis. The last mentioned was an eminent young American tenor, and a close friend of Ornstein's.

During the trip Barbara Saunders saw considerable of Geoffrey Davis. Great things can happen in a short time, especially concerning an attractive young girl and a very likeable young man.

Barbara's two years in Paris and Berlin were years of great joy and success for her. She had done remarkably well with her music and had received great praise from some of the most noted musical critics. Incidentally she had seen a good deal of the once-mentioned Geoffrey Davis, who also was having great success.

Seven years after the recital at which Barbara Saunders was last on his programme, Professor Gregg proudly read to one of his pupils, this item in the *New York Times*—

"A huge audience at Carnegie Hall was greatly pleased last night with the concert given by Geoffrey Davis, tenor, and Mrs. Geoffrey Davis, formerly Barbara Saunders, pianist. Each showed unusual ability and talent.

"Mrs. Davis, who was formerly a pupil of Professor Charles S. Gregg of this city, closed the programme with a selection which left the audience enraptured."

HELEN G. CLARKE, '26.

"APPEARANCES ARE DECEIVING"

John and Louise Joslin had been married about two months. Louise was a spoiled, high-spirited girl, and John was an obstinate but clever young man. They had been on a long honeymoon, and had been settled for about a month, and everything had gone smoothly so far.

One afternoon, Louise went down town to do some shopping, and among other things, she ordered some dishes. After a few more errands she went home and started to prepare supper; but upon starting to take off her wedding ring while she mixed some food, she found that it was gone! Having no idea where she had lost it, she was worried, and wondered what John would think of her for her carelessness. She determined not to tell him of it and immediately put an advertisement in the paper. That night she kept her

hand concealed and was thankful that John didn't notice it.

The next afternoon there was an answer which made Louise's heart leap for joy. It said that the ring had been found in the hardware store, and could be had if she would call for it. Of course she immediately went, and the young manager of the store presented it to her. It being shortly after five o'clock, John, on his way home from the office, passed the store and upon looking in, the picture he saw was of a young man presenting his (John's) wife with a ring which she put on with a fond look. He waited to see no more, but went home.

Upon her arrival at home, Louise was confronted by John, who had an angry and rather sad look on his face. He demanded an explanation, and Louise was so surprised that she rather muddled it, but it served all right and John was satisfied.

The next day John could not put the incident from his mind, and upon thinking of it and of her muddled explanation he began to wonder. He could not concentrate on his work, so he thought a walk in the air would brace him up and put him in better spirits. He accordingly walked out to the park on Main Street and sat down on a bench. He hadn't sat there more than five minutes when a young girl came and sat beside him, apparently unconscious of his presence. She was weeping and looked very downcast. John wondered, but said nothing. After a few minutes of this, John thought that perhaps he could be of some assistance, so the next time she looked up he tipped his hat and asked if he could help in any way. She told him that perhaps he could, and said, "I am looking for a man named John Terrill, and must find him." John happened to know the man, so he moved up beside her and gave her directions how to find him. Just then Louise, walking along down the street, looked up, and the picture she saw was of her husband, sitting on a park bench with a young lady who was wiping her eyes, and talking earnestly to her when he should have been at work in the office.

Upon reaching home, John was asked for an explanation, which he gave, but Louise didn't believe him. As she was so high-strung she said she would leave him at once, to which John replied that he didn't take much stock in her explanation of the happenings of the day before. This enraged

Louise and she put on her wraps and started for the door, when who should open it but the hardware salesman, delivering the goods she had ordered. He jokingly asked if she had lost her ring again. Louise turned to John with a look of triumph, and said, "Is that proof enough of the truth of my explanation?"

She was about to open the door when who should come in but the girl that John had

helped. She was all smiles, and thanked him a thousand times for his assistance. John turned to Louise with a look of triumph and said, "Is that proof enough of the truth of *my* explanation?"

Both of them looked very sheepish and then they smiled and both knew that everything was secure between them.

DONALD SIMONDS, '26.



LOCALS

CLASS OFFICERS

The Seniors held their class meeting in Room Five, and the following people were elected: Robert Montague, President; Roland Thayer, Vice-President; Hilda Gregory, Secretary; Louise Nolan, Treasurer. Mr. Gibbons was elected faculty advisor.

The Juniors held their class meeting in Room Three, and the following people were elected: Agnes Tait, President; Hazel Lucier, Vice-President; Homer Poeton, Secretary; Herman Goodell, Treasurer; Margaret Tait, Assistant Treasurer. Miss Finnegan was elected faculty advisor.

The Sophomores had their class meeting in Room Five, and the following people were elected: Maurice Rosenthal, President; William Dennison, Vice-President; Margaret Craig, Secretary; Sidney Thibeault, Treasurer. Miss Sullivan was elected faculty advisor.

The Freshmen had their class meeting in Room Six, and the following people were elected: Harvey Clark, President; Nathalie Morey, Vice-President; Anna Hughes, Secretary; William Snell, Treasurer. Mrs. Hall was elected faculty advisor.

THE STUDENT COUNCIL

The four classes of the High School elected the following representatives to the Student Council:

Seniors—Robert Montague, Louis Allard, Constance Coderre, and Bernice Parker.

Juniors—Agnes Tait, Catherine Clarke, and Herman Goodell.

Sophomores—Maurice Rosenthal, and Gertrude LeClair.

Freshmen—Harvey Clarke.

THE FRESHMAN RECEPTION

The reception given by the Juniors to the Freshmen was in the form of a children's party. All those present, including the members of the faculty, were dressed as children, and the auditorium was decorated with the alphabet.

The party begun with an address from the Junior Class President, Miss Agnes Tait, to which a reply was made by the Freshman Class President, D. Harvey Clarke, who was then presented with a gavel to use in presiding at the Freshman Class meetings.

After this, prizes were given to the members of the Freshman Class for their special characteristics. Miss Anna Hughes was chosen the "Class Beauty," and Thomas O'Shaughnessy was the "Class Shiek." The shortest girl was Annie Ricci, and the shortest boy was George Ford. The tallest boy was Ernest Brodeur. The fattest girl was Lucie Dani, and the fattest boy was George Mathew. The Class Twins are Clarinda and Rosilda Lavallee.

After this, children's games were played, such as "Drop the Handkerchief," and "Farmer in the Dell." Also some novelty races were run. This was followed by a short comedy which was made up "on the spur of the moment" by some of the bright pupils of the Junior Class.

Refreshments were then served, and dancing was enjoyed until eleven o'clock, when the party broke up. Music was furnished by the Eldorado Orchestra.

The matrons were, Mrs. Tait, Mrs. Lucier, and Mrs. Goodell.

The entertainment committee was composed of Beryl Morse, chairman; Donald Simonds, Ralph Hall, Laurence Poeton, Delina Dugas.

The refreshment committee was composed of Mildred Barrett, chairman; Irene Paquette, Helen Clarke, Donald Fitzgerald.

The committee chosen to obtain the prizes was composed of Evelyn Champagne, chairman; Hazel Lucier, Alfreda Norman, Philip Renaud.

The music committee was composed of Robert Oldham, chairman; Stella Lavallee, and Albert Labelle.

The decorating committee was composed of Alice Gaumont, chairman; Stoughton Litchfield, Raymond Durgin, Esther Moore, and Catherine Clarke.

The chairman of all committees was Margaret Tait.

TYPEWRITING AWARDS RECEIVED LAST YEAR

In the Senior Class of '24, certificates were awarded by the Remington Typewriting Company for writing twenty-five words a minute for ten minutes to all of the ten pupils of the class. This company also gave card cases to eight pupils for writing forty words a minute for ten minutes. There were five pupils who received gold medals from this company for writing fifty-five words a minute for ten minutes. Miss Jeanne Guillet is the only person of this school who has ever written sixty words a minute for ten minutes with no errors. She received a Remington Portable Typewriter for this achievement.

From both the Royal and the Underwood Companies, ten pupils received certificates for writing thirty words a minute for fifteen minutes; nine received certificates for writing thirty words a minute for fifteen minutes from the Smith Typewriting Company. Ten received bronze medals from the Underwood Company for writing forty words a minute for fifteen minutes. The Underwood Company also gave bronze bars to seven pupils for writing fifty words a minute for fifteen minutes. They also gave four silver medals to those who wrote sixty words a minute for fifteen minutes. The Royal Company awarded "Royal Pins" to nine pupils who wrote forty-five words a minute for fifteen minutes, and card cases to four pupils who wrote sixty words a minute for fifteen minutes.

The Smith Typewriting Company gave nine bronze pins for writing forty words a minute for fifteen minutes, and seven silver pins for writing fifty words a minute for fifteen minutes. Four pupils received gold pins for writing sixty words a minute for fifteen minutes, and two received gold pen-

cils for writing seventy words a minute for fifteen minutes.

Besides Miss Guillet, those deserving special mention are Miss Laurenda Boyer, Miss Aline Morin, and Miss Annette Pinsonneault, who received all the awards except the portable typewriter.

All of the twenty members of the Junior Class of last year received certificates from the Underwood Typewriting Company for writing thirty words a minute for fifteen minutes. This company also gave bronze medals to fifteen who wrote forty words a minute for fifteen minutes, and bronze bars to eight who wrote fifty words a minute for fifteen minutes. The Remington Company gave certificates to seventeen pupils for writing thirty words a minute for ten minutes; card cases to twelve who wrote forty words a minute for ten minutes. Miss Aline Pinsonneault was the only one of this class to receive a Gold Medal for writing fifty-five words a minute for ten minutes.

Sixteen received certificates from the Royal Company for writing thirty words a minute for fifteen minutes. Eleven received "Royal Pins" for writing forty-five words a minute for fifteen minutes. Three received card cases for writing sixty words a minute for fifteen minutes.

The Smith Typewriting Company awarded certificates to eighteen pupils for writing thirty words a minute for fifteen minutes; they awarded bronze pins to thirteen who wrote forty words a minute for fifteen minutes.

Those of the class who deserve special mention are Aline Pinsonneault, Felicia Kane, Jeannette Lemoine, Gertrude Ouellette and Adele Werner.

In the Sophomore Class of last year, eight pupils received certificates from the Underwood Typewriting Company for writing thirty words a minute for fifteen minutes. Eleven received certificates from the Remington Company for writing twenty-five words a minute for ten minutes. Six received certificates from the Royal Company for writing thirty words a minute for fifteen minutes. Eleven were awarded certificates by the Smith Company for writing thirty words a minute for fifteen minutes.

Miss Irene Paquette obtained highest honors by receiving a pin from the Smith Company for writing forty words a minute for ten minutes.

ALUMNI

REUNION OF THE SOUTHBRIDGE HIGH SCHOOL ALUMNI ASSOCIATION

The Southbridge High School Alumni Reunion took place on June 28, 1924, in the Town Hall, with about two hundred Alumni present.

The program consisted of an address of welcome by Mr. Fred Corbin, Superintendent of Schools; a few selections by the Cecilia Quartette; a solo by Mrs. Hemenway, '00; followed by a solo by Miss Betty Rich, '25. William J. Henry, '98, also gave a few Canadian dialect readings.

At the close of the program, Mr. John T. Gibbons, Principal of the High School, called the roll by classes, practically every class being represented.

A receiving line composed of Miss Mary Ellis, '83; Mrs. Harriett Dougherty Hemenway, '00; Fred C. Corbin, Walter Lindell, '18; Mrs. Flora Reeves, '81; and Mrs. Elsie Morse, '71, was formed, and a reception was held for half an hour.

The business meeting was held, and the Southbridge High School Alumni Association was formed with the following as officers: President, Mrs. Marion C. Taylor, '00; 1st Vice-President, Mrs. Bertha H. Clarke, '97; 2nd Vice-President, Miss Margaret Butler, '92; Secretary, Miss Marjory McMaster, '19; Treasurer, Chester W. Young, '17; Executive Committee, Ernest W. Hall, '10, and Miss Kathleen Cozzens, '12.

Following the business meeting, refreshments were served, after which dancing was enjoyed until midnight.

Mrs. Marion C. Taylor, '00, and Mr. Gibbons, together with a committee representing practically every graduate class of the school, were largely responsible for the success of this reunion.

ALUMNI NOTES

Miss Irene Lindblad, class of '24, is working in the Rolls-Royce office in Springfield.

Miss Edith Mason, class of '24, is employed at the G. C. Winter Co.

Miss Octavia Champagne, class of '24, is employed at the American Optical Co.

Arthur Gaumond, class of '24, is agent for the Studebaker in Southbridge.

Kenneth Taylor, class of '24, is learning the hotel business in Worcester.

Mr. Jordan, class of '20, now a member of the Senior Class at Worcester Tech, is on the Social Committee of the Association, and was also a member of the committee in charge of the Freshman Reception.

Miss Marion Lunan, class of '17, a graduate of Wellesley College, has accepted a position as teacher of French and Latin in the East Providence, R. I., High School.

Mr. Maurice McGilvray, class of '21, is attending the Bently School of Accounting and Finance, Boston.

Mr. Ralph Paul, class of '22, has been doing some special work assisting Professor H. B. Smith of the Institute in the development of a new type high tension insulator which is regarded by many engineers as an epoch making device.

Wallace Birdsall, class of '24, is a student at Lowell Textile Institute.

Edna Poeton, class of '24, has entered Worcester State Normal School and is taking a regular teacher's course.

Rodney Plimpton, class of '24, has entered Northeastern College in Boston.

Miss Marion Berry and Miss Lucille Williams, class of '24, have entered Peter Bent Brigham Hospital.

Miss Alice Beardwood, class of '24, entered the Sargent School of Physical Education in Boston.

Miss Jeanne Guillet, class of '24, is employed at the Quality Lens Co.

Miss Annette Pinsonneault, class of '24, is working for Mr. Vantura and Mr. Tetreault.

Miss Amy Underwood, class of '24, is employed at the American Optical Co.

William Carroll, class of '24, is attending Becker's Business Institute.

George Carney, class of '24, is employed at the American Optical Co.

Miss Aline Morin, class of '24, is employed at the American Optical Co.

Miss Mary Reidel, class of '24, is employed by Mr. Williams, Superintendent of the Sturbridge Schools.

Miss Lillian Loungeway, class of '22, has entered the Worcester Normal School.

Miss Lucille LeClair, class of '25, is attending Tilton Academy, Tilton, N. H.

Miss Blanche Weatherhead, class of '23, has entered the Sophomore Class at Wellesley.

Mrs. Robert F. Aldous, formerly Marjorie Harris, class of '23, was married May 17, 1924. She now resides in Hoosic Falls, N. Y.

Miss Louise Rowley, class of '20, has begun her Senior Year at Simmons College.

Ellis Potter, class of '23, has resumed his studies at Brown University.

George Perry Cormack, class of '24, is taking a Post Graduate Course.

Miss Laurenda Boyer, class of '24, is attending Boston University.

Charles Hall, class of '24, is playing with a Worcester orchestra.

Raymond Allard, class of '24, is employed by one of the leading markets in town.



JOKES

Visitor (pointing out Herman and Herbert Goodell)—“Are those boys brothers?”

Simonds—“No, they’re twins.”

L. Litchfield (holding up a picture)—“Is this a camel or a dromedary?”

Tessier—“You can’t fool me. A camel is a cigarette.”

J. Edwards—“In Siberia, they don’t hang a man with a wooden leg.”

Schumacher—“Why not?”

Edwards—“They use a rope, instead.”

Miss Kennedy—“What is the most important product of the field?”

Lavallee—“Vegetable soup.”

Tabor—“Louis, what is steel wool?”

Allard—“Shearings from a hydraulic ram.”

Miss Putnam—“Tell something about the French and Indian War?”

Miss Werner—“There was a masquerade (massacre) at Fort William Henry.”

Miss Putnam—“What was ‘The Teapot Dome’?”

Miss Pollard—“The White House.”

Mr. Hutchinson—“What is space?”

Roger Brown—“I can’t explain it, but I have it in my head.”

Oldham—“Do you know, I often play the piano for four hours at a time?”

Miss Swett—“That’s nothing, I play ‘The Stars and Stripes Forever’.”

Catherine Clarke, at a football game—“Look how dirty they are. How will they ever get clean?”

“Goog” Cormack—“Huh! What do you think our scrub team is for?”

Last summer, Ralph Hall had a very sore ear, so he went to a doctor.

“Your ear is full of water,” the doctor said. “Been in swimming?”

“No,” answered Ralph, “I’ve been eating watermelon.”

“Red” Benoit, our young radio wizard, with a wistful look on his face stood gazing into a window at a box of radio parts marked ten dollars, but alas, ten dollars was beyond his purse.

“Well,” said “Red,” “it’s marked ten, he means eight, he’ll take six, it’s worth four, so I’ll offer him two.”

Miss Finnegan—“Are fathers and brothers usually masculine or feminine?”

Miss Norman—“They’re plural.”

Mr. Hutchinson—“Who made the first nit-ride?”

Simonds—“Paul Revere.”

Lawry Litchfield—"There was a strange man here to see you today, papa."

His Father—"Did he have a bill?"

Lawry—"No, he just had a plain nose."

Fitzgerald—"Don't you think that if I had lived in the olden days I should have made a good knight?"

Hilda Gregory (very bored)—"I don't care what you would have made then, but you might try to see what kind of a good-night you can make now."

1st College Man—"I hear you gave up Ethel."

2nd Ditto—"Yes."

1st Ditto—"What for?"

2nd Ditto—"She ate like a chicken."

1st Ditto—"How's that?"

2nd Ditto—"A peck at a time."

Miss Trufant—"What's a siphon?"

George Andrews—"A siphon is a straight piece of tubing longer at one end than it is at the other."

In English IV (studying "Lorna Doone")
Miss Sullivan—"How did it happen that the women took the men home?"

Thayer—"They weren't sober."

R. Hall (translating French)—"Je t'adore —shut the door."

Fitzgerald—"A chemical change is one in which the substance loses the properties by which we recognize it."

Simonds (the boy chemist)—"If you change a dollar bill to two halves, is it a chemical change?"

Roger Brown—"I didn't study *that* for today."

Miss Finnegan—"Well, what did you study?"

Brown—"I didn't study anything."

Simonds (in chemistry)—"What are the elepants?" (Meaning elements).

"THE SCHOOL CLOCK"

Some clocks have a musical ticking,
Some clocks don't tick at all,
Some clocks tick fast, and some slowly,
But there's one that ticks slowest of all.

Can you guess where this clock is located?
Not in dance hall or movies, at all;
'Tis the clock that we have in our schoolroom
That goes the slowest of all.

And why? Not because it is really
Much slower than all the rest,
For you know, it can be regulated
And fitted to run like the best.

But for some mysterious reason,
When the hours should pass very fast,
They drag; and they seem almost endless,
Till the time for our classes is past.

And then, as if by some magic,
And on some particular night,
When there happens to be a school party,
Why, that clock just runs like a fright!

The hours go by like moments,
And though about twelve hours before,
We were eager for half past eleven,
Now we wish 'twould slow up an hour more.

But such curious things will happen,
And have, from beginning of time;
And the clock on the wall keeps on ticking,
Though this is the end of my rhyme.

SYLVIA CLAFLIN, '25.

EXCHANGES

It is hard to realize at first the great help it is for us to exchange our school paper with the papers of other high schools in our county, state and country.

Our high schools are all working towards the same end, so we want to get acquainted. Don't you think that exchanging our magazines is a good way to do so?

People say that asking is the only way to learn, so we ask all the papers we exchange with to criticize us.

I'm sure we enjoyed all the exchanges last year, and we take this opportunity to thank our many friends for them, and hope to see them all again this year.

We have received four exchanges this year so far:

The News, New Haven, Conn. A paper with fine editorials.

The Hilltop, Warren, Mass. A complete paper. Shows good work and school spirit.

The Cub Reporter, Syracuse, N. Y. Your editorials are good, but where are your stories and exchange columns?

The Herald, Westfield, Mass. An excellent Commencement Number. Your Class Poem and Pen Pictures are especially good.

We expect our exchanges for the coming year to be as follows:

<i>The Salemica</i>	New Salem Academy, New Salem, Mass.
<i>The Observer</i>	H. S., Ansonia, Conn.
<i>The Enfield Echo</i>	H. S., Thompsonville, Conn.
<i>The Quill</i>	H. S., Parkersburg, W. Va.
<i>The Volunteer</i>	H. S., Concord, N. H.
<i>The Operator</i>	Wyoming Seminary, Kingston, Pa.
<i>The Emblem</i>	Lewis H. S., Southington, Conn.
<i>The Text</i>	Lowell Textile School, Lowell, Mass.
<i>The Chronicle</i>	Lyman Hall H. S., Wallingford, Conn.
<i>The Red and Gray</i>	H. S., Fitchburg, Mass.

The Enterprise

The Review

The Meteor

The Inde

The Palmer

The Saugonia

The Oracle

The Philomath

The Chandelier

The School Grant

The News

The School Life

The Spotlight

The Sentinel

The Red and Black

The Cub Reporter

The Hilltop

The Drury Academe

The Herald

The Echo

The Argus

The Tripod

The Mass. Collegian

Trade Winds

The Spotlight

The Banner

The Authentic

Tech News

Ravelins

The Senior

The Rensselaer

Polytechnic

The Dial

The Student's Pen

The Gleaner

The Melachi

The Critic

The X-Ray

Roxbury H. S., Boston, Mass.

H. S., Medford, Mass.

H. S., Berlin, N. H.

H. S., Hanover, N. H.

H. S., Palmer, Mass.

H. S., Saugus, Mass.

H. S., Englewood, N. J.

H. S., Framingham, Mass.

H. S., South Boston, Mass.

H. S., Ulysses, Neb.

H. S., Putnam, Conn.

H. S., Melrose, Mass.

H. S., Cranford, N. Y.

Ohio Military Inst., College Hill, Ohio

West H. S., Salt Lake City, Ut.
Syracuse University, Syracuse, N. Y.

H. S., Warren, Mass.

Drury H. S., N. Adams, Mass.

H. S., Westfield, Mass.

H. S., Winthrop, Mass.

H. S., Gardner, Mass.

Trinity College, Hartford, Conn.

M. A. C., Amherst, Mass.

Worcester Boys' Trade School, Worcester, Mass.

David Prouty H. S., Spencer, Mass.

H. S., Rockville, Conn.

H. S., Stoneham, Mass.

Worcester Tech, Worcester, Mass.

H. S., Oxford, Mass.

H. S., Westerly, R. I.

Troy, N. Y.

H. S., Brattleboro, Vt.

H. S., Pittsfield, Mass.

H. S., Pawtucket, R. I.

H. S., Melaca, Minn.

Pinkerton Academy, Derry, N. H.

H. S., Sacramento, Cal.

ATHLETICS

Just because you have paid your athletic dues don't think that your work is completed. Make up some cheers! Get together and elect cheer leaders! Get behind the team! It makes all the difference in the world to the players whether they can hear their school standing up for them or not. For proof of this statement go to one of the players and ask him. Get out and cheer for your team, your school, and your town. Get some banners. Let the world know that there is such a place as Southbridge High, and then show them that we're trying to raise the best type of students here. What sort of students will the Freshmen make if the upper classmen, whom they look up to, don't do their part? There is a lot of talk in the school and out, about what a punk school we have. Now is the time, and here is your chance to disprove all that talk. *Let's go!*

TRACK

The last statement on Track gave out that Poeton was high point man for last season. However, at the Worcester meet, Cormack completely outshone him. He got first place in the broad jump, and got into the finals of the hundred, a difficult feat, as the other sprinters will affirm. Tabor also worked hard and got into the finals of the twenty, which was harder still.

Our distance men, McKinstry, Dragon, and Gaucher, showed up well for the competition they had. There were some very good runners at that meet. Ray Allard did well to get fifth in the shot put, and also helped a lot in the relay. The team ran in the following order: Allard, Tabor, Cormack and Poeton. We pulled down fourth place in that event. Cormack and Tabor did very well in the high jump also.

The next day two of the sprinters were surprised to see themselves plugging down the sport page of the *Worcester Telegram*.

The way they were coming, that cameraman must have been in danger of his life. All the fellows enjoyed the day and are looking forward to next season's meet.

FOOTBALL

Football is here again. When our new coach, Mr. Hutchinson, called out the candidates there was quite a collection that showed up. From the tiniest Freshman to the biggest Senior, they came. A few of the old timers were there. The Freshman class has given us Schumacker and Calquohoun, two very promising men. We'll miss Birdsall, the "Iron Man," and Taylor, our star center. Tessier's gameness, and Smith's plugging, too, will be hard to make up for. However, it is the firm belief of many that the story of last year's defeats will soon be changed.

Our first game, which was really only a practice game, because it was not advertised, was with the Purple A. C. of this town, on October 11th. The game was played at Hamilton Field. Considering the kind of playing we were up against, and the great advantage the opposing team had in weight and seasoned players, our team did very well. They rushed us for a touchdown in the second quarter, but were unable to make the kick count. We rallied in the third, but it was not quite enough. In the fourth quarter it was just a case of holding them. The game surely brought out our stars. Fitzpatrick seemed to glide right through the line, and Orzek couldn't miss a forward under any conditions. McKinstry often got through the line and tackled for a loss, and when a flying tackle was needed, Hall was right there.

The score was, Purple 6, High School 0. The lineup for the school was as follows:

S. Litchfield	c
L. Allard	lg

Fitzgerald	lt
McKinstry	le
Poeton	rg
L. Litchfield	rt
Orzek	re
Calquohoun	qb
Schumacker	rhb
Hall	lhb
Brown, Fitzpatrick	fb

WHICH ARE YOU, PRESENT OR ABSENT?

Are we going to help the football team win games this year?

Some of you may say that they don't need our help, but they *do*!

We *must* be at the games to prove to the boys that some interest is shown in the team and that they have someone to win the games for.

Are YOU going to support the games the way you did last year—by not being present?

Let's not do that this year. Not more than 5 per cent of the students attended the games last year. 95 per cent were absent!

Just see what a good record we can make this year, and try to have 100 per cent of the school present!

WOODSTOCK

We played Woodstock on Friday, the 17th of October, and won to the tune of 17 to 6. The gate receipts amounted to \$17.25. This was very good, and helped a great deal towards paying for the game, but couldn't it have been better? The team is grateful to the faculty for coming out as they did. Also there was quite a crowd from Woodstock to see the game. Figuring this all out, it means that probably about thirty students from our school were present and paid admission. This was also very good, and much better than was done last year, but again, couldn't it have been better? Allowing three hundred students to the school, one hundred and fifty of whom could not possibly have attended the game, out of the remaining one hundred and fifty shouldn't we have more than thirty present? It would mean making the team pay for itself. Those who were present Friday saw what great possibilities our team has. If, on the day of a game, the school turned out in a body and flocked to the field, that team of ours would drop in

their tracks before giving an inch to an opposing team, and when they got the ball they would tear down the field like madmen. Try it and see. A good strong backing would mean everything to that team. This is not just talk, it's facts.

Our team fought hard at this game. They were on their toes every minute after the first quarter. Every man gave his best, but the fellow that stood out was "Dunc" Fitzgerald. He was everywhere at once, and made half of the tackles. When we were on Woodstock's twenty-yard line he was put in the backfield, and in three line plunges he went over for a touchdown.

Nothing much happened in the first quarter. In the second, Brown started things by flashing over for the first touchdown. Woodstock then got going and nearly tied the score. Soon after we made a touchback. There was some doubt as to the fairness of this, but it was the referee's decision. In the third quarter, Fitzgerald made another touchdown. Calquohoun, our snappy quarter, made the kick good on both our scores, but Woodstock failed to get theirs. The last quarter was exciting, but no scoring was done.

Score:

M. E. W. H. S.—17		6—WOODSTOCK
S. Litchfield	c	Hughes
Thayer, Dragon	rg	Stafford
L. Litchfield	rt	Shenning
Orzek, Gregory	re	Smith
Allard	lg	Andrews
Fitzgerald	lt	Andrews
McKinstry	le	Morse
Calquohoun	qb	Johnston
Thibeault, Poeton	rhb	Goodreau
Schumacker, Hall	lhb	Phaneuf
Brown	fb	Anderson

PUTNAM

We went to Putnam, October 25th, in two trucks holding thirty each. We lost to the Putnamites 7-0. As Fitzgerald disgustedly put it, "There wasn't a whole man on the team." This is exaggeration, of course, but it expresses the sentiments of the squad. In reality, every man gave all he had, the only trouble being that at times it was given at the wrong place. Practice is what is needed.

Too much credit cannot be given Tessier

and Tabor, cheer leaders, who, in two days, gathered up the remnants of our school spirit, begged, pleaded, shoved and kicked the two trucks full of high school students and headed them for the game. Last year we did well to fill one truck.

Our goal was threatened by a series of fumbles on both sides in the first quarter. After that the ball was in the middle of the field until, in the third quarter, Putnam used a trick criss-cross play which pulled in our backs and went over for a touchdown. The kick was easily made. Our team fought mighty hard in the last quarter, but the only impression they made was a twenty-five yard end run by Fitzgerald.

The following was the lineup of the teams:

M. E. W. H. S.—0		7—PUTNAM
McKinstry	le	T. Cody
Fitzgerald	lt	Barber
Allard	lg	Ammidown
S. Litchfield	c	Elliot
Thayer	rg	Lynch
L. Litchfield, Capt.	rt	P. Cody
Orzek	re	Murphy
Calquohoun	qb	Winslow
Schumacker	lhb	Hannovan
Poeton	rhb	Capt. Prichard
Brown	fb	Valentine
Substitutions—Ryan qb, Gregory rhb, Arnold rg.		
Referee, Bradley. Umpire, Rowley. Head Linesman, Keyes. Lines, Dragon and Cormack. Touchdown, Valentine. Point after Touchdown, Valentine.		

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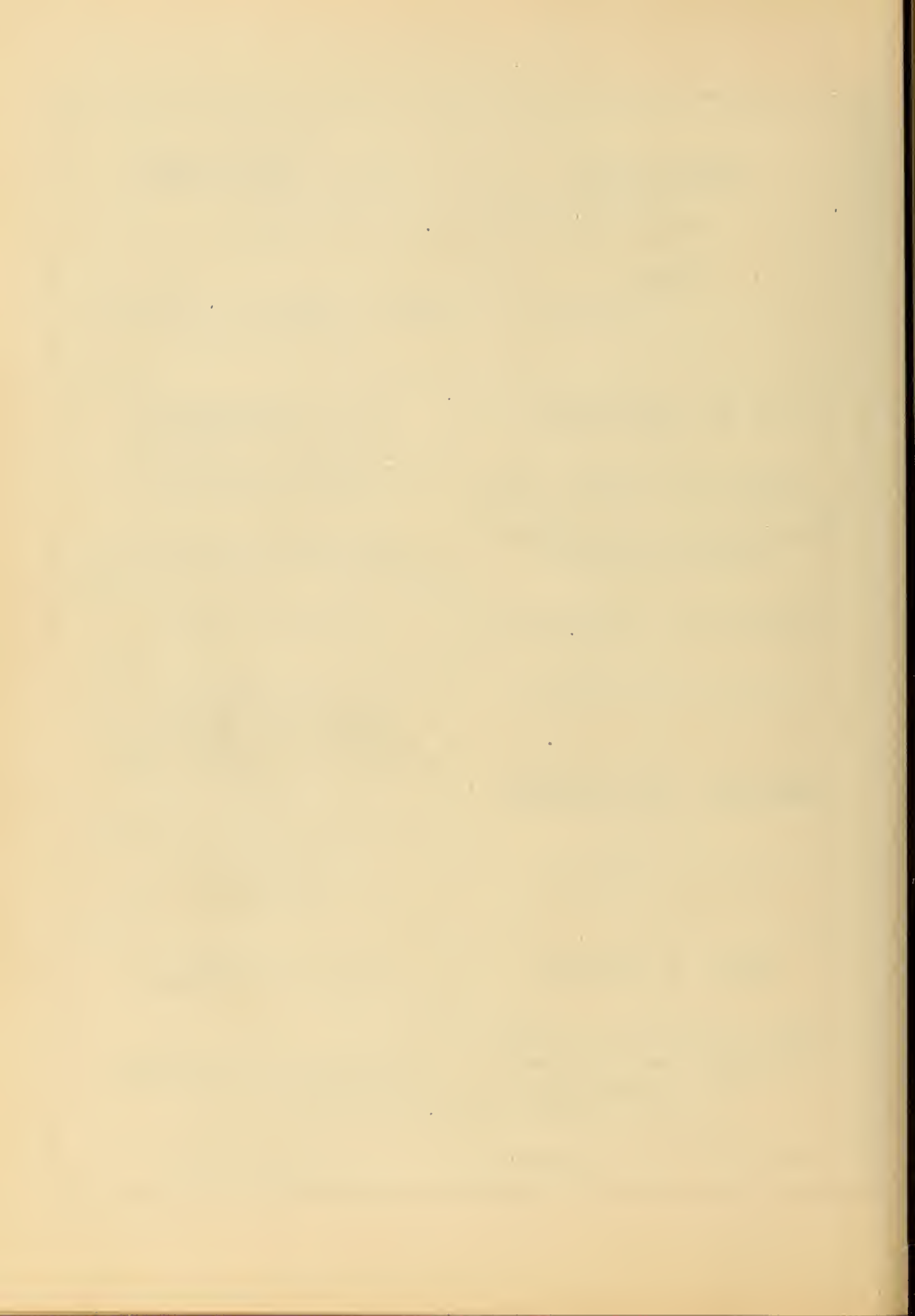
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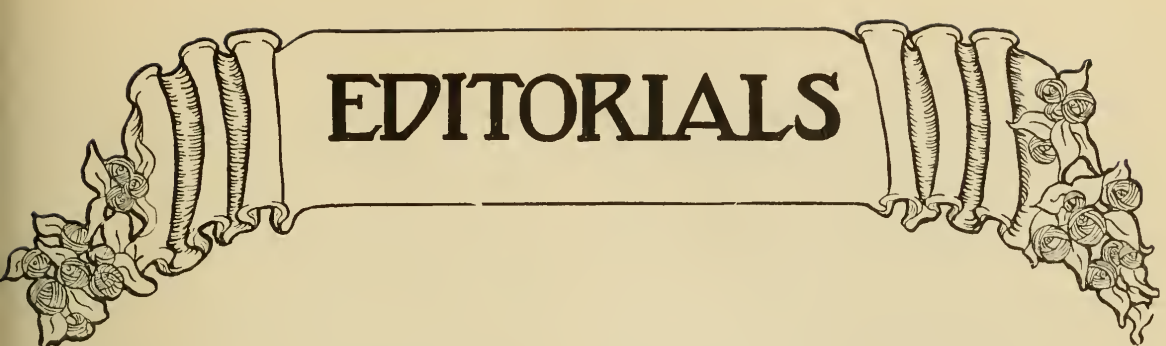
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EDITORIALS

BEGINNING OF AUTO RACES IN AMERICA

The first auto race this side of the Atlantic took place on Thanksgiving Day, 1895. It was arranged by H. H. Kohlsaat. Eight machines were entered in the event, but before the race was through it became a series of laughs because of the comical appearance of the cars.

Although the above was the first auto contest, it was not the first "organized" auto race. This race was started under the auspices of the then newly begun "Automobile Club of America." It was to be a fifty-mile race and any kind of power generation was permitted to enter. Thus electrics, steamers and gasoline propelled cars took part.

All went well till the last. A signalman had been placed at the top of a grade in Springfield, L. I., to warn the approaching racers of any obstructions below. The first two cars had passed and the man gave the third the signal, but just then a two-horse cart started up the hill. The racer was coming along at the then perilous speed of thirty miles an hour. The horses got frightened and started to run across the road, and the spectators cried out as a crash seemed inevitable. However, there were cool-headed drivers, even then, and the racer at the risk of his own life swung his vehicle around, thus avoiding a tragedy.

This exciting race took place in 1900, and was won by A. L. Riker in two hours, three minutes for the fifty mile course, quite a contrast to the hundred mile per hour pace set by modern racing cars.

C. CODERRE, '25.

PRESERVATION OF OUR NATURAL RESOURCES

Twenty-five years ago the idea of reforestation, as our forests were cut down, was

not thought of. People destroyed trees right and left with no apparent consideration of what future generations would do for their supply of lumber and fuel.

It was not until Roosevelt became president that the people really grew alarmed over the situation. He appointed the present governor of Pennsylvania, Gifford Pinchot, as the head of the Department for the Preservation of our Forests.

Work was started immediately under the watchful eye of Pinchot, who had had some experience along this line in Europe. Young trees were planted on what before had been arid waste land, useless for farming or grazing.

Now almost everyone except a few lumbermen have joined in the idea, not for the preservation of our forests only, but of our coal, our oil, our game. All over the country bird covers and game preserves are being established, while many states have made laws stopping the wholesale slaughter. Our government has also appointed a commission to study the coal and oil situations so that we can make the most of these resources, too.

ADRIAN A. GAUCHER, '25.

AN OVERNIGHT HIKE AT CAMP DEVENS

We received orders one afternoon, about one o'clock, to make our packs for an overnight hike, so we immediately got busy. We took with us two blankets, toilet articles, a pup tent with supports, pegs, and rope, a raincoat, mess kit, knapsack, canteen, ammunition belt, bayonet, and rifle. About four o'clock in the afternoon, we formed in ranks, and soon after started marching. The day was damp, and it looked like rain, but we plugged on nevertheless. After walking until six o'clock that night, through sandy roads with our packs on our backs, and rifles, we pitched camp just as it started to

rain. We next heard the call for mess, and with a tin plate, cup, knife, fork, and spoon, we marched to the field kitchen, where we received our portion of food and coffee. We ate this on the field, washed our dishes in a large tub of boiling water, and then went back to our tents.

About nine o'clock, I was told to report for guard duty, and with fifty other boys from my company, started out after receiving orders from our captain. It was pitch dark, and the rain was falling in torrents. We marched around in the mud for two hours, and then being relieved, went back to our tents. I spread a blanket in my half of the tent, lay down, and after spreading a blanket over me, went to sleep, too tired even to take off my shoes.

When we awoke the next morning it was still raining. We got up, and after washing up in the brook at six o'clock, had breakfast, packed up, and went marching back through the mud to our barracks. Still it rained, and some one started to sing "It Ain't Gonna Rain No More," but we gave him a mud shower until he didn't feel like singing any longer. When we reached our barracks after three hours of plugging along through the mud, we all made a rush for the showers, got the dirt off, and put on dry clothes. Then we cleaned our rifles and undid our packs.

All the boys were so glad to get "home," as they called the barracks, that a few of them started to play the ukulele and we all joined in singing at the top of our voices that new (?) song entitled "It Ain't Gonna Rain No More."

L. T. ALLARD, '25.

THOSE CROSS WORD PUZZLES

I've got the bug, have you? What bug? Cross Word Puzzles of course. It's strange, isn't it, the way those of us who shunned the dictionary before, spend the precious hours over it now. There's something magical about those puzzles, really. They are hard, they make us think, they educate us, but what's so strange about them is that at the same time it's fun to do them. We search through the Bible, the dictionary, encyclopedias, and history books—in some cases, even our own feeble brains—in search of that elusive word in seven letters ending in "r" which means to run wild, or that king who spent his last days in exile on one of

those isles of the sea, but who plays a good game of hide-and-seek with us among the pages of the history book. Some of us may forget to study our Sunday School lesson but we find amazingly quickly the birthplace of a minor prophet.

The country needs a fad which is whole some. Haven't we got it? Yes; let's use it.

The comic pieces give us the impression that the Cross Word Puzzle is driving people crazy, and that a hard one is the sure road to the insane asylum, but I shouldn't wonder if it might be able to bring to us in a pleasant way what has heretofore been hammered into us.

So the next time the teacher asks you what an yttrantite is, give her a slight shock by telling her that it's an yttrium found in Sweden, occurring in yellow, brown and black colors, instead of an "I don't know," or a guess that it's a kind of spider or a dustpan.

R. SNELL, '25.

RECORDS OF SCHOOL ORGANIZATIONS

All history has a twofold purpose, not only to gratify curiosity regarding the people of the past and their accomplishments but also to show their successes and failures so that those who come after may profit by them.

In our school we have records of names of pupils, attendance, studies, and scholarship. But there is a great need for a history of the inner life of the school, of the various classes and organizations. For instance when we wanted to organize a debating society, we found there had been one here several years ago. We could have profited much by their experience, but when we wished to know what they did and how, the only way we had of finding out was to ask some one that had been a member. The answers at best were unsatisfactory, and we were compelled to learn mainly by our own experience.

Unlike the case of societies outside of school, our membership is constantly changing, leaving us without the advice of those who best "know the game." Each class has its own organization, and it is with us but four years. We usually take our precedents from the classes immediately ahead of us for we have no knowledge of anything further. If we could establish a permanent record to which the graduating class and other organizations should contribute a re-

port every year, we should have an excellent means of preserving school traditions, and furnishing to those that follow, helpful information in regard to our errors and successes.

It is true that the assistant manager of athletic teams, being usually from the Junior Class, has an opportunity to learn the duties of manager before he takes the position, but even so he has much to learn for himself. In the case of class organizations there is not even that much help in many cases, because the classes leave school and leave no one

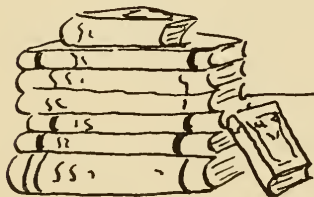
behind to give information. It is always difficult to find out what each class chose as its motto, or its colors, or whether or not they had a speaker at graduation. And each class wants to know before deciding for themselves, to avoid duplication and to get the most satisfactory result.

Thus a record of school organizations would relieve our uncertainty in many matters, and give us a chance to improve by availing ourselves of the fruits of experience gained by our predecessors.

ROBERT MONTAGUE, '25.



LITERATURE



"THE RED PIG"

"Lost—a Red Pig—between May Street and Auburn. Finder please call Auburn 103. Reward." George Harton sat up with sudden interest; any mention of a "red pig" had a special significance for him. "The Red Pig" was a name given to a formula which the government had spent much time and money in trying to secure. It had cost the life of two of the Secret Service's best detectives and had been lost through Harton's carelessness.

Harton had resigned and although he knew his actions were closely watched by the service, had been trying to recover the formula. So far, however, he had had no success.

Now if there was anything which Harton was past master of, it was code-reading. As he looked at this advertisement his eyes narrowed and he set to work to see if his hunch was right and if it was a code message.

In a comparatively short time he had satisfied himself that he had deciphered the advertisement correctly. It read: "Colt—The Red Pig will be brought to 35 Haversham Rd. at 10 tonight—Bohun." Harton decided that he would be on the spot when the formula was delivered.

He made only a few preparations, taking two small pointed steel tools and a revolver which he put into the right hand pocket of his coat. He wore a nondescript blue suit and a dark cap which he could pull down to hide his face.

At eight o'clock he started for 35 Haver-

sham Road. It was a large respectable looking house, set far back from the road, and in a good residential part of the city. He kept in the shadow of the trees that lined the drive, as he approached the house, and noticed that it seemed empty, as there were no lights. He stepped up on the piazza noiselessly and placed the point of one of the tools against the lock of a French door which opened onto it.

Pushing on the tool until he heard the lock snap back, he opened the door and stepped into the room.

It was a bright moonlight night and there was sufficient light for him to see fairly well. He found himself in what seemed to be a study and as it was in spotless order he suspected it was used regularly. He opened a door in the back of the room and found a small closet, on one wall of which there were some knobs and levers. Harton knew that these were the electric light switches for the whole house. He investigated another door near the closet and found himself in what seemed to be a side entry. He returned to the closet which was just big enough for him to stand in, without danger of touching the switch. He looked at his watch, noting that it was 9.15, and as he did so he heard voices, then a key grated in the lock of the front door. He got in the closet, leaving the door open just a crack.

Four men came into the room. One was short and thick set, and his voice Harton recognized as that of Van Saan, the head of the group trying to get the formula. The other voices he did not know.

"All right," said Van Saan, "you two stay outside in the hall, and be ready to let Bohun in." Harton heard the door close after them. "Charvein," continued Van Saan, "there are liquors in the cabinet over there." And the two men proceeded to make themselves comfortable. Harton could not understand their further talk, however, as they spoke in German.

There was a noise in the hall and soon three more men came in. Two of the men were sent into the hall and the three men that were left sat down at the table in the center of the room.

"You have it with you" questioned Van Saan.

"Yes, here it is," answered the third man. Van Saan looked at it and grunted his satisfaction. He paid the man and dismissed him. There was a rustle of papers as Van Saan and Charvein continued their conference.

Suddenly, directly on a line with Harton's vision, fell a long white envelope. Harton felt his pulse quicken; he recognized it as the one the formula was in. It fell face down and he saw that the papers were in it. The men had knocked it off the table when moving some papers and the rug had deadened the sound. Harton knew that the time had come for him to act.

Quickly he drew down the switch, opened the door, seized the envelope and made a dive into the small hall he had located when he came into the room. As he jumped down the short flight of stairs, he saw a man standing by the door. Harton fired even as he jumped and the man crumpled up in a little heap. As Harton melted into the shadows, he heard shots back of him and felt a burning sensation in his shoulder. He heard men running toward him and he flattened himself against a large tree trunk, thankful for the dense shadows. The men passed close to him, but did not see him and passed into the house.

As he came near the street he heard the sound of a motorcycle, and, looking out, saw a motorcycle officer coming along. He ran out into the street, asked the man to take him to 30 Creighton Street with all possible speed, and tumbled into the carrier unconscious. The officer knew this address as the home of the head of the Secret Service, and did as Harton had asked, but none too soon,

for just as they went out of sight a car shot out of the driveway.

When they arrived at the chief's house there was no sign of the auto and the officer ran up the steps with Harton in his arms. The chief himself came to the door and he quickly led the way into his study where the man dropped Harton on a couch.

Just then Harton came to, and grinned at his former chief. "Feel in my pocket," he said, and as the chief brought out the envelope, he added, "The Red Pig—I got it at last"

MARGARET CRAIG, '27.

"FRENCHMAN'S GOLD"

In the year of 1756 the French who were living in Nova Scotia were expelled by the English because they wouldn't take the oath of allegiance to the English king. Their homes and barns were burned and they were taken to ships from which they were put ashore along the coast of the Colonies.

Ten years afterward, a party of pioneers from New England settled on the south shore of the Cobequid Bay. Here they found three blackened old barns that were slowly falling to ruin.

One of the pioneers suggested the name of "Old Barns" for their settlement, and it is still called by that name.

The people had many legends about the French who had been their predecessors, one of which was a story that told of the French burying their gold to prevent the English from getting it. It was said to be hidden on the Barbour farm.

On this farm there was an old road leading down to the salt marsh which was used only during the haying time in the summer. Near this road was a small field hedged in by bushes and small trees. This was where the gold was supposed to have been buried. Many people tried to locate it, but it had never been found.

One day two of the young men of the settlement, named Jim Barbour and Sam Crowe, made up their minds to try to find it. Not wanting the people to know of their attempt they decided to go at midnight of the following night.

Jim, who did not believe much in the story of buried gold, decided to play a joke on his comrade. That same day he had a lengthy talk with another friend

"You stay in the bushes and make a little

noise and then leave," he said. "I'll do the rest."

So the next night Jim and Sam made their way cautiously to the little field. Each had a shovel and they carried a lantern that gave only a faint glimmer of light and threatened to go out at any moment. Jim kept to the right of his companion and carried his arm in a queer position, but in the darkness Sam did not notice this.

When they arrived at the field, Jim put down the lantern which he had been carrying, and went beyond the small ring of light to take off his coat. He then started to dig with great rapidity. After a short time he told Sam that it was his turn. Sam dug for a while and they again changed places. By this time a large hole had been made. Jim was digging busily when suddenly Sam sat up and listened intently.

"Hush" he said. "There's somebody in the bushes."

"It's only the wind," returned his friend, who had not stopped his work.

"No, it is somebody watching us," declared Sam.

"You're afraid," scoffed his friend. "It's only your nerves."

Sam who had never been afraid of anything, was angered by this remark, and saying that he would prove that there was somebody in those bushes he darted off in the direction from which the sound came.

This was just what Jim had been waiting for. He jumped from the hole and ran to his coat from which he took a block of wood about a foot square. This he carried to the hole and, jumping in, planted it firmly in the earth, then lifted it out again, leaving a mark in the soft soil that looked as if a box had been taken from it.

Jim waited until he heard Sam returning, then leaped from the hole with the block under his arm and started to run. Sam, certain that his friend had found the "Frenchman's Gold" and wanted to keep it all for himself, started after him.

"Wait, Jim," he called, "I know you've got it, and you've got to give me half." But Jim did not wait. After entering the woods he threw away the block and easily avoided Sam who did not know which direction he had taken.

Sam resolved to watch Jim and see if he really had got the gold, so when he saw Jim leave for the city the next day he promptly

harnessed his horse and started after him.

Sure enough, when he reached town he saw Jim disappear into the largest bank there. Sam went to the store opposite and waited patiently until Jim should come out.

Meanwhile Jim walked up to the cashier's window and spoke to him, saying that he wanted to deposit money. He pushed ten dollars under the grate and waited until he had received his book. He was about to turn away when he stopped and said to the cashier.

"Will you do something for me?"

"Certainly, if I can," replied the man.

"Well, if anybody comes in here asking if I deposited money, tell them that I did, but don't tell how much."

"All right, I'll do it," answered the cashier good-naturedly.

So it happened that after Jim had left, Sam entered the bank and asked if the man who had just left had deposited money.

"Yes," answered the cashier.

"How much?" inquired Sam.

"I am not at liberty to say," was the answer.

Sam left the bank crestfallen, but he believed until his death that Jim Barbour had found the "Frenchman's Gold."

AUDREY DARTT, '27.

TURN ABOUT IS FAIR PLAY

Bob Cunningham was a good husband. Everyone admitted that. But how could he help it, they would add, with adorable Dolly Cunningham for a wife?

They had been married nearly two years, and they had never had a quarrel—that is, except an occasional disagreement about the weather, or as to what was the best brand of canned tuna fish. That was all, however, and their friends all marvelled.

"But," they would conclude with a long-drawn sigh, "they are so well suited to each other, and he is so devoted to her. Now my husband is good for nothing but radio, and I can't get a word on anything else out of him."

Some other injured wife would chime in with her grievances, and then the conversation would turn to other topics.

One evening, the above-mentioned husband came home with two newspapers under his arm, and Dolly, smiling as usual, met him at the door.

"We'll have to call off that show tonight, Dolly," he said as he walked in and sat down at the supper table. "Because, I—er—well, I've got quite a lot to do tonight. We had a hard day at the office, and I—er, well, I thought I'd bring my work home, if you don't mind."

Of course, Dolly sympathized, although she wondered a bit at this speech, so unlike outspoken Bob.

Directly after supper, Bob took the two papers, and started for his den.

"Bob," Dolly ventured a bit timidly, being rather upset at her husband's unusual mood, "could I take one of those newspapers?"

"No!" he snapped, and went in and shut the door.

Dolly, surprised and a bit hurt, settled down with a book and tried to read, but she could not help pondering over Bob's queer manner, for they usually spent their evenings together, or if he had any extra work to do, he stayed at the office to finish it.

She finally became interested in her book however, and read until quite late. Then Bob came out after the dictionary, at which Dolly looked more puzzled than ever.

"Better go to bed, dear," he said, with the first show of any feeling for her that she had seen that evening. "I may have to work quite late," he added.

Dolly reluctantly closed her book and started off. However, before she went upstairs, she determined to see, if she could, what this work was that took up so much of her husband's time. So she stealthily crept over to the den door, and peeped through the keyhole. At first she could make out nothing, but the broad shoulders of her husband, bent over his desk. Then suddenly he swung around in his chair, consulted the dictionary hurriedly, then excitedly wrote something down on a piece of paper. But what was that paper? She shifted her position, and took another look. It was marked out in black and white squares. He was writing in the white squares. Suddenly it dawned upon her. Cross-word puzzles! So that was the "important work" which made her spend her evening in solitude, she thought angrily, while she had been pitying the poor husband who she thought was working his poor head off to earn money. That was a nice way to act! These thoughts passed through her mind as she ran madly up the stairs.

Soon she had devised a plan by which she meant to cure her husband.

Next morning, everything went off as usual. After Bob had gone, Dolly instead of doing her work, and going to the market to order something for supper, sat down at the living room table, with several newspapers before her, and she started to work on some puzzles. She must have several done, or partly done, she decided, so that Bob would not guess that she was pretending.

So she worked hard all day just stopping for a bite at noon, and when she heard Bob's whistle, she did not run to meet him, smiling, as usual, but bent more intently over her work.

Bob shouted her name at the door, then walked on into the living room. There he stopped, and stood in the doorway in blank amazement. There was Dolly, sitting at the table working cross-word puzzles, while her usually tidy house looked far from neat, the dishes could be seen piled up in the sink, and everything had a disconsolate air.

"Dolly, what does this mean?" he asked, after a moment of silence in which Dolly had hard work to keep from laughing.

"Mean?" she answered blankly. "Why, it—what is a word of six letters beginning with sc and ending with ol, meaning a place where children love to go?"

By this time Bob was where he could see the expression on his wife's face.

"Dolly, you deceiver," he cried, "did you see me last night, in my den?"

So then the whole story had to be told. Some of the men in the firm had interested Bob in a cross-word puzzle contest, and he had almost finished it. It was a sticker, too, he had added with a bit of enthusiasm.

"But I'm cured, Dolly," he smiled. "We'll burn the whole lot, and make up for it tonight by going to the best show of the season." And so what had threatened to be Bob and Dolly's first really serious quarrel was averted and it was never heard whether or not they ever had another.

SYLVIA CLAFLIN, '25.

THE OPTOMETRIST

Southbridge has the largest optical manufactory in the world. The purpose of this theme is to tell of a profession which has proved the usefulness of lenses in relief of defective vision.

I refer to optometry as a profession. Until a few years ago men sold glasses as a sideline of some other business, such as that of a jeweler. The purchaser chose his own glasses, taking those which he thought best suited to him. Scientific study of the eye and use of lenses changed the method of sale. Now there is a man who determines first whether glasses are needed, then decides upon lenses for the individual eye. At the present time few optometrists do anything but examine eyes, for the public realizes the danger of allowing incompetent people to do this work.

Within recent years laws have been strictly enforced in the United States concerning the right to examine eyes and prescribe lenses. Optometry is recognized by every state, also by the District of Columbia. In an effort to develop optometrists of high standard, an association of optometrists has begun to classify the schools of our country.

Optometry is still in its infancy, so young men and women would do well to choose it

for their careers. Its field of research is very broad. To teachers as well optometry has its appeal, for it needs good instructors. I am sure that it will be advantageous for pupils of the high school to learn a little about this growing profession.

Also bear in mind the fact that the person who does shop work is called an optician, while the examiner of eyes is called an optometrist. The oculist specializes in diseases and surgery of the eye.

The late R. C. Augustine, who was the pioneer in introducing optometry as a profession to the public, lectured a few years ago here in our own auditorium, mentioning that it would be of great interest to see whether we may soon find some of our number successfully carrying through the work he started. For students contemplating going to college I may add that a bachelor's degree will be given for the successful completion of a four years' course in optometry.

CHARLES HANSON, '25.





LOCALS



THE SENIOR POVERTY SOCIAL

The Seniors entertained the lower classmen at a Poverty Social in the High School Auditorium, December 5, 1924. The hall was attractively decorated and a short play entitled "Rubber Boots" was given. The cast was as follows: Pauline, Bernice Parker; Sophie, Betty Rich; Lou, Gertrude Farley; a tramp, Dean Tabor. After the entertainment games and dancing were enjoyed and refreshments were served. The party was in charge of Bernice Parker and the following committees:

Refreshments, Hilda Gregory, chairman; Constance Coderre, Louis Allard, Mary Serletto, Exoa Fairfield, and Charles Hanson.

Dance, Louise Nolan, chairman; Levi Benoit, Olivette Bonin.

Decoration, Dean Tabor, chairman; Sylvia Clafin, Ruth Pollard, Mildred Wheeler, Adele Werner.

Entertainment, Robert Brown, chairman; Theogene Benoit, Adrian Gaucher, Margaret Lafleche, Charles Tessier, Felicia Kane, Gertrude Farley, Antoinette Trahan, Rosalind Lucier, Aline Pinsonneault, Robert Snell, Lawrence Litchfield and Roland Thayer.

Ushers, Robert Montague and Hector Leclair.

JUNIOR CLASS PARTY

The Junior Class presented a play, "Anne What's-Her-Name," on January 20th, in the Town Hall. The play was followed by dancing, for which the Eldorado Orchestra played.

The High School Orchestra played between the acts and before the play.

The cast of characters was as follows:

Anthony Wheat	Stoughton Litchfield
Burks	Philip Renaud
Marjorie	Catherine Clarke
Aunt Julia	Lillia Pinsonneault
Barbara	Margaret Tait
Mooney	Helen Clarke
Willie Peabody	Donald Simonds
Doran	Gerald Benoit

Gran'ma

Louise Byers

Judge Bunby

Doctor Akea

Nancy Brown

Ebenezer Whittle

Mrs. Ebenezer Whittle

Two Little Whittles

Alice Gaumont

Beryl Morse

Richard Tillyer

Herbert Goodell

Agnes Tait

Robert Oldham

Leona Morse

Ethel and Ruth L'Heureux

Miss Finnegan, the class advisor, coached the play.

The committees in charge were as follows: Property committee: Desautels, chairman; Miss Lucier, Fitzgerald, Day, Poeton, and Brown.

Tickets and programs, Herman Goodell.

Candy committee, Irene Paquette, chairman; Stella Lavallee, Dorothy L'Homme, Evelyn Brissette, Beulah Barnum, Evelyn Champagne, Leona Lafortune, Claire Robidoux, Gertrude Lusignan, Esther Moore, Helen Kenfield, Jeannette Pinsonneault.

Advertising, Alfreda Norman, chairman, Stella Lavallee, and Albert Dragon.

Music committee, Labelle, chairman; Durgin.

CONCERT

The Seniors put on a concert by the Clark University Glee Club, in the Town Hall on February 20th. The entertainment committee, which saw to the obtaining of this concert was composed of Bernice Parker, chairman; Louise Nolan, Hilda Gregory, Robert Brown, and Dean Tabor.

MOVING PICTURES

A number of moving pictures will be shown in the High School Auditorium for the benefit of the students. Below is the list of pictures which will be shown throughout the year:

Jan. 13. "Ivanhoe."

Jan. 27. "The Great White North."

Feb. 3. "Deerslayer."

Dates of the following pictures are to be announced later: "The Little Minister,"

"Rip Van Winkle," "Oliver Twist," "David Copperfield."

The pictures will be given at 3.30 in the afternoon and at 8.00 o'clock at night. The price charged for admission will be ten cents.

The Sophomores entertained the other classmen at a party in the High School Auditorium January 30, 1925. The entertainment was in the form of two plays, "A Romance in Porcelain" and "Squaring It With the Boss."

The cast for the first play was as follows:

Crook	Ludolph Brodeur
Doctor	Maurice Rosenthal
Cecelia	Loretta Proulx
Clarence	Sidney Thibeault

For the second:

Beth Greening	Virginia Cortiss
Jimmy Greening	Keith Middleton

Mr. Dunne
Aunt Hortense
Aunt Clarissa
Johnny Bender

Sidney Thibeault
Anita Dani
Isabelle Skinner
Edward Tate

The committees in charge were as follows:

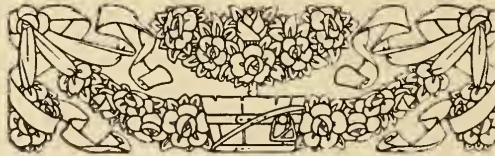
Chairman of all committees, Keith Middleton.

Decorating committee, Gertrude LeClair, chairman; William Dennison, Ludolph Brodeur, Hector Hebert, Winifred Chamberlain, Ruth Wriston.

Music committee, Phyllis Taylor, chairman; Beatrice Gaumond, Virginia Cortiss.

Entertainment, Louise Apte, chairman; Anita Dani, Margaret Craig.

Refreshment, Aline Laricheliere, chairman; Sidney Thibeault, Isabelle Skinner, Janet Mason, and Walter Wesson.





ALUMNI



HISTORY OF THE CLASS OF 1897

The class of 1897 was one of the smallest entering classes as well as the smallest graduating class of the Southbridge High School. Eighteen girls and boys entered High School in the rear of the Town Hall building in the spring of 1893, and of that number only five sat on the platform in the Town Hall, the evening of June 24, 1897 and received their diplomas. The five were Mr. Frank Sibley Chipman, Herbert William Ellam (who was valedictorian), Bertha Frances Hyde, Allie Ursula Putney and Charles Arthur Tetreault (who was salutatorian).

After graduating, Miss Putney attended Normal School in Willimantic, taught school for several years and then married Herman J. Barnes of Fabyan, Conn., where she lived. Her death, which occurred in July, 1924, was the first break in our graduating class of 27 years before.

"Bert" Ellam, after graduating, worked for a while, then entered Harvard, graduating from Harvard Medical School. He was an interne at Worcester Hospital for a year or so, then opened an office in Gardner, Mass., where he has built up a large practice. He was in the service at a southern camp during the World War. Up to now he has not married.

"Charlie" Tetreault entered Yale Medical School at New Haven, from which he graduated, then entered the New Haven Hospital and Nenrolen Hospital for about a year and a half. In 1907, he entered the U. S. Army Medical Corps as a 1st Lieutenant. He was appointed to serve in the Philippines, but before leaving San Francisco, was stationed for a while at the Presidio. He was in the Philippines for nearly three years, and before returning to the United States spent three months in travel and study at Vienna, Berlin, and Paris. He returned to the United States in 1910, and was stationed at Fort Michie and Fort Wright in New London harbor, and later at Fort Adams at Newport. Dr. Tetreault opened an office in

Southbridge in April, 1912, has served as school physician, and enjoys a large practice.

Frank Chipman entered the employ of the American Optical Company and today occupies a responsible position in the office of that concern. He married Miss Ruby Foote, and four children have been born to them, of whom three are living.

Bertha Hyde married Dudley H. Clarke in 1902 and they have four children.

Although the two latter graduates mentioned have no college degree they have really developed the most responsible positions of any of the class, namely, the raising of their families in these most trying and expensive times.

The class of 1897, though small in number, challenges any previous or future class for a better accounting of its members, two-fifths serving humanity as physicians, and three-fifths furnishing future citizens for our country.

May we continue to live up to our class motto, "*Loyal En Tout!*"

Written expressly for the Alumni Section of the CRIMSON AND GRAY, by

MRS. DUDLEY H. CLARKE, '97.

AN EXAMINATION AT LA SORBONNE

"Approach thy grave like one who draws the
drapery of his couch about him
And lies down to pleasant dreams."

How often during the last month at La Sorbonne did my brain mechanically repeat these words like the monotonous beat of a tom-tom.

An examination in any school or college in France is of vital importance not only to the student, but to his family and friends, who follow every step with feverish expectancy. These examinations are designed to be not only a mental, but also a moral and physical test.

At "*l'Ecole de Preparation des Professeurs de Francais a l'Etranger de la Sor-*

bonne" the candidate must have attended the school for two semesters. No test or quiz is given during the year to break the monotony of the steady influx of learning, so that it is simply terrifying to feel June advancing with the possibility of losing all—at least to outward appearances—one's acquired knowledge in the final showdown. About a month before the ordeal the candidates are chosen; their classroom records are looked over and if found satisfactory the students are allowed to present themselves for the exams.

As the days and weeks slip by, doubt assails the soul of the candidate and this doubt slowly changes to a certainty as the day approaches. One hears such weird tales about the peculiarities of the professors composing the jury, that what little confidence one has is hard to retain. Somehow the appetite flags and sleep deserts our couch. In one short week we endeavor to cram down what was learned during a year, but of little avail; the brain is like a sieve daily losing its precious store.

The exam is divided into two parts; the written consisting of a four-hour composition on one day, and the following day a four-hour written commentary. This is for elimination purposes. If admitted at the written, the candidate then presents himself for the oral. A written exam is bad enough at its best, but an oral as practised in France is simply soul-racking, especially to Americans who have a failing for hem-ing, haw-ing and "and-d-ing." For the oral there is a jury composed of five professors whom we have never seen. Each sits behind a desk as remote and awe-inspiring as a judge. A book is handed across the table. It might be written in Hebrew for all one can make out at first sight. Slowly the veil rises and in a wee sma' voice the explanation begins. After twenty minutes of grilling we are dismissed to allow the other inmates to enter. There are five of these twenty-minute ordeals, some worse, but none better. By the time they are over darkness has settled in on the soul—all hope is dead—and there are three more days of torture before the verdict is made known.

During those ten days nothing counts and Paris looks like a deserted subway station. Food and sleep are memories. On Saturday night the candidates meet, and the dean, with a benign mien reads from what seem a short scroll the names of the successful ones.

When one's name is read the heart gives a jump of surprise; we were all so sure of failure that the contrary cannot be the truth. There is a grand rush made for a cafe where a whacking meal is ordered, and everybody talks at the same time; there is a lot of laughing and giggling for no apparent reason—but happiness just radiates from the group.

At the beginning of the year one hundred fifty-five students were enrolled; of that number sixty signed up for the exams and thirty-eight were accepted.

Thus ends a perfect year; plenty of work, sufficient play, and that atmosphere of Old World refinement and culture which leaves a lasting imprint on one's personality.

LIENNE TETRAULT.

HON. FRANK E. BROOKS, AN ALUMNUS
OF THE SOUTHBRIDGE HIGH SCHOOL,
CLASS OF 1879.

At about the time of the opening of the Civil War a delicate boy was born on the summit of Fiske Hill, the oldest settlement of this region, who was destined to become one of the most influential and best known graduates of the Southbridge High School, now known as the "Mary E. Wells High School" of Southbridge.

His father, Eli T. Brooks, was a farmer of moderate means who managed a large farm and engaged in lumbering during the winter seasons; he had lived in the Middle West for a time when that section of the country was young and was considered a far off land to the people of New England. His mother was a woman of refinement, who shaped well the characters of her children. From the home on the Hill the hearth fire of hospitality ever burned brightly and many exciting stories of western frontier life furnished entertainment to neighbors and friends.

Frank and his four sisters attended the Fiske Hill School in the small one-room building which stood at the corner of the main highway and the road leading easterly, in the midst of broad open fields with hardly room enough in the school yard for the stone doorstep at the school house entrance, and thence came to the Southbridge High School, at that time located in the old Town Hall building, well described by Dr. Leonard as "built in the shape of a brick with its plain

front, plain sides, and still plainer backsides." But someone has said that Dr. Hopkins on one end of a log with a boy on the other end would constitute a college, and Frank was fortunate in having splendid teachers. Miss Elizabeth R. Beach, who afterward became prominent in the McCall Mission Work in France, was principal of the school for the first two years of his course and exemplified the highest type of Christian living, stimulating to better endeavor, all who were attentive; and George H. Mellen, Esq., of Boston, followed her and stood for all that was good and strong for the upbuilding of the town. The late Frank Parsons, a brilliant mathematician, was also a teacher in the school.

During his high school course Frank was an apt pupil, modest and unassuming in demeanor, considerate of all his associates, and giving assurance of a bright future.

He graduated from Brown University in 1883, and then studied law; on becoming a member of the bar he was admitted to the law office of his uncle, Benjamin Brooks, in Boston. His law studies were interrupted for a time by terms of serving as principal of a high school and he was assisted by Miss Sarah Coolidge, daughter of a much beloved clergyman who served the Congregational Church of Leicester for many years.

Just as success in Boston practice seemed assured Frank's health failed completely under a sudden and severe attack of quick consumption. The mountain air of the Rockies was decided on as a means of possible, but not probable relief. Most of his friends despaired of ever seeing him again, but his resolute high school assistant with intrepid courage became his life partner, took him to Boulder, Colorado, secured for herself a

teaching position to afford a means of livelihood, and maintained an atmosphere of good cheer and encouragement which finally after a long, hard struggle against great odds brought renewed vigor and enabled her patient to resume his law practice. He became well known as an expert in mining law and organized many corporations, moving later to Colorado Springs and thence to Denver.

On the death of a Congressman-at-Large for the State of Colorado, Brooks was put forward as the candidate for the Republican Party against an unusually strong Democratic opponent, and chiefly by his own campaign oratory won a memorable victory and was re-elected for the following term.

Perhaps his most notable work was as leader in an enterprise for the development of a section of Colorado, reclaiming an area as large as the State of Rhode Island, involving the clearing of land, building of reservoirs, irrigation systems, highways, railroads and towns, which was to be accomplished in a term of seven years. For this great project he personally raised, largely from eastern capitalists, a good share of the immense amount of money required and was well ahead of the time set for the work when over-work necessitated his resignation, and the World War delayed the completion of the program. His death came unexpectedly as he was convalescing from an attack of pneumonia on a trip to Southern Florida.

The characteristic traits displayed in his school days were intensified in later life; and, in the words of a tribute to another, "if every one for whom he rendered loving service were to place a blossom on his grave, he would lie beneath a wilderness of flowers."

Written by

MR. ALVA HYDE,
Class of 1897.





JOKES



LEARNED IN COMMERCIAL GEOGRAPHY

Rubber comes from Canada.
Tennessee is the capital of Louisiana.
Delaware is the capital of Missouri.
Coal is grown in all parts of the U. S.
Butter is made from cream, and then the
calories are put in.
Rubber comes from Goodyear.
Oats is grown in the corn belt.
Rubber comes from Indigo.
Wheat is raised in Chicago.

Fond Father—"What are you going to do
for a living?"
Son—"Write."
Fond Father—"Write what?"
Son—"Home."

Miss Norman—"What a pity it is that
handsome men are always conceited."
Fitzgerald—"Not always; I'm not."

Simonds—"I think a street car just
passed."
Cormack—"What makes you think so?"
Simonds—"I can see its tracks."

Miss H. Clarke—"What's worse than rain-
ing cats and dogs?"
Miss C. Clarke—"I don't know."
Miss H. Clarke—"Hailing street cars."

Father—"How is it young man, that I
find you kissing my daughter? How is it, I
ask you?"
Young Man—"Oh, it's great! It's great!"

Knowles—"Osteopaths ought to make good
critics."
Oldham—"Why?"
Knowles—"They're always rubbing it in."

Inquisitive lady (on visit to a battleship)
—"And did they put those rocks way to the
bottom of the ocean to build that break-
water?"

Assuring Gob—"No, madam, they left two
inches so that the fish could swim through."

"Red" Benoit (speaking of Niagara Falls)
—"Imagine that tremendous volume of wa-
ter hurling off the edge into space."

L. Faxon—"Well, what's there to stop it?"

Doctor—"Well, and how did you find
yourself this morning?"

Patient—"Oh, I just opened my eyes, and
there I was."

Cormack—"I need five dollars for tonight
and I only have four."

R. Hall—"That's easy. Pawn the four
dollars for three and sell the pawn ticket for
two bucks."

He (teaching her how to drive)—"In case
of emergency, the first thing to do is to put
on the brake."

She—"Why, I thought it came with the
car."

HEARD IN CHEMISTRY

Mr. Hutchinson—"Miss Clarke, where is
the atmosphere?"

Miss C. Clarke—"Everywhere that there
isn't anything else."

Desautels (translating French) — "He
threw a new pair of eyes at the stranger."

Miss Sullivan—"What is the climax of a
story?"

Herbert Goodell—"It's the point where the
rising action begins to fall."

Margaret Lafleche's business letter tran-
scribed from shorthand—"Please write us
fully and frantically (frankly) in regard to
this matter."

Fitzgerald—"Can you tell me what makes the tower of Pisa lean?"

Miss Parker—"No, I don't know; if I did, I'd take some myself."

"Now," said Miss Sullivan to her class in English, "can anyone give me a word ending in 'ous' meaning 'full of' as 'dangerous,' full of danger, and 'hazardous,' full of hazard?"

For a moment there was dead silence then Fitzpatrick replied, "Pious, full of pie."

Little Boy—"I would like to take 'the Life of Julius Caesar.'"

Miss S. Claflin (assisting in library)—"You're too late. Brutus took it long ago."

Homer Poeton was being taken through an observatory. He paused to watch a man peering through a large telescope. Just then a star fell.

"My word," he exclaimed in amazement, "you're surely a fine shot."

Miss Sullivan (in English IV)—"Compare 'bad.'"

Miss Margaret Lafleche—"Bad, worser, worstest."

1st Flapper—"My artist friend said he'd like to paint me."

2nd Ditto—"Probably dissatisfied with the job you've done."

Miss B. McGilvray—"Why do they put corn meal on the dance floor?"

W. Schumacher—"To make the chickens feel at home."

She—"Have you ever talked this way to any other girl?"

He—"No, my love; I'm at my best tonight."

S. Litchfield—"You see, I got up bright and early for your class, sir."

Mr. Hutchinson (sadly)—"Early, perhaps, but not bright."

He "Do you dance?"

She—"I love to (o)."

He—"Good! Then we'll love."

"I doctor myself with the aid of medical books."

"Yes, and some day you'll die of a misprint."

Roger Brown—"Hey, there, don't you dare park that car of yours near my horse."

L. Faxon—"Don't worry, I know the rules are not to park near a plug."

Teacher (to dull boy in Math.)—"You be ashamed of yourself. Why at your age George Washington was a surveyor."

Pupil—"Yes, sir, and at your age he was President of the United States."

Steward on a steamship—"Your lunch will be up in a minute."

R. Hall (seasick)—"So will my breakfast."

Miss Trufant—"What do two inclined planes having their ends together form?"

Lesniewski—"Aeroplane."

Senior—"Well, I hope that this time you have brought me matches that will light."

Freshie—"Yessir, I tried every one."

FROM A FRESHMAN THEME

"A remarkable change came over him. He sat down on the stool with three legs." Some change.

X—"Mr. Y., I have kept company with your daughter for 15 years."

Mr. Y.—"Well, what do you want?"

X—"I want to marry her."

Mr. Y.—"I thought you wanted a pension."

Judge—"And in the future see to it that you keep out of bad company."

Prisoner—"Thanks, your Honor, you won't see me here again."

Herman Goodell—"I suppose you hatch all these chickens yourself."

Farmer—"Nope—we've got hens here to do that."

Rastus—"Who all's boss in yoah home?"

Sam—"Boss—Why, niggah, Ah makes mah wife do eberything she want to."

"That young man of yours," said Mr. Proulx as Loretta came down to breakfast, "should be in a museum as a living curiosity."

"Why, father!" exclaimed Loretta in tones of indignation, "what do you mean?"

"I noticed when I passed through the hall late last night," answered her father, "that he had two heads upon his shoulders."

Poeton—"In the far North the nights are six months long."

Simonds—"Lord! Imagine asking a girl for a date there."

Durgin—"Why do rivers go down in summer?"

Labelle—"Because the fish get thirsty and drink all the water."

L. Litchfield—"Something is preying on Tessier's mind."

R. Thayer—"Never mind, it will die of starvation."

J. Gregory—"Hey, Fannie, why do they have clocks on socks?"

Ryan—"So they can see how fast the seams run."

R. Hall (on the way home)—"What makes this car go so slow?"

Irate Conductor—"If you don't like it, get off and walk."

Ralph—"I would, only I'm not expected until car time."

Voice from next room—"And if you do that again I'll throw you out of the window. You ——— fool."

Voice from next room—"Hey, Eddie, who's the little guy you're talking to?"

C. Smith—"Don't you think this suit is a perfect fit?"

D. Fitzgerald—"Yes, almost a convulsion."

Judge—"Young lady, your husband claims you bit him. Have you any defence?"

Young Lady—"Yes, sir. He treated me like a dog."

They sat on the porch at midnight,
Their lips were tightly pressed.

The old man gave the signal,
The bulldog did the rest.

Circus Man—"The leopard has escaped—shoot him on the spot."

Guard—"Which spot?"

Mr. Hutchinson—"What do you know about nitrates (night rates)?"

Desautels—"They're the cheapest."

"It has been estimated that an elephant's trunk contains 40,000 muscles. It must have been packed by a woman."

Thayer—"You couldn't let me have five dollars till next week, could you?"

Roger Brown—"No; and I can't promise to do it then."



EXCHANGES

We have received the following exchanges since our last issue. We enjoyed very one of them and will comment on as many as possible in this issue.

<i>The Drury Academe</i>	North Adams, Mass.
<i>The Chronicle</i>	Pasadena, Calif.
<i>The Argus</i>	Gardner, Mass.
<i>The Tripod</i>	Hartford, Conn.
<i>The Dial</i>	Brattleboro, Vt.
<i>The Student's Pen</i>	Pittsfield, Mass.
<i>The Milachi</i>	Milaca, Minn.
<i>The Critic</i>	Derry, N. H.
<i>The Spotlight</i>	Cranford, N. J.
<i>The Micrometer</i>	Cincinnati, Ohio
<i>The X-Ray</i>	Sacramento, Calif.
<i>The Red and Black</i>	Claremont, N. H.
<i>The Academy Journal</i>	Norwich, Conn.
<i>The Tripod</i>	Boston, Mass.
<i>The Taconic</i>	Williamstown, Mass.
<i>The Salemica</i>	New Salem, Mass.
<i>The Observer</i>	Ansonia, Conn.
<i>The Enfield Echo</i>	Thompsonville, Conn.
<i>The Quill</i>	Parkersburg, W. Va.
<i>The Volunteer</i>	Concord, N. H.
<i>The Opinator</i>	Kingston, Pa.
<i>The Emblem</i>	Southington, Conn.
<i>The Chronicle</i>	Wallingford, Conn.
<i>The Red and Gray</i>	Fitchburg, Mass.
<i>The Review</i>	Medford, Mass.
<i>The Meteor</i>	Berlin, N. H.
<i>The Inde</i>	Hanover, N. H.
<i>The Palmer</i>	Palmer, Mass.
<i>The School Life</i>	Melrose, Mass.
<i>The Anesthesia</i>	New York, N. Y.
<i>The Blue and White Banner</i>	Putnam, Conn.
<i>The Broadcast</i>	Everett, Mass.
<i>The Budget</i>	Berne, Ind.
<i>The Argus</i>	Gardner, Mass.
<i>The Booster</i>	Providence, R. I.
<i>The Clarion</i>	Arlington, Mass.
<i>Academy News</i>	Portland, Me.
<i>The Outlook</i>	Kezar Falls, Me.
<i>The Orange and Black</i>	Middletown, Conn.
<i>Commercial News</i>	New Haven, Conn.

WHAT WE THINK OF THEM

School Life, Melrose, Mass. A neat magazine.

The Dial, Brattleboro, Vt. An ideal Halloween number. Your French Department is worthy of special mention.

The Tripod, Roxbury Latin School. Your jokes tucked in here and there are good, but why not a few more?

The Booster, Bryant & Stratton, Providence, R. I. We are certainly pleased to meet you, and feel acquainted already. You have a good paper. Call often.

The Meteor, Berlin, Me. You have a good paper. Your cuts are the best ever!

The Student's Pen, Pittsfield, Mass. An excellent paper. Your Christmas number was worthy of praise.

The Inde, Hanover, N. H. Your cuts show good work.

The Micrometer, Ohio Mechanics Institute, Cincinnati, Ohio. We can find nothing to criticize. Your paper is especially large and well balanced. The cover is unusually well done.

The Red and Black, Claremont, N. H. Your paper is good. Editorials especially so.

The Enfield Echo, Thompsonville, Conn. Your literary department is especially good but why not a few more jokes.

WHAT THEY THINK OF US

You have a splendid literary department.—*The Volunteer*, Concord, N. H.

The cover of your commencement number was very attractive. You have an interesting athletic department and some good articles well written up. Where are your jokes and poems?—*The Meteor*, Berlin, Me.

We like the worth-while literary material of your commencement number.—*The Academy Journal*, Norwich, Conn.

An excellent literary department. Why not a few more cuts and try a larger print with less waste space between departments.—*The Observer*, Ansonia, Conn.

A good paper!—*The Pinkerton Critic*, Derry, N. H.

We are very glad to have you on our exchange list again this year. Your literary department is highly commendable. "Women's Place in Business," by Isabel Spielman is well written and shows clearly the writer's views on the subject.—*The Seminary Operator*, Kingston, Pa.

We see that you arrange the contents of the book beneath the board of editors, but you don't give the page of each item. Though you haven't many cuts, the ones you have are extremely good.—*The Micrometer*, Ohio Mechanics Institute, Cincinnati, Ohio.

COMING DOWN THE HALL

If a body bump a body
Comin' down the hall,
Need a body hit a body
Or bump him back at all?
If a body see a body
Comin' down the hall,
Need a body hail a body
As loud as he can call?
Ev'ry lad and ev'ry lassie
Have their weakest sides,
So each and ev'ry lad and lassie
Must by the rules abide.

—*The Dial*, Brattleboro, Vt.





FOOTBALL

Our return game with Woodstock came on Saturday, November 1, in Woodstock. Again, owing to the efforts of the cheer leaders, we filled two trucks. Let's keep up the good work; it's the best we've done for quite while.

Our team went down to Woodstock expecting an easy victory, but evidently they were mistaken. "Fumbles to right of them, fumbles to left of them," etc. Fellows who never dropped the ball before fumbled all over themselves. In spite of all our mistakes, Woodstock failed to score until the first of the last quarter. The score stood 0-0. Then the fun began. It looked bad for our team, but they didn't give it a thought. They fought down that field until they were held in Woodstock's one-foot line. Even this did not faze them. They came right back and finally Fitzgerald went over with half the Woodstock team hanging around his neck. Calquohoun did his bit by making good the kick.

The game will be one to be remembered. The spunk and fight shown by both teams showed what those fellows are made of. Fellows on both teams who should have been interviewing a doctor on the sidelines kept on playing for the glory of their school. This game, instead of creating enmity, should be the beginning of a lasting friendship, whose foundation is deep respect, between the two schools.

Lineup:

SOUTHBRIDGE—7

Orzech le
Litchfield lt
Fitzgerald
Allard lg

7—WOODSTOCK

Morse
Maitland
Andrews

Gaucher

S. Litchfield

Thayer

L. Litchfield

McKinstry

Schumacker

Poeton, Brown

Tabor

Calquohoun

c

rg

rt

re

qb

rhb

lhb

fb

Hughes

Stafford

Phaneuf

Smith

Johnston

Anderson

Goodell

Moore

Touchdowns—Fitzgerald, Moore. Points after touchdowns—Calquohoun, Moore. Referee—Langdon of Pomfret. Umpire, Cormack. Timers—R. Allard, Wetherell. Head linesman—F. Wetherell. Linesmen—V. Wetherell, Fitzpatrick.

PALMER

We played Palmer, November 8, in Palmer. The ride up on the truck was very tiresome and cold, but we got there at last. When we saw the bunch of huskies Palmer had we felt still worse. After the first play our spirits rose and we really began to fight. In the first half we held them 10-0 in their favor. In the third quarter they got a couple more touchdowns. The last quarter was terrible. Touchdown after touchdown was made against us. Palmer might just as well have been at signal practice. It finally ended with a score of 34-0 in their favor. The only thing we can say is that Harvard was beaten just as badly on that same day. After the game we were provided with showers, a lunch, and a dance. Only a few wanted to dance so the truck went home, leaving the others to take the cars after the dance.

The spirit at Palmer was very noticeable. The football men were the hardest, cleanest and decentest players we ever met. The student body was the same. They had a very good cheering squad and a cornet to lead

the songs. If you wish to see an example of a fine school, go to Palmer.

Lineup:

SOUTHBRIDGE—0		34—PALMER
Orzeck	le	
Fitzgerald	lt	
Allard	lg	
S. Litchfield	c	
Thayer	rg	
L. Litchfield	rt	
McKinstry, Gregory	re	
Schumacker	qb	
Poeton	lhb	
Brown, Gregory	rhb	
Calquohoun	fb	

KILLINGLY

On November 14th, Killingly High came up to try their skill against our team. We were greatly handicapped because we had just lost practically half of the old team, including the captain. Louis Allard was elected acting captain for the remainder of the season. We managed to scrape together a team, and when Friday came around we felt able to hold them to a low score at least. When we saw how we were outweighed we began to be discouraged. The first quarter brought back our spirits, however. Killingly might be heavy, but they were slow, and that was our salvation. We tried a play that caught them off guard, and little Johnny Gregory, our star Freshman halfback, went through tackle for fifteen yards. That started things. Fitzgerald went through the other tackle, was tackled, but shook the man off and ploughed down the field. He was tackled twice, but it didn't seem to bother him very much, and he kept right on over the line after a run of forty yards. The kick was not made good, but we didn't mind a little thing like that. After that we just held them, and the whistle blew with a score of 6-0 in our favor. The coach had a right to feel pleased, for it is some feat to get together a bunch of fellows, some of whom have never played in a game, and about half of whom were Freshmen, and make a winning team of them in four days. The thing that really won that game, though, was the spirit and fight in the fellows. There was no "me and mine," it was every bit for the team. Every man fought his best and that was all that was needed. Special recognition should be made

of the playing of Fitzgerald. With his bad eye he couldn't see a thing, and had to be told the signals several times. He fought well and added to the laurels already tacked to his name. Without him it is doubtful if we could have won.

Lineup:

SOUTHBRIDGE—6		0—KILLINGLY
McKinstry	le	Barrett
Allard (Capt.)	lt	Walker
Desautels	lg	Ashworth
Gaucher	c	Stoddard
Orzeck	rg	Boulais
Poeton	rt	Loger
Edwards	re	Fulton
Ryan	qb	Haveles
Schumacker	lhb	Armington
Gregory	rhb	Nielson
Fitzgerald	fb	Gallop

Referee—Collucci. Umpire—Houlberg; Head linesman—Littleworth. Timers—Allard, Beeney. Linesmen—Cunneen, Cormack. Touchdown—Fitzgerald.

WEBSTER

Our last game was played with Webster on Thanksgiving morning. The sidelines were packed, and it would have been a hard job to get another car inside the field. The ride down to Webster was very cold, but it was not very long. Just before we went on the field, our principal, Mr. Gibbons, gave a talk that sent that team out determined to fight and to win. The first was accomplished, if not the second. Many thanks are due the Alumni for turning out as they did. They had a regular reunion on our side of the field. They certainly back up our teams, sometimes better than the school itself. The real reason for our defeat was the advantage Webster had in weight. This advantage was increased by the fact that the field was so muddy and slippery. Our light ends and backfield slipped all over the field. Every man on that team of ours gave all he had. They fought every second. Francis Ryan was the outstanding player. He hurt his ankle in the first half, but stayed through like the game fellow he is. The beating would have been much worse if he had gone out. The score was 20-0 in Webster's favor.

Lineup:

SOUTHBRIDGE—0		20—WEBSTER
McKinstry	le	Hamilton
Fitzgerald	lt	Lobban
Orzeck	lg	Cunningham
Gaucher	c	Carbon
Poeton	rg	Moezek
Allard (Capt.)	rt	Wayman
Edwards	re	Boudreau
Ryan	qb	Love, Batolla
Schumacker	lhb	Schoenfeldt
Gregory	rhb	Hand
Desautels	fb	Gadoury

Referee—Manning, Worcester. Umpire—Sadler, Worcester. Head linesman—Musgrave, Webster. Timer—Musgrave. Touchdowns—Schoenfeldt 2, Hand. Points after touchdowns—Love 2. Time—4 ten-minute periods.

At our last football meeting, Dan McKinstry, our star end, was elected captain for the 1925 season.

BASKETBALL

The basketball outlook seems pretty fair this year. All of last year's team will be here except Ralph Hall. We shall miss that old veteran, who carries so much grit and fight in his husky frame. However, we hope to see him out again next year. With Fitzgerald center, Allard forward, and Thayer and Litchfield, the inseparables, backs, the team will be given a good start. Many are the eyes that seek out Hall's job, and many are the hats that will be thrown in competition for it. We hope that from that bunch of eligibles, the coach will be able to find some fellow to try to fill Hall's shoes. It will be a hard job, because Ralph wore big shoes, and he took big steps. We'll have enough subs to fill a truck, so altogether, a very enjoyable season may be looked forward to.

EMPLOYED BOYS' BROTHERHOOD

We played the Employed Boys' Brotherhood, of this town, Saturday, December 27, at the Y. M. C. A., beating them to a tune of 42-32. The E. B. B. was ahead until the second half, when Fitzgerald broke loose and

won the game. "Red" Desautels was right behind him, and when he missed, "Red" would get it. The score at the end of the first half was 23-18.

M. E. W. H. S.—42				32—EMPLOYED BOYS			
	G	F	P		G	F	P
Thayer rf	2	0	4	Leathers rf	2	0	4
Desautels lf	7	0	14	Young rf	0	0	0
Fitzgerald c	8	7	23	Firth lf	7	1	15
Litchfield rg	0	1	1	Young c	0	0	0
Tillyer rg	0	0	0	Christiansen c	2	0	4
Tillyer lg	0	0	0	Keys c	0	0	0
Allard lg	0	0	0	Ryan rg	4	0	8
				A. Young rg	0	0	0
				G. Young rg	0	0	0
				Pezzetti lg	0	1	1
Total	34	8	42	Total	30	2	32

ALUMNI (Pick up)

Our basketball season opened at the Y. M. C. A., Christmas night. We were supposed to play the Alumni of the school, but as only two showed up, it was more of a pickup team than anything else. The score was 74-26, in favor of the school. Fitzgerald and Desautels were the stars of M. E. W. H. S., scoring 16 and 12 baskets from the floor respectively. Tillyer obliged by playing with the Alumni, because they were short handed. From the looks of the score our Alumni are slipping. We hope they will make us work harder next year.

M. E. W. H. S.—74		26—ALUMNI
Litchfield rg		rg Berry
Schumacker rg		
Allard lg		lg Ryan
Poeton lg		
Dennison c		c Cormack
Fitzgerald c		
Thayer rf (Capt.)		rf Lavallee
Edwards rf		
Desautels lf		lf Tillyer

Baskets from floor—Fitzgerald 16; Desautels 12; Litchfield; Dennison; Thayer 2; Schumacker; Berry 10; Tillyer 2. Free tries—Fitzgerald 5; Edwards 2; Berry 2; Desautels. Fouls called on—Lavallee; Cormack 2; Ryan 2; Berry; Fitzgerald 2; Thayer; Desautels. Referee—Winslow. Timer—Smith. Time—Four 10-minute periods.

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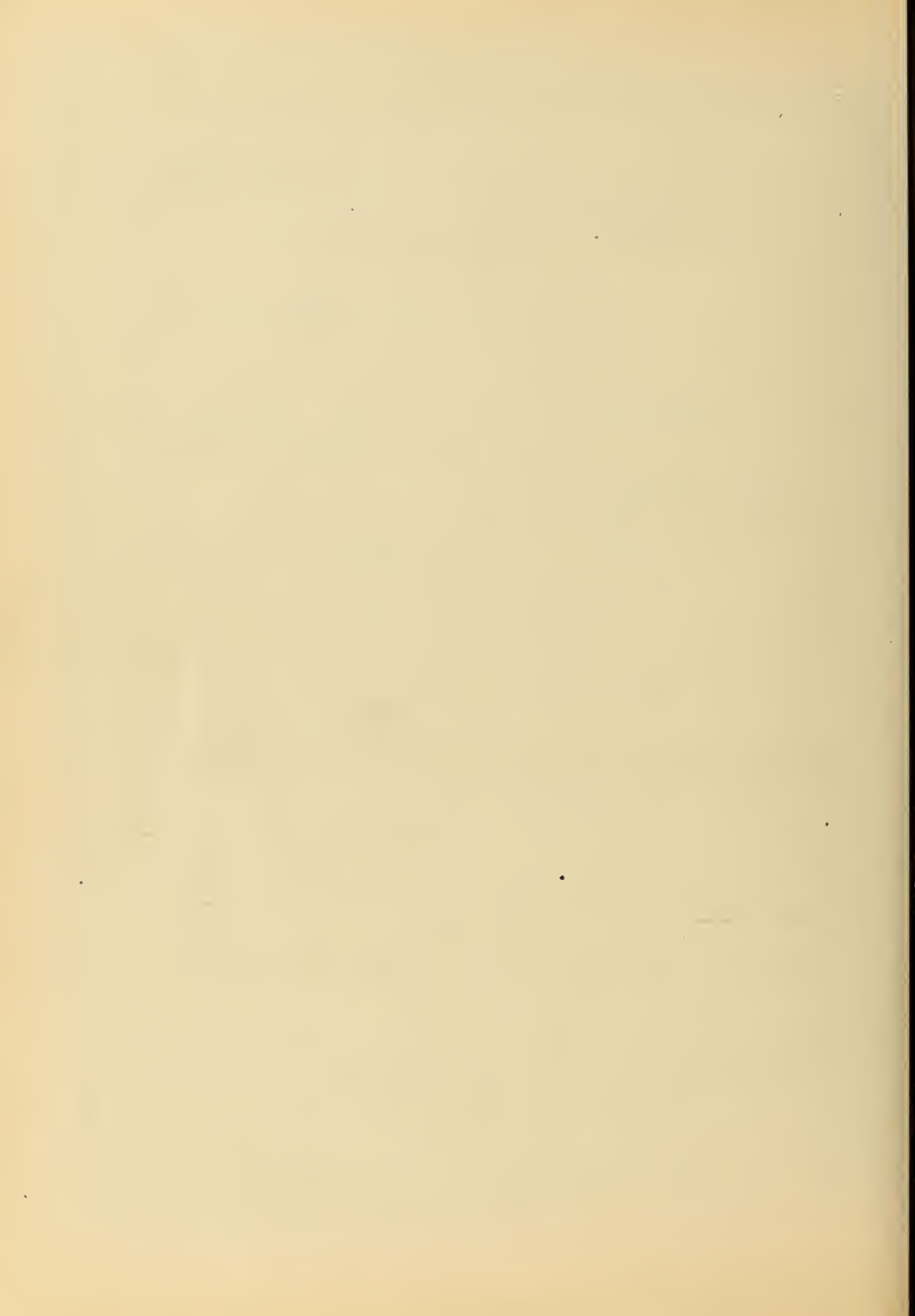
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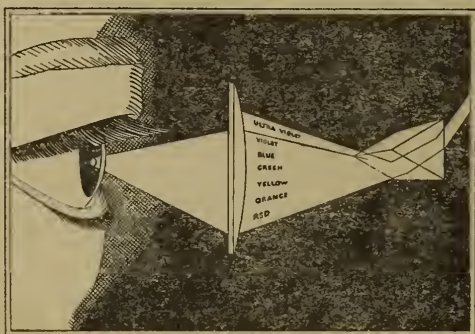
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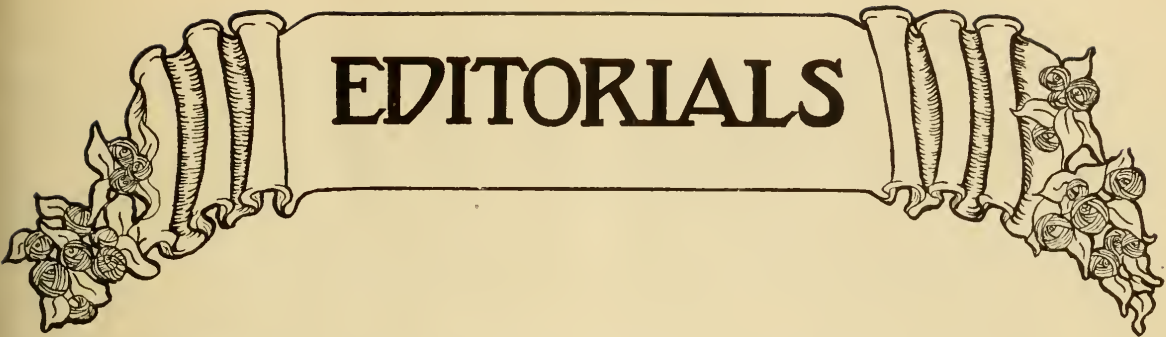
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EDITORIALS

With the departure of Miss Mary D. Sullivan, the CRIMSON AND GRAY loses a very sincere and helpful friend. She has been our faculty adviser during the whole of her three years' service in the school, and has done a great deal for our paper. She has also coached several plays for the different classes and always displayed an interest in school activities, in addition to her regular work as teacher of English. We desire to thank her for her services, and wish her all success in her new situation in the high school at Peabody.

A FAILURE?

The girls' basketball season was a fizzle? I should say not! It was a success in many ways. How could the teams in the years to come ever win any games if someone didn't begin now to help teach them to play?

Can you expect a team composed of girls, five-sixths of whom had never been in a game before, to be experts? To play well takes practice, and also a good deal of experience; that is what this year's team did not have. Then, too, they had no past victories to back them up. All the victories the girls of the high school ever made before have long been forgotten.

This season showed to those who will be on the future teams, that the girls of the M. E. W. H. S. do not give up even when there seems no hope of winning a game. The girls of the team know now how it feels to be in a game, and do not feel ignorant of the things which cannot be learned simply by practicing. They know the necessity for hard work, and the value of team work.

This season has given us a new idea of gameness. You cannot realize how we feel about our lack of victories unless you have had similar experiences. You do not know how hard it was for us to be laughed at and joked over by you. It has taught us that

true sportsmanship results from losing rather than from gaining victories.

You may laugh now, but the members of the team all think that next year they will be able to turn the tables and give you a better reason to laugh—in real joy and appreciation, instead of in scorn.

C. A. CLARKE, '26.

KEEPING ORDER IN THE CORRIDORS

We all know the rules about keeping order in the corridors, but somehow when it comes to putting them into practice we forget all about them.

Although one would imagine that it would be those in the lower classes who most frequently disobey the rules, I think the most common offenders are the upper classmen, who seem to think that there are special rules for them. This is not the case, and the upper classmen should set a good example for those in the lower classes.

Any of you who have driven an automobile know what happens if you violate one of the numerous traffic laws, and while the "traffic" in the corridors is a good deal less, the school rules should be obeyed just as much as those of the city or state.

R. TILLYER, '26.

THE AGE OF RADIO

Today is the age of Radio. It is used everywhere—in homes, in shops, in mines, anywhere where it is possible to install one. The pioneers of radio probably never thought of its being developed to the degree that it has been today, and yet it is still young. The first man to transmit radio waves was a German named Heindrich Hertz. Then came Marconi who transmitted messages across the Atlantic Ocean. A number of years after this the vacuum tube was invented by Dr. Lee de Forest, which made possible the transmission of the voice.

Now receivers are found in a great many homes, by means of which may be heard lectures, football games, and concerts, which are being transmitted from the broadcasting stations miles away. Now the transmission of motion pictures by radio has been made possible, by which two deaf people, in cities about three hundred miles apart, have been able to talk to each other in the sign language. The apparatus used in receiving these pictures, however, is too costly as yet to be used by the average person.

Great improvements are being made in the radio every day and in the next few years the cost and size of receiving sets will probably be so greatly reduced that a person will be able to carry one with him wherever he goes.

KNOWLES, '26.

CLASS DUES

When the new Freshmen have their first class meeting and their officers are elected the question of class dues is brought up. Of course they all vote for it as it is a necessary custom. Next the amount is decided on, usually fifty cents. Everyone votes for that, and probably everyone intends to pay it. Then the new treasurer begins his work of digging out the coin, probably getting three or four rewards for his labor in the first week. Then he gets tired of nagging and thinks that he and his classmates need a rest.

In a short time he almost forgets, and the others entirely forget, that he is treasurer. Then one day the president calls a meeting and the story goes around that it is their turn to give a party, and of course parties cause bills. This wakes the treasurer up and he gets on the job once more. So by the

end of June about 80 per cent have paid their dues.

The second year the dues are usually a little higher. The slackers of the first year usually have not changed in the second, and there are always others to follow them. So the results at the end of the second year are worse than those of the first.

The third or Junior year is the year of big bills. There is the Freshman Reception, the class party, and the Senior Reception. The pupils by this time should realize that the class needs money, but the treasurer takes his nap as do the others until the Junior Play. If the proceeds of this are good, he goes to sleep again until spring. Then he begins to realize what's coming—the Senior Reception. He imagines the state of his check book by the end of June, but it is a long while before he can make his classmates come to. They say, "The play proceeds will cover the reception. What else do you want money for?" The play proceeds will go a long way toward paying for the reception, but the senior year is coming with graduation exercises, and every graduating class wants to have money in the bank, either to keep there and enjoy as alumni or to pay for a remembrance to the school. To do this, however, everyone must pay his dues every year.

Many of you show your school spirit in athletics. Why not show it in paying your class dues as well? In other organizations you are put out if your dues are not paid. That cannot be done in the school. But who wants to leave the school with a check beside his name? So pay your dues every year; then you will graduate with a clear conscience and a clean record.

HERMON GOODSELL, '26.



LITERATURE



HAPPY DREAMS

I was advancing in years, getting along in a humdrum existence. My interest in humanity was limited and went little further than my immediate acquaintances. My wife apparently had little interest in me beyond my pay envelope, and I in her beyond her well cooked meals and her cleverness in other household duties. To put it briefly, we were both in a rut. I often turned these things over in my mind during the evenings at home; I had become rather cynical and was losing some of my faith in my fellow-men.

It had been a pleasant warm spring day, however, and everyone had been in his jolliest mood; the joy of living had even entered my own body. This may account perhaps for the pleasant experience which I am about to relate.

I stretched out in an easy chair and became occupied with these oft returning thoughts. My mind wandered more and more from the things about me, and I suddenly found myself confronted by a cheerful little man with an honest face and a jolly smile, seeming half saint, half human. With a word of greeting he produced from a bundle at his side a large cloth of very fine texture which he spread out on the floor before me.

"Young man," he said to me in a commanding voice, "I am going to take you on this cloth to the land of which you dream, where happiness abounds."

As he spoke I found myself being wafted

up, piercing all obstructions and floating away as on the famed magic rug. After a time our speed slackened and we slowly dropped down into the streets of a town. Imagine my surprise when I found it to be very much like my own town, although it did seem cleaner, healthier, and fresher. We stepped from our magic cloth and walked down the street. The first persons we saw smiled and spoke pleasantly to us. We watched them as they passed on down the street, always with a good word for everyone. Then I turned to my companion and asked him who they were, for they had looked to me like my old neighbors the Highbrows, but had acted very differently from them. The next person we met came with a firm step and head held high, determination and ambition showing all over his manly face. Again I questioned the man by my side, because this young fellow had the features of young Good-for-Nothing, the manufacturer's son, and I had known him as a lazy fellow who had gone wrong and brought disgrace on his family. But, as before, I secured a frank assurance of the truth of my surmises. I came to my office and found there the ever tardy office boy busy at a desk, and the stenographer, all her vanity and silliness set aside, showing in their place efficiency and attention to duty. And so it went, Mr. Pessimist radiating sunshine, Mrs. Gossip silently working at her window with a cheery greeting for every passer-by. My bewilderment was increasing and I felt bound to say to the friend at my side, "What does all this mean?" He merely smiled and re-

plied that these people were putting forth the best in them and that was what I was seeing. He led me before a mirror which had also seemingly acquired some of this magical power. When I looked in it I stepped back in surprise, for I saw the frown of the cynic gone and the lines of worry erased. My face was fairly wreathed with smiles and my whole expression bespoke good will toward men. As I turned at the sound of footsteps I saw that which sent the blood surging through my veins and brought an even greater joy to my heart. There was no doubt this time. It was my wife, as she had appeared to me when life was young and I really loved her. My tireless companion permitted no meeting however, but hurriedly produced the magic cloth and spread it out before us.

"I am going to take you where you will see even more strange and wonderful things than these," he declared as we floated off again. We rose until we seemed to see half the countries of the earth. I looked at this magnificent picture from my airy position and saw harmonious governments where there was no thought of war. The working man and the capitalist were truly brothers, each aiding the other; cottages and schools dotted hitherto backward countries. Then our transport carried us through space back to our former haven, my old home town. Here, after we had alighted, it left us and slowly floated away into the heavens. As we watched it, its folds separated into marvelously illuminated strips which, forming in the sky, blazed forth the command, "Do unto others as ye would that they should do unto you." Before this great spectacle faded away I turned to my friend with a bewildered look on my face and he seemed to understand my unspoken question, "But how and when will such things be?"

He answered thus: "It is a gradual process, having its birth long ago. Not gained overnight, no, but by centuries of profiting by mistakes, by children of different nationalities, religions, and creeds meeting on common ground in our schools, growing up in a world bound closer together by the discoveries of science and international relations. A little more practice of that rule yonder. It will come, my friend, when"—but I heard no more, for the old man had left me and I awoke as my Big Ben, placed there by a wife who knew her husband's habits, started on its second round.

A double awakening it was, for I set out that day with new vigor, my faith in men revived. I had now a desire to see the best in that neighbor of mine and a determination to give the other fellow a "square deal."

ROBERT SNELL, '25.

THROUGH THE MUD TO AUNT SARAH

"Pa, what do you think?"

Pa looked up, somewhat interested, for there was an unusual note of excitement in his wife's voice. However, he answered as usual that he didn't think.

"I've just got this letter from Cousin Lydia, and she says that Aunt Sarah is going east this spring and is going to stop off with her for a couple of days. I'm not so terribly crazy to see Lydia, but I do so want a chance to talk with Aunt Sarah. Why, I haven't seen her in fifteen years! How much there will be to talk over. Now that means you've got to take us over to Madison, why—er—it's next Saturday that she gets there. You'll go, Pa, won't you?"

In vain were all protests, though Pa told woeful stories about the sad condition of Lizzie's tires and tried his best to picture to the assembled family the bottomless mud of the river road. Despite all his efforts, Ma, with the support of Dorothy and Junior, won the day, and there was nothing left for Pa to do except to prepare Lizzie for the trip, which he was positive would prove fatal to her.

Saturday dawned clear and bright and soon the whole house was in a state of hustle and bustle. It had been decided that they should start at one o'clock, and so, after a supreme effort, Ma and the children sat ready to start shortly after two. But Pa was missing, and when he finally did show up at five minutes past four, it was impossible to convince them that there were unavoidable reasons for his tardiness.

However, they finally got started on their fifty-mile trip, expecting, even with due allowance for weather conditions, to reach Madison at least by seven. The first few miles of concrete were such as to make them proud of their native state of Kansas, but their joy was short lived, for the roads beyond amply made up for it. They were tossed about in ruts, and half buried sometimes in mud, but Lizzie, although she wheezed and coughed considerably, somehow

managed to pull through. It was not till they turned east on their last lap toward Madison that their troubles began in earnest. The clouds, which had been gathering since noon, now began to look threatening. The mud grew much worse—and then it happened. Down went Lizzie's front wheels into a sort of bottomless sea of mud, and before Pa could stop her, down went her rear wheels also and simultaneously, down began to come a small cloudburst. No use in trying to extract Lizzie while it was raining was the unanimous verdict after Pa had succeeded in getting well drenched, but without being able to budge the obstinate car. So they sat disconsolately huddled there with the darkness increasing, and looked over at the railroad nearby where there was a freight train slowly picking its cautious way, looking for washouts. They would have rejoiced in the shelter of a nice, warm box car, but no use. They were doomed to wait, and although it stopped raining after what seemed an age, they were no better off. Lizzie was stuck fast; there was no telephone within five miles; and there was no one to come if they could telephone. So they decided to sleep in the car as best they could until morning, and then see what there was to be done.

Along about five in the morning, when the first streaks of light were visible in the east, they were awakened by the tooting of the nightly eastbound passenger train which had stopped along side of them. What was the matter? Pa and Junior, unable to go to sleep again, started out to investigate, with Ma admonishing them not to get killed or drowned. It turned out that the railroad fill had been weakened by the rain so that they did not dare to run the train over it, and were going to have to wait for aid.

When it grew light, Ma and Dorothy also came out, and joined the party of trainmen and passengers discussing their condition. Many were seizing the opportunity of taking a little exercise. Suddenly Ma uttered a joyful cry, "Aunt Sarah!" and made all haste to the steps of one of the cars where a woman was just coming out. There amid many exclamations and explanations, their story was told, and the longed for reunion took place. Ma told Aunt Sarah over and over again how lucky she was to see her.

Junior and Dorothy, not being quite so overjoyed to see Aunt Sarah, began to remind their mother that they were hungry,

and that they had not eaten since the previous afternoon. Then all, upon Aunt Sarah's invitation, adjourned to the dining car, where they ate and talked over the weighty matters of discussion.

It was almost noon before the train was ready to start again, and along about the same time, Pa, with the help of fence rails, and the men passengers, had gotten Lizzie extricated and pointed with her nose toward home. Ma parted from Aunt Sarah with much regret, but promised to write a letter to take care of all she could not say then, and so they separated.

When the family finally reached home, they had not yet decided whether Ma or Pa had won out. Ma had seen Aunt Sarah, as she had said she would, and Pa had got Lizzie stuck in the mud, as he had said he surely would. And even today the mere mention of Aunt Sarah's name calls forth a discussion that is still no nearer to being settled than it was then.

R. MONTAGUE, '25.

THE "SCOOP" THAT FAILED

Jimmy McKay was a reporter on the staff of the Louisville *Herald*. He was an ambitious chap, as he had shown when he first broke into the newspaper game as a high school correspondent two years before. He was not one who watched the clock when he was on an assignment, but a live-wire who kept plugging till he reached his objective.

Like all good reporters he not only did what he was told in covering assignments given to him by the city editor, but kept his eyes and ears open for anything of news value. Consequently he not only wrote the stories he was supposed to write, but sent in many in addition. Some of these, to put it in newspaper terms, were "scoops."

While he was at lunch one day, two men were talking at the next table and, after eavesdropping for quite a while, he secured a hot lead to what he considered a "scoop." It seemed that one of the town's leading business men was concerned in a shady transaction in which he had signed some worthless notes with the intention of making them good within twenty-four hours, but which he could not convert into cash in the brief time allowed. After working for several hours on the details of the story which he worked out with the assistance of some

information from another business man, he wrote it in his most breezy style and submitted it to the city editor, expecting to receive further compliments for his ability.

The city editor glanced through the three or four pages that were typewritten, then deliberately tore them up and threw them into the waste basket, while Jimmy stood aghast. After thinking for a moment or two the city editor turned around in his chair and said:

"Jimmy, that's the biggest story that has happened in the town for a long while, but you see we cannot use it because this man, Mr. Andrews, owns the majority of the stock of this paper. If we should print that story we would both lose our jobs. With you it would not make so much difference, but with me—well, I have a wife and children to look after. Just forget it, and do not let this interfere with your enthusiasm for the work. You will get plenty of bumps like this if you continue in the newspaper game very long."

That was sixteen years ago. Jimmy is still in the newspaper business and, after having knocked about on other papers, has been promoted to the City Editor's position on the *Herald*. He is still the same old Jimmy, always thrilled when he is on a news story, but now he realizes that such incidents as that one which happened sixteen years ago are comparatively scarce, and that the large majority of newspaper publishers are sincere in their efforts to serve the public without bias and for the good of all.

HECTOR LECLAIR, '25.

THE CARNEGIE MEDAL

Gladys Nevil was a girl of fourteen, and a sophomore in high school. She was considered a very brilliant girl, very jolly and nice to every one. She was a campfire girl. "Health, Love and Work" was their motto, and she lived up to it.

While the campfire girls were at their camp at Lake George that summer, they were out canoeing and swimming most of the time. Their Guardian, though, was very strict about not allowing girls who could not swim out in the canoes. This was the enforced rule at the camp. There were fifteen in the group and five had not yet passed the swimming test, so these girls had to stay in camp whenever the others went out canoe-

ing. They, of course, did not enjoy this, but would never break the rule to save their lives. There were two girls, however, who were of a little different opinion concerning this rule. They were rather spoiled girls, sent to this camp by their father who wished them to lose their self-centered dispositions. They had not yet mixed with the other girls, as they generally stayed by themselves, not trying to be good-natured nor trying to learn to swim.

There was a canoe in camp that had been pierced by a stump, as one of the girls had paddled in a shallow place and scraped over a pointed stump which was just below the surface of the water. It immediately sprang a leak while the girl had to swim ashore and drag the canoe in. The Guardian scolded her very severely and told her she could not go out in a canoe for a week for her punishment. This was a severe punishment for a campfire girl, as this was her greatest pleasure. The canoe was mended with pitch and left in the sun, everyone being warned not to use it for five days at least, until it was thoroughly dry. Three days after, the girls all went on a hike except the Netherhill sisters, who complained of a headache, so were left at camp to get over it.

In the middle of the afternoon the water was wonderfully warm and calm. It was a temptation that the girls could not resist. They decided to go out just a little way at least. It would do no harm, they thought. So they took a canoe and were careful at first to keep along the edge, but as the temptation grew greater, they went out a little farther. But suddenly the canoe sprung a leak. The water was coming in fast and the canoe would soon be full. They scooped out the water with their hands, but in vain, the hole was too large and the water came in faster than they could scoop it out. They hooted and screeched for help, but remembered suddenly that there was no one in camp to hear them. Suddenly they heard the splash of water. Someone was coming toward them. The canoe now had sunk, the girls were struggling with all their might to keep their heads above water. They could not do it much longer, as Dorothy, the youngest sister, went under once and came up again. Her sister was doing all she could to keep herself up without doing any more. It was a hard struggle, but at last the person had reached them. It was Gladys. Com-

ing into camp before the other girls, she had noticed that one canoe was missing. Suspecting the girls of having taken it, she had run along the shore for about half a mile until, suddenly, she caught sight of them struggling in the water. Snatching a stick from the shore, she immediately struck out with her fastest stroke. She reached the girls just in time. Turning Dorothy, who had gone under for the third time, over on her back, she commanded her to hold on to one end of the stick while Helen held on to the other. She then held Dorothy with one hand, swimming with the other, she dragged the two ashore. It was a hard struggle, but she did it. She was given many cheers, and was praised highly by her friends. She was offered money and presents by the father of the girls (Helen and Dorothy), but she refused them. The present which she did not refuse, however, was the "Carnegie Medal" which she received three weeks later for her bravery.

ALICE D. GAUMOND, '26.

A MISUNDERSTANDING

Bob Harford and Dick Tungsten were entering upon their third year at college. They were inseparable friends, and roommates at Weston Hall. Both fellows liked football, and when practice started, both Bob and Dick went out for right end on the team. They worked hard and were winning favor under the watchful eye of the coach, who was having a hard time deciding which one to pick for the position. Bob was a steady, heady player who played hard all the time. Dick was a flash on his feet and tackled viciously, but one could not tell whether he would come through in a crisis. The coach had been having them split up the practice and each one play half-time on the first team. The first game was approaching, and it was necessary that he should make a choice for this one doubtful position.

One afternoon, Bob found his football shoes missing, and as he could not procure others before practice, he had to go in sneakers. Of course this gave Dick an advantage and he was allowed to play the whole practice period with the first team. It seemed to Bob that Dick wore a triumphant smile that evening. The next afternoon, Bob had some new shoes so he played extra hard and got a word of praise from the coach. At

this, Dick seemed to look rather disgusted and a little bit angry.

As Bob ran down the stone steps into the locker room amidst a throng of fellows he was deliberately tripped, and fell on the stone floor, hitting his head and opening a sore gash. He looked up quickly and thought he saw Dick disappearing with a satisfied expression on his face. He could not make out in the crowd of faces and the dark entry, who had done this dirty trick. He said nothing, but took a shower and went to his room. Dick came in a little later, but went quickly out. Bob, left alone, began to wonder if Dick could have tripped him, and taken his shoes the day before. Anyway, he could not play for a couple of days and his absence would give Dick the position and a chance to start in the first game, Saturday.

Wednesday and Thursday went by with Bob in his room keeping quiet, and Dick going to practice and playing on the first team. Bob decided to go out on Friday, so he went and played hard. Toward the end of the practice, when he was playing on the second team and Dick on the first, he went down in a heap of players, and as they pulled themselves from on top, he saw a foot shoot out and just miss his head. He looked up and Dick was standing right where that foot had come from. Then he heard the coach shout, "Here, you, Lemoine, I caught you that time," and as Bob got to his feet he saw the coach grasp the big guard by the arm.

"Harford," he said, "this fellow just took a kick at you. I'll see to it that he is taken care of." Bob thanked him.

Then Lemoine said, "It was I that tripped you last Tuesday. I was sore because you kept me from cribbing that exam."

Bob turned to Dick and shook him hard by the hand. "I couldn't believe it was you, Dick."

Next afternoon the coach told both boys to be ready for the game, and they shared the position for the remainder of the year.

D. SIMONDS, '26.

A TIP IN TIME

Eighteen to ten in favor of the Hillsboro girls at the end of the first half! The visiting basketball team was ahead and the Townsend girls were in despair at the thought of losing the game, especially since it was a home game and they had the ad-

vantage of having practiced on the very floor on which the game was being played. What would the other pupils say? Oh, if the team would only wake up! But then, what could a team do with its best guard put off the floor in the first half? One of the regular subs had been put in, but she seemed frightened and let the opposing forward get the ball away from her easily. The Townsend captain racked her brains. Of course she could put in someone else, but Ellen Davis, the one then on the floor, really was the best sub guard. Why didn't she assert herself even if it was her first public game? Finally she decided to give Ellen one more try.

The gong for the last half rang and the girls took their places. But this time Ellen got the ball again and again, throwing it to the forwards who made baskets almost every time. The Townsend girls looked at each other. Ellen had always been a good sub, but now she was a regular player. What had happened?

At the end of the third quarter the score was twenty-two to eighteen in favor of

Townsend, and the captain, after talking to the referee, rushed over to Ellen to compliment her and find out, if she could, what had happened. Just then the gong rang, however, and the last quarter began.

The final score was twenty-eight to twenty, and much was the rejoicing in the Townsend gym. All the girls clustered around Ellen as the heroine of the game. The captain soon came up, saying, "Ellen, you were fine all through, but in the last half you were marvelous. I couldn't help wondering what had happened."

"Well," said Ellen, "between halves I heard two of the Hillsboro girls talking and I soon learned that they were talking about me. They were saying how quick I was and how good I'd be if I weren't so frightened. In the startling thought that the opposing team considered me, a poor sub, a good player, I immediately forgot my fear. I went into the game for fair and that's how I got confidence in myself."

It's curious what a little self-confidence may do for a timid person, isn't it?

CONSTANCE CODERRE, '25.





LOCALS



LET'S GO ON A SLEIGH RIDE!

At 4.15 P. M. on the 6th of February, a gay crowd of about twenty Juniors started off for Spencer in a sleigh. As the ride had been put off until there was a basketball game, the roads were not so heavily coated with snow as could be wished.

The party had to walk a great part of the way, but the Juniors are game, and especially so is Miss Finnegan, their class adviser, who walked as much, if not more, than any of the rest. Except when the front part of the sleigh separated from the back once, and other slight accidents occurred, the trip was made without any great excitement.

The game had just begun when they arrived at Spencer, very willing to sit down and rest and very hungry. Our boys won the game and we are all sure they were greatly helped by the loud cheering of the Juniors.

After eating a hot supper the party boarded the sleigh again and landed in Southbridge in the wee hours. All the Juniors whom we have spoken to would be very willing to go again.

PICTURES IN THE AUDITORIUM

The last two pictures to be shown this year are "Oliver Twist" and "David Copperfield." "Oliver Twist" to be shown March 17, and "David Copperfield," March 31. Similar pictures were shown last year for the benefit of the students and friends for the small sum of ten cents, and were enjoyed by all who went.

CLARK UNIVERSITY CONCERT

The Clark University Musical Clubs of Worcester gave a concert under the auspices of the Senior Class of the high school on February 19 in the Town Hall.

The program opened with an Overture by the Clark University Orchestra, which was followed by songs by the Glee Club, and solos, both vocal and instrumental. One of the numbers was a "Saw Specialty," as it was called, which was performed by means of hitting a saw and then bending it. This was greatly applauded.

The concert was concluded by "Alma Mater" and a cheer for Southbridge.

There was dancing after the concert for which Duke Mahoney's College Band of Worcester played. This lasted until 12 o'clock.

A good audience attended and the Seniors made \$135.

The securing of the concert was in charge of the entertainment committee of the class, which attends to all such matters. The members of the committee are, Bernice Parker, chairman; Louise Nolan, Hilda Gregory, Robert Brown and Dean Tabor.

LECTURE ON EGYPT

In the Auditorium of the high school on March sixth, the Southbridge Woman's Club gave a lecture to which all the members of the high school were invited.

The lecturer was B. R. Baumgardt, and his subject was "Egypt." The talk was accompanied by pictures, some of which were in colors.

SENIOR PLAY

The Senior Class will give their annual play sometime in April. The name of the play is "Am I Intruding?" They are planning to have it in the Town Hall and to have dancing after it. The price of admission will be fifty cents.



ALUMNI



THE CLASS OF 1900

In September, 1896, a class of thirty-three pupils entered the high school; of this number, twenty-three graduated in June of 1900. It may be of interest to the Alumni to hear where these people are and what they are doing.

Albert J. Butterworth—Married and the owner of a very successful poultry farm at Franklin, Mass.

Edna Keeler Partridge—Married to Bert Partridge. They have two children and live in Webster, Mass.

Clarence Morse—Florence Butterworth Morse—Our only class romance. They have two daughters and have just built and moved into a beautiful home in the Morse neighborhood. Mr. Morse is associated with the Hamilton Woolen Co.

Marion Cozzens Shears—Married to George Shears of Spring Valley, N. Y., and died very suddenly, February 1st of this year after a few days' illness of pneumonia.

Wardwell M. Edwards—Respected citizen of our town. Coal merchant; in town politics, and a member of the present cemetery committee.

Anna Pettibone—A Pentograph machine operator at the Sandersdale Print Works.

Carrie Pettibone—Keeping the home on Dresser Street.

Mabel Holmes Aldrich—Married to Charles Aldrich. They have one daughter, and live on High Street.

Edith Newton Toney—Married to Lewis Toney. They have one daughter who is a Christian Science Practitioner. They live in Worcester, Mass.

Nelson Dandridge—Chef of the "Imperial Club," Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

Alice Hyde MacAllister—Married to Richard MacAllister, has two daughters and a son, and lives on Chapin Street. Organist

and musical director of the Congregational Church, also pianist of the Woman's Club.

Alice Guest Logan—Married. Living in Providence, R. I.

Harriet Robinson Goulding—Married to Frank Goulding, formerly of the *Southbridge Journal*. They have one daughter, and live in Brooklyn, N. Y.

Grace Blanchard—With the F. B. Warren Co., Milk Street, Boston, Mass.

Henry Tetreault—Lawyer, with offices on Hamilton Street, Spanish teacher and town counsel.

Rosy Chapdelaine—Bookkeeper and clerk for Perron and Son, Mechanic Street.

Mabel Chamberlain—For many years a valued teacher in our own town schools.

Grace Comberbach Chamberlain—Married to Adelbert Chamberlain. She is the owner of the Grace Flower Shop on Central Street. They have one son.

Margaret Keenan—Died in 1901, the first break in our class.

Anna Seagrave Hopkins—Married, and living in Springfield, Mass.

Harriet Dougherty Hemenway—Married to Lyman Hemenway, who died several years ago. Harriet lives at 319 Huntington Ave., Boston; conducts a studio in Copley Square, also for many years has been a member of the fine quartet of the famous Park Street Church, Boston, Mass.

Marion Chace Taylor—With two sons is living on High Street of this town.

M. C. T., '00.

HISTORY OF HIGH SCHOOL ATHLETICS

To live again in memory one's schooldays, to experience once more in fancy the associations with classmates and fellow-students is always a pleasure. To recall, from time to time, the various achievements which have

brought honor and glory to Alma Mater, must always be a source of satisfaction and delight. To recall to mind some clever bit of strategy on the gridiron, some slashing hit or brilliant catch on the diamond, a clever bit of passing or accurate shooting on the basketball floor, or some brilliant performance on track or field which brought honor to the individual or victory to the Crimson and Gray, serves to keep alive in the hearts of Alumni an interest in Alma Mater and her activities.

I have been requested to contribute to the CRIMSON AND GRAY some reminiscences of school athletics of bygone days, and I esteem it a privilege and a pleasure to do so. Before so doing, however, I desire to urge, on the part of both Alumni and present students, a fuller and deeper interest in the activities of the school, and a more liberal and general support of these activities, whether they be along the line of athletics, music, or dramatics. It is such support and encouragement which enables the participants to do their best and which brings real success and achievement. If such support is given by those who should really feel a personal interest, it will not be long before the activities of the school will merit and receive the support of the community at large. Without this support and co-operation success cannot reasonably be expected.

Within the period of my remembrance, the school has indulged in four lines of major sport and a large measure of success has been attained in football, baseball, basketball and track athletics. Owing to the limited space allotted for Alumni purposes and interests, it will be impossible to review with any reasonable degree of thoroughness all four of these activities. With the generous indulgence of the editorial staff, therefore, I will endeavor to treat each branch of sport in a separate article to appear in consecutive issues of the CRIMSON AND GRAY. As football is the first sport to find a place in my student day recollections, I will choose it as the subject of this article.

Football so far as definite activity is concerned, so far as I can remember, begun in 1896. For four or five seasons thereafter, the school was represented by one of the fastest and best developed high school teams to be found in Central Massachusetts. Several important factors made this possible, not the least among them being the rivalry

aroused while the students were still in the grammar schools. At that time, there were two grammar schools in Southbridge, one in the Main Street building now used for police and court purposes, and one on School Street in the Globe Village section. The rivalry between these two sections of the town a quarter of a century ago was well-nigh as keen as that which has existed and still exists between Southbridge and Webster. Football elevens were formed at both schools and played against one another each Saturday afternoon during the entire fall season. These contests were always hard-fought and served to teach the young players at least the fundamentals of the game. By the time they entered the high school and united their forces, they had become accustomed to hard work and the many hard jolts which were a part of the game itself.

Expert coaching by those who had already achieved brilliant success on the gridiron also played an important part in developing the teams in the early days. Among the coaches who gave of their time and effort were Jake Edwards and Edward Boyden, both members of the Amherst College team, and Arthur Booth and Herbert Morse, both members of the Worcester Tech eleven. The one session scheduled at the school was also a great athletic advantage as it afforded a greater time for practice and the development of team play.

The interest and support of the student body, both boys and girls, had much to do with the success of the early elevens. Enough candidates reported season after season to organize two elevens. This consequently afforded the Varsity team an opportunity to work out its various plays against a full opposing team which proved a great help. The spirit of the men who composed the second eleven is to be commended, as they worked diligently, without hope of reward other than the success of the regulars and the glory of the Crimson and Gray of their Alma Mater.

The first football team to represent the school which I definitely remember was organized in the autumn of 1896. It was a strong aggregation, all of whose members had received some previous experience before entering the school. Its line was powerful on the offensive and aggressive as well, while the backfield was unusually speedy, every member of this quartet having run the century distance on the track in eleven sec-

onds or better. The personnel of the team was, Harold Clarke, '99, at center; Charles Tetrault, '97, George B. Edwards, '98, and Stephen Powers, '00, at the guard positions. The tackles were light but exceptionally fast, C. Hall, '98, weighing less than 130 pounds, and Del Dandridge, '00, the all-around star colored athlete being no heavier. Tom Halpin and Al Herron, both of the class of 1899, cared for the end positions in an able manner, and stopped many a play of the opposing team, breaking up excellent interference and smearing the runner frequently for a loss. The backfield, Wardwell M. Edwards, '00, at quarter; George W. Taylor, and George W. McKinstry, of the class of 1899, and Fred Hall, '98, worked with the precision of clockwork and seldom has better interference or running through a broken field or plunging through the line been seen on a local gridiron.

The team was unbeaten during this initial season, scoring a victory over the David Prouty High eleven of Spencer, which in those early days, had one of the fastest teams in this section of the state. North Brookfield High and Leicester Academy also fell double victims to the Crimson and Gray, and Woodstock Academy, which then boasted one of the best teams in its history, went down before the power of the boys from the Eye of the Commonwealth. Perhaps the best game of this season was the 2 to 0 win over Spencer, scored on the home field, a safety being the only tally of the game. The revolving wedge was brought into play for the first time by the local team, and worked with surprisingly good effect for substantial gains, but the Spencer boys emulated the Yale bulldog when their goal line was endangered, and Southbridge could not cross it.

The following season was, perhaps, the greatest in the football annals of Southbridge High. Although the team lost Halpin, Herron and G. Edwards of the previous season's eleven, Clifford Chamberlain returned to the school from Tilton Academy, where he had gained a real knowledge of the game and proved one of the strongest players the school has produced. He took a position on the end, and his speed, combined with his weight and natural physical strength, made him a valuable asset to the team. Harry Rose, another member of the class of '98, played the other end in an able manner, and

also played at halfback when injuries made a shift in the team necessary.

McKinstry, the hard-running halfback, was lost to the team through injuries during the early part of the season, but resumed play before the season closed. The first game of the year was played in Spencer and was remarkable for a thrilling finish. With less than a minute to play and the ball in possession of the Southbridge team on Spencer's 40-yard line, the score stood at 10 to 4 in favor of Spencer. Southbridge needed a touchdown and goal to win, and the game appeared hopelessly lost. Neither the team nor the large delegation of loyal rooters despaired, however, and the cheering section called lustily for a last minute score. The signal was given for a run around the right end, but the signals became crossed and the ball bounded from the left halfback to the ground. Instantly, Fred Hall, the husky fullback, picked it up and ran around the left end without interference, covering the remaining distance to the goal line before he was tackled. The goal from touchdown was kicked just as the whistle blew, and the game ended in a tie, 10 to 10.

The most brilliant accomplishment of this eleven, however, was the 4 to 0 defeat administered to the Woonsocket, R. I., eleven in Woonsocket. This team had earned the High School Championship of the state of Rhode Island during the season, and had not been beaten for several seasons on its home field. The game was one of the most exciting a local eleven ever figured in, and was won in the closing moments of play when Rose, eluding nearly the entire opposing team, raced thirty yards for a touchdown.

During the next two seasons the school was represented by strong teams, after which football waned in the school for a number of years. Several good elevens have since represented the school, but with indifferent success, chiefly as a result of a lack of good coaching. Among those who achieved fame during the later years were George Hanson, Eugene and Philip Tetrault, Edward Kelly, Hector Pontbriand, Tom Mitchell, William Sansouci, Rockwood Edwards, Leo Hayes, and, in still more recent years, Jim McKinstry, Fred Beck and Charles Spielman.

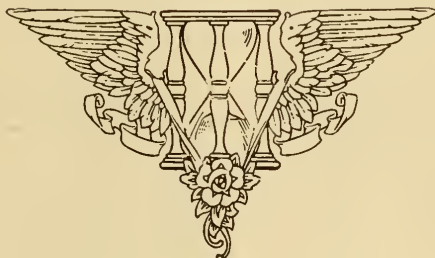
I am confident that there still remains in the school sufficient good material for an excellent eleven, still sufficient school spirit to

support such an organization. It is unfortunate, however, that there is not at hand more available experienced material for a graduate coaching staff. Experienced coaching means much in the developing of a successful team, and although I have no criticism to offer of the coaching which recent teams have received, I believe it should be supplemented by the coaching of some person who has had definite experience in the game.

In closing, let me urge the students to support the team at all times, in fact, every

team which represents the school. Let the Alumni take a deeper interest in the athletic activities of the school, and let the school authorities, not only the members of the faculty, but the members of the school committee as well, make every possible and reasonable effort to advance the cause of athletics in the school and to place our Alma Mater where she rightfully belongs, in the forefront of the high schools of this section, not only in curriculum and scholarship, but in athletics as well.

W. H. HENRY, '98.





JOKES



Cave Man, Sr.—“Son, stop throwing snowballs at your aunt.”

Cave Man, Jr.—“But, father, the snow has covered all the rocks.”

Mr. Corbin (In English I)—“There are four hundred and fifty thousand words in the English language, and a million more or less of them are verbs.”

Miss Barnum—“You certainly speak terribly. You ought to go to London and learn the King’s English.”

Miss Gaumond—“Oh, I know he’s English.”

Wife—“A little bird told me you were going to give me a diamond brooch for my birthday.”

Hubby—“It must have been a little cuckoo.”

F. Ryan—“Hello, old egg, how are you this morning?”

J. Edwards—“I say, rotten.”

Goog Cormack—“Say, Ralph, can’t you play straight? I know what cards I dealt you.”

“Bud” Knowles—“Do you know that cannibal in that story reminds me of a Roman?”

Faxon—“Why?”

Knowles—“He ate the heroine and he was gladiator.”

Betty Rich (singing)—
“They have fitted a slab of the granite so
gray,
And sweet Alice lies under the stone.”

Freshman (in front row)—“Was she mashed, mamma?”

Old Lady (to man who had just had both legs amputated)—“How are you today, my good man?”

Man—“Oh, I guess I can’t kick.”

Freda Norman—“How did you get that wonderful hair, Donald?”

Fitzgerald—“Sleeping in a waffle iron when I was a kid.”

King (of any old place)—“As a token of my esteem I present you with the order of the garter.”

R. Hall—“Sorry, old timer, but as a junior at Southbridge High, I never use the bally things.”

There has been a lot of discussion about whether or not children should read “Mother Goose Rhymes” as originally printed. We submit our version of one of the more familiar ones:

“Little Jack Horner sat in an angle caused
by the intersection of two vertical walls,
Devouring in six letters his pie commonly
eaten during a certain festive season,
(abb.);

He stuck in a digit in five letters and pulled
out a plum,

And expounded in four letters,

“What a good boy am first singular pronoun!”

Ralph Hall—“Why didn’t you answer that letter I sent you from New York?”

Miss (name supplied on request)—“I didn’t get it.”

Ralph—“You didn’t?”

Miss—“No, and besides I didn’t like some of the things you said.”

Grocer—“Now would you care for anything else? We have some nice string beans today.”

Beryl Morse—“I don’t know. How much are they a string?”

Mr. Gibbons—"Say, young man, do you know that you short-changed me last night?"

Newsboy—"I pleads ig'nance, sir. I can't say a woid till I sees me lawyer."

Simonds—"Hello, Red, how did you get here?"

Desautels—"I came in the bus. How did you come?"

Simonds—"I came in the door."

C. Clarke—"Stop."

"Goog" Cormack—"I won't."

C. Clarke (with a sigh of relief)—"All right. I've done my duty."

Herbert Goodell (reciting memory passage in English)—"Lo, I will stand on thy right hand."

Sunday School Teacher—"What did the Israelites do after crossing the Red Sea?"

Keith Middleton—"I'm not sure, but I guess they dried themselves."

Hilda Gregory—"Why are the men working on the new stadium crying?"

Fitzgerald—"The plans call for it to be built in tiers."

From "Red" Benoit's chemistry exam.—"Ripe fruit doesn't make as good jelly as unripe because it doesn't contain anything to coagulate it, that is, it would turn to *jam*."

From a Freshman civics exam.—"Prohibition is a law on goods coming in from a foreign country." (Does it mean from Canada?)

Conductor on Sturbridge trolley—"I've been on this car for seven years."

Miss Nolan—"Really, and where did you get on?"

Mr. Hutchinson—"What do you think, Goodell?"

Goodell—"I don't think."

Hilda Gregory (in history class)—"When Lincoln was a boy he used to study on a shovel."

Miss Putnam—"What is the word meaning 'the Gauls'?"

Miss Allman—"Oh, golly! (Galli)."

Mr. Hutchinson—"Where was an electric furnace used before?"

Miss Gaumond—"I don't know."

Mr. Hutchinson—"To produce an elephant—er—I mean an element."

Heard in the Oxford basketball game.

Referee to Captain Thayer—"Run along, little boy!"

Mr. Blodgett (trying to fix the radio set with his head in the cabinet)—"There is something darned funny in here."

L. Faxon—"Take your head out!"

Freddy—"Grandpa, did you once have hair like snow?"

Grandpa—"Yes, my boy."

Freddy—"Well, who shoveled it off?"

Miss McGilvray—"They say that courtesy and efficiency go hand in hand."

Schumacher—"Fine, you be courtesy and I'll be efficiency."

Miss Hazel Lucier—"You ride that motor-cycle of yours awfully fast, don't you?"

"Red" Benoit—"Yes. I hit seventy yesterday."

Miss Lucier—"Oh, did you kill any of them?"

Tessier—"Did you say she danced like a zephyr?"

L. Litchfield—"Zephyr—naw, I said heifer."

S. Litchfield—"Guess this riddle: What has four feet, fur, nine lives, and says 'Meow'?"

Labelle—"A cat."

S. Litchfield—"Aw, somebody must have told you."

"What makes you so sweet this morning?"

"Guess it's because the Lord preserved me over night."

Mr. Hutchinson (in chemistry class)—"What are the commercial uses of salt?"

Duchesneau—"Well—er—salted peanuts."

P. Renaud—"I know a couple of runners that tie in every race they enter."

Miss H. Clarke—"That's impossible."

Renaud—"Not at all, they're on a sled."

He—"Would she let you kiss her?"

Him—"Oh, Heavens, no! She isn't that kind."

He—"She was to me."

Thayer—"I hit a guy on the nose yesterday and you should have seen him run."

"Red" Brown—"That so?"

Thayer—"Yeh, but he didn't catch me."

Visitor—"Is your father on the police force?"

Small Boy—"No, but they're always trying to get him."

He—"May I print a kiss on your forehead?"

She—"Yes, provided you promise not to publish it."

Judge—"Why didn't you give the officer your real name?"

C. Smith—"Well, your honor, Smith sounds rather fictitious."

Soaked (speaking of a girl)—"Shay, she's an awful liar."

Tight—"Ish that sho?"

Soaked—"Yesh, she shays that she hash two broshers and one sisher and her brosher told me that he hash only one brosher and two sishers."

F. Hall—"They say that Mr. Jones hasn't slept for ten days."

Babcock—"What's the matter with him?"

F. Hall—"Nothing, he sleeps at night."

Voice from next room—"I want some peppeh."

Answer from next room—"What kind of peppeh, red or black?"

Voice from next room—"I want some writing peppeh!"

She—"What are you going to give me for my birthday?"

He—"You can have your choice of either a pair of silk stockings or a diamond ring."

She—"A real diamond ring?"

He—"As real as the red of your ruby lips."

She—"I'll take the stockings."

He—"I saw your wife today. She was listening to a friend tell about a trip to Europe."

Him—"She was listening to someone talk?"

He—"Yes."

Him—"That wasn't my wife."

Representatives of various nations successively denied the responsibility of originating the bagpipe. Finally an Irishman said: "Well, I'll tell you the truth about it. The Irish invented it, and sold it to the Scotch as a joke, and the Scotch haven't seen the joke yet!"

Traveling Man—"Your son just threw a stone at me."

Proud Father—"Did he hit you?"

Traveling Man—"No."

Proud Father—"Then he wasn't my son."

J. Gregory—"What makes night fall?"

J. Edwards—"I don't know."

J. Gregory—"The sunbeams give way."

English IV A — Montague — "Rustum couldn't have been very young, because he was even older than his son."

How unusual!

"AN ODE TO SPRING"

A young man took a little ride

In the Spring.

Had his car all shined up nice,
Cranked her up in just a trice,
Air was warm, no signs of ice,
In the Spring.

Then he went to get his "girl"

In the Spring.

She came running down with haste,
Settled down and took her place,
Smiles upon her pretty face
In the Spring.

They started down a country road

In the Spring.

Trees were budding on the way,
The sun was shining bright that day,
All the world was glad and gay,
In the Spring.

But, they had not seen the mud

In the Spring.

Soon all did not look so bright,
For they sank in, left and right,
Then they were a muddy sight
In the Spring.

Moral: Shun the country roads

In the Spring.

Trees and flowers may beckon bold
But "All that glitters is not gold,"
So, to smooth cement roads hold,
In the Spring.

S. CLAFLIN, '25.

EXCHANGES

Since our last issue we have received the following exchanges, all of which were good. We would appreciate a few more comments from our friends.

The Concord Argus State College, Athens, W. Va.
The Lotus Dover, Del.
The Wetomhis Milford, Conn.
The Philomath Framingham, Mass.
Trade Winds Worcester, Mass.
The Banner Rockville, Conn.
College Comics

What We Think of Them

The Index, Worcester, Mass. We enjoyed your magazine very much, but couldn't find your exchange column.

The Dial, Brattleboro, Vt. A fine magazine. We like your French Department.

The Banner, Rockville, Conn. Your cuts are great!

The M. T. S., Bellevue Training School, New York. We like your paper. Your jokes are the best ever.

The Chronicle, Wallingford, Conn. Your editorials are good. You are well supplied with poets in your school.

The Argus, Worcester, Mass. The cartoon "As You'd Like It" or "A Midsummer Day's Dream" was good.

The Student's Pen, Pittsfield, Mass. A fine commencement number. The addresses were especially well written.

What They Think of Us

Your athletic department is well written. We know that you are good sports because you have told of your defeats as well as your successes. Jokes would liven up your paper. —*The Banner*, Rockville, Conn.

Your stories are unusually good, as are the editorials. A few more cuts would improve your magazine greatly. The poem entitled, "The School Clock," is very clever.—*The Chronicle*, Wallingford, Conn.

Freshman—May I have the pleasure of this dance?

Miss—Oui.

Freshman—What does "we" mean?

Miss—"O," "U" and "I."

A woodpecker hit on a Sophomore's head
 And settled down to drill.
 He bored away for half a day,
 And then he broke his bill.





BASKETBALL

Our first league game was played in Webster, January 9, when we were beaten with a score of 29-25. It was a hard fought game from start to finish. "Red" Desautels was our star, gaining 15 points for us. He lost his head once or twice, but he always came back playing still harder. Fitzgerald had his hands full with Gadoury but managed to tie him in points. Tillyer did well to hold Love to two baskets. Referee—Ryan.

M. E. W. S.—25

	GLS.	FLS.	PTS.
Thayer rf	2	0	4
Desautels lf	6	3	15
Fitzgerald c	3	0	6
Litchfield rg	0	0	0
Tillyer rg	0	0	0
Allard lg	0	0	0
Totals	11	3	25

WEBSTER—29

	GLS.	FLS.	PTS.
Lobban lf	0	0	0
Love rf	8	2	18
Putnam lf	1	2	3
Gadoury c	3	0	6
Hand rg	1	0	2
Schoenfeldt lg	0	0	0
Totals	13	4	29

WARREN

The Warren fellows came up January 24 and took the mean trimming of 56-14. Our fellows piled up the score from the first so that in the second half the coach was able to use all the substitutes. It was more of a practice game for us, but the Warren fellows kept up the fight and lost like good sports. Our forwards and center were our stars. The backs were kept busy holding down the fast but small Warren forwards.

Score and lineup.

M. E. W. H. S.—56

	GLS.	FLS.	PTS.
Thayer lf (Capt.)	7	1	15
Edwards lf	1	1	3
Desautels rf	10	0	20
Fitzgerald c	6	1	13
L. Litchfield c	0	0	0
Allard lg	0	0	0
Tillyer lg	0	1	1
Gregory lg	0	0	0
Dennison rg	1	0	2
McKinstry rg	1	0	2
Poeton rg	0	0	0
Totals	26	4	56

WARREN—14

	GLS.	FLS.	PTS.
Noppa rg	0	0	0
Wilson lg	1	0	2
Converse c	2	0	4
Lombard rf	2	2	6
Rice rf	0	0	0
Shendon lf	0	2	2
Totals	5	4	14

Referee—Thomas Dowd, Worcester.

Timers—Clark and Brown. Time—Four 10-minute periods. Attendance—200.

GIRLS

Along with the Warren fellows came their girls' team, out for blood. They surely got it, winning to the tune of 53-19. Our girls showed great promise, but lack of experience. It was a good game. Miss Pezzetti and Miss Clarke work together very well. Miss Wriston makes a good center and Miss Morse a flashy forward. Though their team was losing steadily the girls did not give up until the whistle blew. It's the right spirit, girls, keep it up. Referee—Cormack.

M. E. W. H. S.—19

L. Morse rf
H. Lucier lf
R. Wriston lf
R. Wriston c
A. Norman c
C. Clarke rg
D. Pezzetti lg
S. Lavallee lg
M. Lord lg
R. Lucier lg

53—WARREN

rf Quinn
lf Wilson

c C. Sullivan

rg F. Sullivan
lg Johnson
lg R. Tucker

M. E. W. H. S.—25

Desautels lf
Poeton lf
Litchfield lf
Thayer (Capt.) rf
Fitzgerald c
Allard lg
Dennison rg
Referee—Melican.

28—OXFORD

lf Anderson
lf Crowton

rf Cameron
c White
lg Deveau
rg Allen

GIRLS

The girls' basketball squad played a preliminary practice game Tuesday, January 27. The two teams, the Reds and Browns were picked by their coach, Mr. Winslow. The first half was rather slow, but the second was fast enough. Leona Morse, the star player of the evening, was changed from the Browns to the Reds in the second half in order to give the Reds a chance. Miss Clarke took it easy the first half but let loose after that, scoring nine points. Miss Pezzetti comes next in line, scoring six points. Rosalind Lucier was the next with two points.

Scores and lineups:

REDS—10

H. Lucier rf
C. Coderre lf
L. Morse lf
R. Lucier c (Capt.)
S. Lavallee rg
R. Pollard lg
C. Coderre lg

25—BROWNS

rf D. Pezzetti
lf L. Morse
lf M. Wheeler
c (Capt.) C. Clarke
rg M. Lord
lg G. Ouellette

Technical fouls—Miss Pezzetti, Miss Lavallee. Personal fouls—Miss Coderre, Miss Lavallee, Miss Pezzetti, Miss Lord, Miss Clarke. Time—Four 8-minute periods. Timer—Winslow. Referee—Cormack.

OXFORD

We went down to Oxford with high hopes on January 31. Unfortunately our hopes were sat on. We were beaten 28-25, but it took an extra period to do it. Every man fought hard and well, but I doubt if many of the players liked the game. Never mind, fellows, Oxford is coming to Southbridge.

Scores and lineups:

GIRLS

The girls' team went to Oxford with the boys, Saturday, January 31st. They were beaten by the score of 31-18. Until the end of the first half they kept practically tied with Oxford. After that something slipped and Oxford let loose. They made a mighty good showing for their first try, and all the old stars were in the game, playing hard.

Score and lineup:

M. E. W. H. S.—18

Hazel Lucier rf
Ruth Wriston rf
Leona Morse lf
Catherine Clarke c
Rosalind Lucier c
Dorothy Pezzetti rg
Stella Lavallee lg

31—OXFORD

rf J. Weaver
lf M. Johnston
c M. Stuart
c Ellis
c Stone
rg E. Ruchbaimer
rg M. Stuart
lg C. Sibley
lg M. Stuart
lg C. Stone

WARE

On Tuesday, February 3, our team went to Ware to try their strength. They were beaten by a score of 26-19. Ware had a very good team and our star center was hard put to hold his own. The two subs, Gregory and Edwards, got their chance, and each got a basket. It was a good game and well played.

Score and lineup:

M. E. W. H. S.—19

Thayer rf
Edwards rf
Desautels lf
Fitzgerald c
Dennison rg
Gregory rg
Allard lg

26—WARE

rf Fleurant, Pierce

lf Szyola, Wisnoski
c Trudeau, Bradley, Campion
rg Jacques, Renik
lg Niziotek, Larnier

SPENCER

Spencer was our victim on February 6, in Spencer, to the tune of 28-12. It was a hard game because the floor was very slippery,

and our players could not stand up. In the last quarter, Dennison slipped and hurt his ankle so badly he had to be taken out. We'll be glad to see Billie back because we need him. The juniors of our school did a lot towards winning the game. They went to Spencer on a sleigh ride and their cheering, led by Ralph Hall, was very good. It put new fight into the players.

Score and lineup:

M. E. W. H. S.—28	12—SPENCER
Thayer rf	rf Aucoin
Edwards rf	
Desautels lf	lf Morin
Fitzgerald c	c Haggerty
Dennison rg	rg Crimins
Gregory rg	lg Gouin
Allard lg	

Referee—Towne.

WOODSTOCK

Woodstock came to see us, February 9, and took our scalps home with them, 34-33. It was a mighty hard game to lose. Things seemed to break just wrong for us. The referee was very strict, and but for the free tries Woodstock made, we would have won. It was a fast game and very close toward the end. Ralph Hall is making quite a success as a cheer leader, and the team appreciates his help. It was too bad to have such a good audience and then lose the game. As has been said before, let's not be fair weather sports, let's just stay by our teams through thick and thin.

Score and lineup:

M. E. W. H. S.—33	34—WOODSTOCK
Thayer rf	rf Anderson
Edwards rf	
Desautels lf	lf Lafford
Fitzgerald c	c Mower
Gregory rg	rg Phaneuf
Allard lg	lg P. Johnson
Tillyer lg	

Referee—Winslow.

WEBSTER

Webster received a trimming at our hands on February 16. For the past five or six years, Webster has beaten us all around. Having become sick of this, we decided to change it and we did! Our team went out there on the Southbridge "Y" floor, with the place packed to the doors, determined to win

or be squelched forever. They fought like tigers every second. Basket after basket was dropped. At the end of the first half the score was 26-8 in our favor. In the last half, Webster only made two points. Our forwards, Thayer and Desautels backed by Fitzgerald, did the scoring. Our backs played very well. Allard held down the renowned Love in great style and Johnny Gregory, freshman star, held his man down to one basket. Dennison had hard luck, being unable to play because of his ankle. It's no fun to "warm the bench" while your team is playing such an important game. Now what won that game? The wonderful playing of the team of course. But what made that team fight so? What made them so determined? The crowd. To see that gallery packed with cheering, yelling rooters for *our* school was something new and not soon to be forgotten. It was great. How could that team fail with all those backers right *there*? They couldn't and they didn't. If this school wants to win its games it's got to turn out like it did that night. Much credit is due Ralph Hall and Charles Tessier for the way they led those cheers. Hall saw he was unable to play this year, and so he did the next best thing. As a cheer leader, he's a wonder. With a few more like him, we would soon have enough school spirit to last for years. Let's all get into the game the way he does, heart and soul.

After the game the rooters adjourned to Main Street and had a snake dance led by Hall, which was a great success. When the team came out they were cheered again and again by students, teachers and townspeople. It's the sort of thing we want after every game, so let's keep it up.

Score and lineup:

M. E. W. H. S.—36	10—WEBSTER
Thayer (Capt.) rf	rf Love
Desautels. McKinstry lf	lf Putnam, Hand
Fitzgerald c	c Gadoury
Gregory. Edwards, Litchfield rg	rg Loban
Allard, Tillyer, Poeton lg	lg Hand, Shionfeld

Referee—R. Keating. Baskets from floor—Thayer 2. Desautels 8, Fitzgerald 3, Litchfield, Allard, Love, Putnam, Gadoury.

NORTH BROOKFIELD

On February 17, the day after the Webster game, our team went to argue the point with

North Brookfield. They were beaten, 26-24. The team feels that they should have won that game, because they took it easy when they thought they were ahead. It was hard luck because they were playing well and probably could have tied or won the game had they realized they were behind. It made it worse to know that on that game depended our chances for the pennant. When a team works as hard as ours does and loses a game through a mistake like that, it surely is a pity. It hurt the fellows more than the school could realize. However, we know they soon will regain the old pep, and fight for second place.

Score and lineup:

M. E. W. H. S.—24 26—N. BROOKFIELD

Desautels lf	lf Grabert
Thayer (Capt.) rf	rf Smith
Fitzgerald c	c McDonald
Allard lg	lg H. Grabert
Gregory, Litchfield rg	rg Perrin

OXFORD

Oxford had their first downfall when they came to see us February 23. It was quite a fall, too, judging by the score. They didn't have a chance though, the way our team was playing that night. We had an audience as large as that of the Webster game. Again, Hall and Tessier made a hit as cheer leaders. Johnny Gregory, the star freshman back, showed up well. The forwards and the center played the usual good game.

Score and lineup:

M. E. W. H. S.—39 22—OXFORD

Thayer, Edwards rf	rf Cameron
Desautels lf	lf Anderson
Fitzgerald c	c White
Allard, Litchfield rg	rg Allen, Deveau
Gregory, Poeton lg	lg Deveau, Robinson

Referee—Keating.

GIRLS

The Killingly girls came to Southbridge on February 23, and played a preliminary to the boys' game with the M. E. W. H. S. girls. Our girls seem to be running in a streak of hard luck. Keep trying, girls. The scorers were Ruth Wriston, C. Clarke and Leona Morse.

Score and lineup:

M. E. W. H. S.—18 31—KILLINGLY

H. Lucier, Leona Morse rf	rf Conklin
S. Lavallee lf	lf Stocton
C. Clarke, R. Wriston c	c McGorty
D. Pezzetti rg	rg Cording, Francis
M. Wheeler lg	lg Nastor

SPENCER

Spencer received another trimming when they came to Southbridge, February 27. They worked hard and got a good score. Our scorers, Fitzgerald and Desautels, did their work well. Come again, Spencer.

Score and lineup:

M. E. W. H. S.—47 22—SPENCER

Thay (Capt.) Edwards rf	rf Aucoin
Desautels, Tillyer lf	lf Morin
Fitzgerald, Litchfield c	c Haggerty
Gregory, Poeton rg	rg Crimmins
Allard, Dennison lg	lg Gouin

Referee—Keating.

WARREN

Our first game in March was played at Warren on the 4th. We beat them by a rather close score, 15-14. We were ahead by about four baskets at the end of the third quarter when Warren started creeping up on us. Both of our guards had been sick on the way to the game, and couldn't last as well as the Warrenites. The game got hotter and hotter until, with two minutes to play, the score was 15-14. Our team pulled itself together and literally sat on Warren for two minutes. It was the first very close game that we had won. Allard got in his usual long basket. Desautels, Thayer and Fitzgerald were the other scorers.

In the last quarter, Desautels got hurt on a chair on the sidelines and had to take time out. In two minutes he was back in the game harder than ever. Cheering for Southbridge was led by Ralph Hall.

Score and lineup:

M. E. W. H. S.—15 14—WARREN

Thayer (Capt.) rf	rf Rice
Desautels lf	lf Sheridan, Riley
Fitzgerald c	c Converse
Gregory rg	rg Noppa
Allard lg	lg Wilson

Referee—Keating.

GIRLS

The Wells girls' team went to Warren with the boys on March 4th. Their hard luck sat on them harder than ever to the tune of 54-8. They certainly have courage and perseverance to stand up under their string of defeats and not give up. Leona Morse and Hazel Lucier were the scorers. Helen Clarke showed up well in guarding her opponent.

Score and lineup:

M. E. W. H. S.—8 54—WARREN
H. Lucier rf rf M. Wilson, Powers
Leona Morse lf lf Quinn
Ruth Wriston, Helen Clarke c
c F. Sullivan, Tucker
Dorothy Pezzetti rg rg Benson, M. Sullivan
Martha Lord, Mildred Wheeler lg
lg Terry, Benson

Referee—Mack. Timer—Brown.

NORTH BROOKFIELD

Our last game was played with North Brookfield on the 7th of March. It was a good ending for the winning streak we had been having. It was a good fast game, and our team had to work to hold them down. Fitzgerald, Thayer, Desautels and Gregory were the scorers. We managed to get far enough ahead so that all the subs could be put in.

Score and lineup:

M. E. W. H. S.—28 21—N. BROOKFIELD
Thayer, Edwards, Hall rf rf Smith
Desautels lf lf F. Grabert, Rice
Fitzgerald c c McDonald, Rice
Gregory, Litchfield rg rg Perrin
Allard, Dennison, Poeton lg lg H. Grabert

HOCKEY

On Saturday afternoon, January 24, our hockey team played their first game. It was played on Big Pond with the Globe Rovers of this town. At the end of the second period, it looked bad with a score of 3-0 for the Rovers. Tabor came to the front, however, and with Middleton's help, won the game. It was a fine start for the team, and more honors for the school are soon to be looked for from this source.

Score and lineup:

M. E. W. H. S.—4 3—GLOBE ROVERS
Tabor (Capt.) lw lw Chouinard
Middleton c c Colquhoun
Simonds rw rw Lachapelle
Gaucher d d Thibeault
Dragon g g Coughlin

Goals—Tabor 3, Middleton 1, Lachapelle 2, Chouinard 1. Referee—Garneau. Time—3 fifteen-minute periods.

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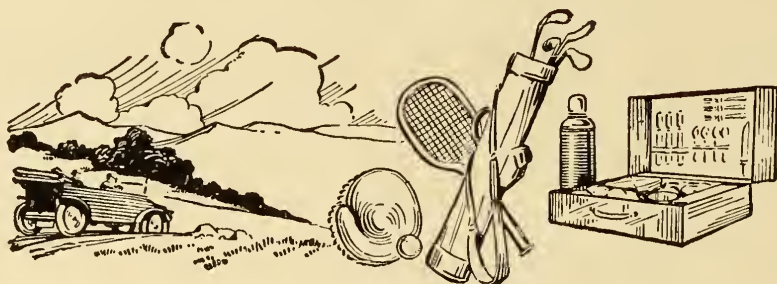
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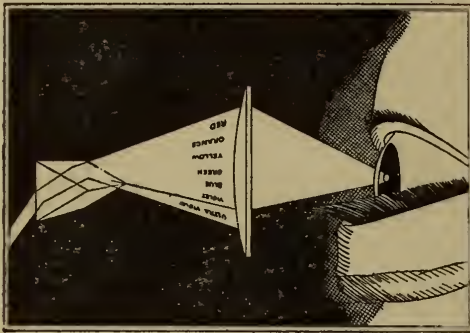
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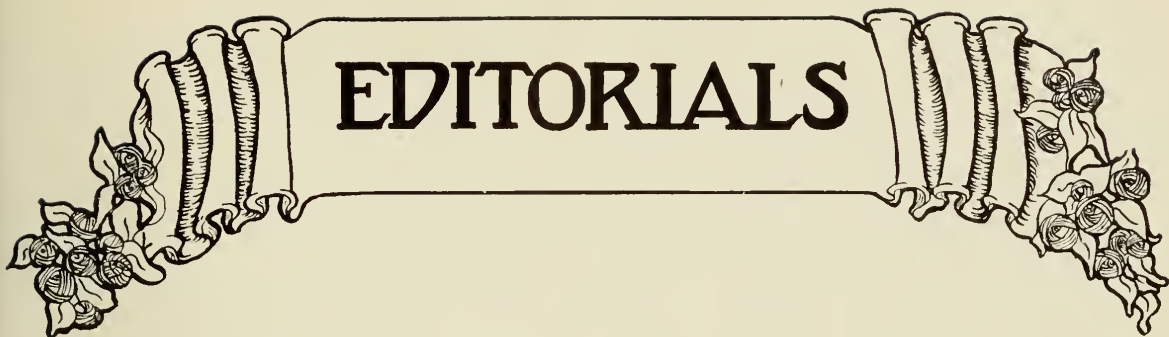
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SCHOOL SPIRIT

It seems to be an old story in this school to write editorials on school spirit. However, it is a subject in which interest should never slacken. Many students come to our school, study hard and get high marks, but pay no attention to the other side. First, after study, the morale of the school should be considered. Are you one of those who put in as little and take out as much as they can or are you one who puts in everything and takes out as much as possible? It must be remembered that *you* comprise the student body. Others look to *you* for leadership in studies, sports, social activities, and morals. *You* are this school. It is up to *you* whether or not this school will be a success in the years you attend it. What sort of an example are *you*? Can Freshmen look up to you and be proud to know you? Are you worthy? Take yourself to pieces and examine closely your innermost thoughts and your everyday life. Of what use are you? Who, in this world, in this school, is benefited by *you*? Why are you here, anyway, if it is not to do good? Are you doing the right things or don't you care? Are you letting things slide? When there is work to do, where are *you*? When the piano is moved, do you take the stool? We are here on this earth to help our fellow creatures to the best of our ability. Are *you* doing it? Or are you a slacker? Now that you have yourself apart, what are you going to do about it? Are you going to let the wheels slip back into the old cogs or are you going to make new wheels? What do you say, Seniors? You will soon be graduates. Will you still back the old school to the limit? What do you say, students of '26, '27, '28? Are we going to put our school on the map? Are we going to show the world that we can work? Are we going to co-operate with the faculty? Are we going to get high marks in

all our studies and still boost every worth while thing that comes up? That is what is meant by school spirit. From now on, are we going to have school spirit? Are we? You bet we are! Let's go!

LAWRENCE POETON, '26.

PRESERVE THE WILD FLOWERS

In spring and summer it is the wild flowers that give the woods their beauty and fragrance. We have now more gatherers than flowers. In order that a seed may form the blossom must ripen. If it is picked there will be no seed.

A few years ago it was all right to pick flowers, they were in such great abundance. Now there are so many nature lovers that our beautiful plants are being exterminated.

People in automobiles can now go out into the country and load their cars with all kinds of branches such as rhododendron and shad bushes. If they would only take a few it would be all right, but they seem to want to take all that they see and then are not satisfied.

People can enjoy flowers just as much by going out into the woods to see them.

It is all right to grow domestic flowers and pick them or to buy them from a florist, but there is no florist who grows wild flowers.

CLARENCE KNOWLES, '26.

SUPPORT YOUR SCHOOL PAPER

The CRIMSON AND GRAY is what you make it. Everybody cannot write stories, editorials or poems, but they can help just as much or more by buying a copy of the paper. Get your information first-hand and not by what someone tells you, or by what you catch glimpses of over someone's shoulder. The paper is published primarily for you, for your benefit. If you cannot attend the base-

ball games or other sports, read about them in the CRIMSON AND GRAY. If you cannot attend the social functions, read about them in the school paper. Read what other schools think of us in the Exchange section. Perhaps you don't think that there are any good story-writers in the school, but buy a paper and find out.

If you have any school spirit these things should be of vital interest to you. Remember that you can't get something for nothing and if you don't buy your own paper, but read the other person's, in a short time the paper will not be able to pay for itself and will have to be discontinued. Send copies of it to your friends and relatives. They will enjoy reading it. Above all show that you have school spirit by buying a copy of the next issue of the CRIMSON AND GRAY yourself.

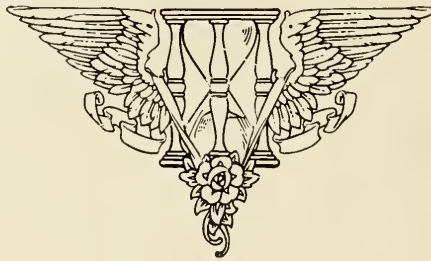
HERBERT GOODELL, '26.

WHISPERING DURING STUDY PERIODS

Did you ever think how annoying it is? Imagine trying to study while someone quite near is talking in a low tone. You are about to have a test next period, and when you hear a hissing sound, your thoughts become scattered and you cannot concentrate. It surely is exceedingly annoying, not only to other pupils, but also to the teachers. "Listening in" and "broadcasting" cannot both be done at the same time with perfect ease from a radio point of view. Thus it is with a pupil trying to study or recite and listen to someone whispering. He cannot do both successfully.

When we have a study period where a class is reciting, let us be more quiet and think how fortunate we are to have a few moments' rest, while the other pupils are reciting.

E. A. DESAUTELS, '26.



ROBERT MONTAGUE

"Bob"

Our Senior Class President—the best ever. He has kept our class going all year very successfully (we're hard to manage at times). He's also Editor-in-Chief of the CRIMSON AND GRAY and President of the Student Council. We all enjoyed Robert's acting in both the Junior and Senior plays. He enters Brown in the fall and we are confident that our "leader" will be as successful there as in high school. We are not sure what he expects to be, but from his writing of the Class Will we think he ought to be a lawyer. Debating Society, '24, Honor Group.



LOUISE NOLAN

"Bobbie"

Louise might seem "shy and demure" at first sight, but we know otherwise. She's a good sport and always ready for fun. Her smile has been known to make more than one succumb to her charms. Louise has faithfully traveled down to us on the "Toonerville Trolley" every day, so we thought she knew her way around the world, but ask her what happened in Worcester! She's going to school in Boston next year—Don't get lost, "Bobbie." Glee Club, Athletic Association, Class Treasurer, '25, Gym Class, Honor Group.



ROLAND THAYER

"Fat"

The best-natured boy in our class. Always ready to joke or "start something." He's always been popular with both the boys and the girls. At every class function "Fat" has always been one of the best workers. Everyone has enjoyed his acting in all our plays. Plays, '23-'25, Football (Captain '23), Basketball (Captain, '25), Baseball (Manager, '25), Vice-President of Class, '25.



HILDA GREGORY

"Hil"

In Hilda, we have our "flapper." She proved her ability as such in the Senior play. "Hil" is a corking good sport and everybody likes her. She has a contagious giggle and it's positively impossible to stay glum in her company. She wants to be a nurse so here's hoping she "mixes her doses O.K." Athletic Association Secretary, Manager Girls' Basketball Team, Gym Class, Glee Club, '21-'25, President Uke Club, Class Secretary, '24-25.





LOUIS ALLARD

"Pecker"

The best sport in our class. He always joined in every sport and game. He was President of the class in our Sophomore year and has played on the basketball team three years. We all enjoyed his impersonation of a girl in the Junior play. We all hope you get your \$10,000 a year income, "Pecker!" Glee Club, '21-'25, Orchestra.



OLIVETTE BONIN

"Mignonne"

Our Freshman class beauty. Mignonne has always been on hand for every class undertaking. She is one of the school's best song-birds and was a principal in the operetta. She says she wants to be an old maid—do you believe it? We don't, because we saw how she acted as a dashing French maid in the Senior play. Glee club, '21-'25.



THEOGENE BENOIT

"Zene"

"Zene" is of the bashful type, but just get to know him and? ! He was a member of last summer's C. M. T. C. at Camp Devens and soldiered with the 5th Infantry, Company E. He's going again in July and will be stationed at Fort Adams, R. I., for Coast Artillery work. He was our football manager in '24. We wish him success in his future work as a contractor. Athletic Association, '21-'25.



SYLVIA CLAFLIN

"Syl"

"Syl" is one of our most versatile classmates, being class poet, baby-doll actress, excellent student (?) and class prophet, besides working in the Library. She intends to do social service work in the far future, but is going to Westfield Normal next year. Her ambition is to be matron of an orphan asylum—we hope she enjoys this occupation when she gets it. Glee Club, Athletic Association, Senior Play.

LEVIS BENOIT

"Hennery"

A happy-go-lucky "garçon" with an appetite for motors (all types including flivvers). He's been studying hard lately as he expects to enter Boston University (C. B. A.) in the fall. Levis has a particular liking for the "country." We wonder why. Good luck, Levis! Athletic Association, '21-'25.



CONSTANCE CODERRE

"Kitty"

Kitty personifies the saying that "good things come in small packages"—the consolation of the tiny. Her apparent demureness belies her energetic character and lively attitude, and she has been active in all school affairs, besides graduating with honors. Kitty is one of our many class members to locate in Boston next year. She will take up secretarial work at Simmons. When she tires of taking dictation she might resume her career of a Spanish dancer with customary success. Glee Club, Athletic Association, Gym Class, Student Council, CRIMSON AND GRAY.



ROBERT BROWN

"Red"

One of the best "mixers" in the class. He came here from Drury High, North Adams, in the fall, and went right into all our class activities. He was a good worker all through the year, and always ready for fun. "Red" is one of the daily commuters from Dudley, but he doesn't mind it a bit, for he likes the company! He was basketball manager, pitcher on the baseball team, and a member of the Banjo-Uke Club, besides belonging to the Glee Club. Senior Play.



GERTRUDE FARLEY

"Gert"

The brightest girl in our class. We all envy her A's and B's. She's quite some actress too, as she demonstrated in both the Junior and Senior plays. She doesn't know yet what she's going to do next year, but we can safely bet that she'll succeed in whatever she tries. "Gert" has always been one of the enthusiastic backers of all our class activities, and we surely hope she won't forget us in Quinebaug next year. Glee Club, Athletic Association, All Class Plays, Honor Group.





ADRIAN GAUCHER

"Ad"

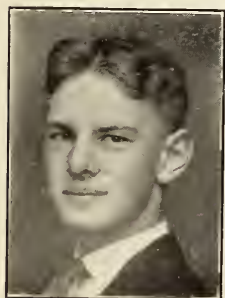
We take great pleasure in introducing our class "lawyer" and incidentally the one most interested in any sort of an argument. "Ad" has been the CRIMSON AND GRAY'S Business Manager for the past year, and is largely responsible for piloting it through a successful year. Football, '23-'24, Baseball, '24-'25, Hockey, '25, Track, '24-'25 (Manager, '25).



EXOA FAIRFIELD

"Ex"

She's quiet, but she's all there! Exoa comes to us on the "bus" every day without fail. She never bothers the teachers by her whispering, but that's not saying she doesn't think a lot, for it's true that "still water runs deep." She has our best wishes for her success next year and ever after. Athletic Association.



CHARLES HANSON

"Charlie"

Quiet, studious, a perpetual grin—that's Charlie. If anyone ever wiped his smile off we never knew it, and we hope he'll never lose it. He's one of our best violinists. He intends to be a regular M.D., but as he likes to study we can't pity him; instead we wish him much success. Charlie believes in always being ready for emergencies, so he'll surely succeed. Class Secretary, '23, Class Treasurer, '24, CRIMSON AND GRAY, '24, Debating Society, '24, C. M. T. C., '24, Orchestra, '21-'25, Honor Group.



FELICIA KANE

"Flea"

When it comes to winning awards in typewriting, "Flea" is certainly there. She is also one of the Honor Group. If you hear a sudden laugh in Commercial Law, you know "Charlie" has told "Flea" one of his latest jokes. Happy, witty, studious (?)—that's "Flea." Athletic Association, '21-'25, Glee Club, '23-'24.

HECTOR LECLAIR

"The Kid"

"Hec" is one of our class musicians; he's some piano player and shakes a mean uke. All our school publicity in the "News" is responsible to his "reporting." He's some dancer—we'll say! and can he skate? You ought to see him! Manager of the Hockey Team, '25, Uke Club, '25, Glee Club, '21-'25, C. M. T. C., '24.



MARGARET LAFLECHE

One of our embryonic stenogs. She always wears a grin, sunshine or rain. She's one of our best candy sellers at all entertainments—that's to be expected however, because of her experience in the "red front" store. She intends to do office work after graduation and we're sure she will succeed. Athletic Association, '21-'25.



LAWRENCE LITCHFIELD

"Lawry"

One of our class "sheiks." Nobody has ever been known to stay in his company for over two moments without having to laugh at one of his jokes. He is "Fat" Thayer's side partner and they are some team. When it comes to undertaking any class activity "Lawry" is right there. He's a good actor, besides belonging to all the athletic teams. If there is any disturbance in Room Four when "Lawry's" around—he gets the blame—we wonder why! Football (Captain, '24), Basketball, Baseball, Glee Club, '21-'25, Class Plays, '23-'25.



ROSALIND LUCIER

"Rose"

Another class member who seems "quiet and shy." Rose is all there, though, as she showed on the girls' basketball team this winter. She is another of our future stenogs, and will enter the "business world" soon after graduation. We feel sure that she will succeed, for unless she changes she will never get into trouble, as some of the rest of us might. Glee Club, Athletic Association, Gym Class, '25.





GERTRUDE OUELLETTE

"Gert"

"Gert" is one of the quiet but thoughtful members of our class. It has been rumored, however, that once she is started—beware! She has won many typewriting awards during her high school career with which to arm herself next year when she starts out into the wide, wide world. Glee Club, Athletic Association, Gym Class.



BERNICE PARKER

"Bernie"

The best "organizer" in the class. "Bernie" has been Chairman of the Entertainment Committee all year and it is due to her management that we've given such successful parties. She's also one of our best future business women. "Bernie" has quite an array of typewriting awards by now, besides being a member of the Honor Group. Treasurer Athletic Association, Chairman Entertainment Committee, Secretary Student Council, Senior Play, CRIMSON AND GRAY, Glee Club.



RUTH POLLARD

"Rufus"

One of the happy-go-lucky members of our class; nothing seems to worry her, and we all agree that's the best way to be. Ruth enters Worcester Normal in the fall and will train to be a teacher. Knowing her of old, we'd all like to be in her classes, for we're sure we'd never be disciplined too much. We hope you won't forget the N. O. Fund, Ruth! Glee Club, Athletic Association. '21-'25, Gym Class.



GERTRUDE POWERS

"Gert"

How many times have we turned around at a sudden laugh to find that Gertrude's sense of humor had overflowed? During the past two years we have often had occasion to visit Gertrude in the Library where she has been employed. She's going to B. U. next year and our good will accompanies her. Glee Club, Athletic Association, Secretary Uke Club.

ALINE PINSONNEAULT

"Al"

The most industrious member of the class. She is a firm believer in "doing things up brown." She is not only good at school work, but is also an excellent violinist and as such has gained quite a reputation. Aline plans to enter normal school, and knowing her as we do, we feel sure that she will come out "on top." For four years Aline has been collecting typewriting awards; she has now a most imposing array. Orchestra, '21-'25, Glee Club, '21-'25, Athletic Association, Honor Group.



ROBERT SNELL

"Bob"

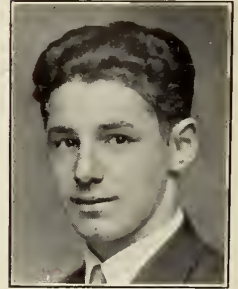
Robert is one of the "bright spots" of the class. Some people might call him temperamental. But the boys would say he's "all right." He's a very studious fellow, but sometimes he works too hard, although this does not seem to make him a "dull boy." He has successfully run the "movies" all this year, and although they broke down frequently, we're sure it was no fault of his. Here's hoping he'll make good at M. A. C. next year. Track, '25, Honor Group.



CHARLES TESSIER

"Charlie"

If a class ever had a baby we think we have one in Charlie. He sure gets on Miss Putnam's nerves, but even so, she can't help laughing at his pranks. However, Charlie can always be depended on when there's work to be done. He took part in our class plays and was on the baseball team four years and the football team one year, besides being a member of the Glee Club four years. We're not worrying as to how Charlie will get along for we're certain that "he will get there." Senior Play.



MARY SERLETO

"Marie"

"Our Mary's distinctive characteristics include an aristocratic atmosphere interposed with plebian giggles. Her hobby is collecting elongated words for her extensive vocabulary—hence we suggest that she either publish a dictionary or make cross-word puzzles. Mary has achieved local fame as the "wittiest" class member, as an actress, and as a soloist. She has been prominent in all school activities. So, all together now, we'll end by singing, "Oh, What a Pal Was Mary!" And we all agree that Mary is "some pal." Athletic Association, Junior Play, Glee Club, '21-'25 (Librarian, '25).





ANTOINETTE TRAHAN

Have you ever seen Antoinette smile? If you haven't, you've missed something. She's generally quiet, but every once in a while when you hear a giggle from the back seat you can identify it with her. She expects to enter the business world next year, so here's the best of good luck to her! Athletic Association.



ADELE WERNER

"Del"

The peppiest member of our class—that's Del. When she is around you can bet there's something doing! She's another flapper, and we've heard she is quite a horseback rider. She intends to be a nurse in the far future. We envy her patients! "Del" always has a "perfectly glorious" idea in her head, and is always "just dying" to carry it out. She's been assisting at the Library and we've all enjoyed going in there to have a chat with her. She's also one of our best actresses. Class Plays, '23-'25, our only girl Class President, '24, Glee Club, '21-'25.



MILDRED WHEELER

"Milly"

The most precise member of the class. "Milly" believes that everything has its time and place, and acts accordingly. She has always been a willing helper in whatever the class has attempted to do. Next year she is planning to go to Sargent to take up physical culture, and we all hope that "some day" she may be "physical instructor" in dear old Mary E. Wells High School. Glee Club, '21-'25, Athletic Association, Gym Class, Honor Group.



ELIZABETH RICH

"Betty"

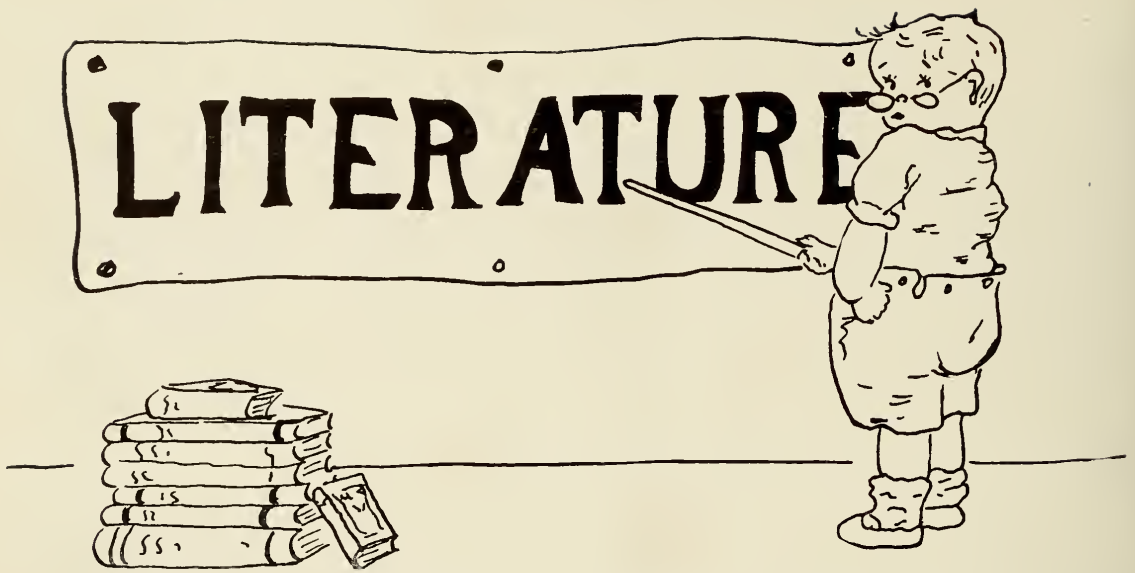
Betty is one of the most widely known members of the class, and incidentally our "prima donna." We shall miss her singing next year. No class entertainment was ever complete without Betty, for she always took part in some capacity. We hope that she keeps on with her music, for we'd all enjoy hearing her sing in Grand Opera, so all we say is, "Keep it up, Betty, you're doing fine." President of Glee Club, '24-'25, Vice-President of Class, '24, Junior Play, Athletic Association.

DEAN TABOR

"Petit Deané"

Our right hand man on all occasions. Our most famous class musician, actor, and all round man. His Ford has always done all our errands. Dean has also made a name for himself in athletics, as he has joined in almost every sport. He intends to go on with his music next year, and we are all sure of his success, for when he puts his mind to anything he succeeds. Class President, '22, Baseball, '22-'25, Football, '23-'25, Track, '22-'25, Hockey (Captain, '25), Glee Club, Class Plays, '23-'25.





THE AMENDMENTS TO THE CONSTITUTION

When the convention at Philadelphia which framed the Constitution had completed its work it had laid a substantial foundation for our government. This government has lasted for nearly one hundred and fifty years with no radical changes in its structure, a great tribute to the ability and foresight of its founders. But with the advancing years, and the more complex nature of modern existence, the scope of the national government has been continually widening, and there is frequent demand, and occasional need, for alterations in the Constitution.

There are really two methods of changing the Constitution, by formal amendment and by judicial opinion. It was not intended that this document, the framework on which the whole government was to rest, should be subject to hasty and ill-considered alterations, but rather that changes in it, if necessary, should be made with great care and deliberation. So it was decided that amendments would have to be proposed by two-thirds of a body representing the nation as a whole, either Congress or a national convention, and ratified by three-fourths of the states. Therefore if the proposed change was unsatisfactory to only a small minority of the states, it could be easily prevented from going into effect. Certainly this is conservative enough; some statesmen think it too conservative. They believe that it would better protect the interests of the people if amendments could be more easily made.

As it is, Congress, using the authority granted it to make all laws "necessary and proper" for the execution of its powers, has passed laws on a multitude of subjects not covered by the Constitution. For instance, the pure food laws are nowhere directly authorized. The importance of the matter, however, lies in the fact that the courts support these laws, because they are necessary, and constitutional amendments are too difficult, and because certain provisions of the Constitution can be "stretched" to cover them. So it is that judicial opinion has exerted such a wide influence on the structure of our government, and has brought about great changes in the interpretation, if not the letter, of the Constitution.

However, the most important alterations in the underlying system of the government have been made by means of amendments, nineteen in number. When there was no way to "stretch" the Constitution to fit the change, formal amendments became necessary.

The first ten amendments, commonly called the Bill of Rights, were the outcome of distrust in a strong central government, a distrust created by the tyranny of England's rule. They were proposed soon after the Constitution went into effect, and laid a number of restrictions on Congress. Congress cannot interfere with freedom of speech or of the press. It cannot allow general search warrants to be issued, nor soldiers to be quartered on the people in times of peace, as the British did. It cannot take away the privilege of a trial by jury, or any other of several rights which the people felt

belonged to them. If any laws were to be passed on these subjects the states should make them. These amendments made certain that there should be no despotic central government, and that the states should keep all power which they had not expressly granted to the nation.

The next two amendments were necessitated by errors in framing the Constitution, of which fortunately there are very few. The eleventh simply denied in unmistakable terms that a state can be sued by the citizens of another state without its consent, something which there had been no intention to imply. In America a state is sovereign, except in its relation to the national government.

The process of presidential election as it is today was established by the twelfth amendment. In 1800, Jefferson and Burr, the choice of the majority, received an equal number of electoral votes, Jefferson being intended for President and Burr for Vice-President. As the Constitution then read, the one receiving the highest number of votes was to be President, and the next highest, Vice-President. A deadlock ensued, which was only broken by the choice of Jefferson for chief executive, in the House of Representatives. The amendment, adopted soon afterward, prevents any similar occurrence by providing for the separate election of each officer.

The next three changes in the Constitution were the result of the Civil War, and relate to the problem of the negro. First of all, the slaves must be freed. President Lincoln is commonly thought to have done this by his famous Emancipation Proclamation. But the Proclamation could not be permanent; it was merely a war measure, and besides, it was effective only in the seceding states. Accordingly, the thirteenth amendment was passed, which definitely declared that slavery should not exist on American soil.

The next step was to give the negro the rights of citizenship. The fourteenth amendment was designed to accomplish this, by extending to every person in a state the equal protection of the laws of that state. It also implied the right to vote, by reducing the representation in Congress of any state which refused suffrage to the negro. General evasion of its provisions by the Southern states, however, especially concerning the privilege of voting, led to the passage of the

fifteenth amendment, which definitely confers this right on every citizen, meaning of course, at this time, every male citizen. The Civil War had decided the question of slavery; the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth amendments put this decision into effect.

It is within the past dozen years that the last four amendments have been adopted, a period of forty-three years having elapsed since the fifteenth was passed. The first of this group was the sixteenth, adopted in 1913, which authorizes the direct income tax. There had been income tax laws before, and they had actually been in operation considerable lengths of time, but were always declared unconstitutional, for the Constitution provided that direct taxes should be apportioned according to population, and this, of course, the income tax does not do.

The seventeenth amendment provides for the direct election of senators, who previously had been chosen by the state legislatures. Modern government has increasing confidence in the competence of the people directly to control its movements and policies.

The last two amendments are so familiar that there is hardly any need to explain the process of their adoption. Both were the result of long campaigns by nation-wide organizations. The eighteenth is the familiar "prohibition" amendment, which is being found so difficult of enforcement, and the nineteenth is the one which completes the total enfranchisement of our people by granting the suffrage to women.

Nineteen amendments,—but only nineteen, in all the century and a half of its existence! Thus we see the Constitution today, still firm, still strong, and still the vital foundation of our government. More and more is public attention being called to it; more people are realizing the value of carefully studying it, and are learning of what great importance it is to our everyday life. It is not merely a something that is found in the back of a history book, it is not a dead document, nor is it only a carefully preserved relic; it is the living foundation of American government and ideals, and the embodiment of the American spirit for all time.

In the words of President Coolidge, "The Constitution of the United States is the final refuge of every right that is enjoyed by any American citizen. So long as it is observed, these rights will be secure."

ROBERT MONTAGUE, '25.

LAFAYETTE NATIONAL PARK

Our country has a marvelous system of National Parks which makes it possible for thousands of people to enjoy the beauties of nature unmarred. In all there are nineteen, but as it is, with three exceptions they are all situated in the western part of the nation. The East has but one, a small, but very attractive park. This is Lafayette National Park in Maine.

In 1919 the park was dedicated by Edward Morrell to the people of Bar Harbor, but since then not only Bar Harbor people and New Englanders, but people from the farthest west of the country have enjoyed his gift.

The Park itself is on Mount Desert Island, the largest of a group of islands on our northeastern coast. Its mountains are visible from Mt. Katahdin. Its lakes are as wildly beautiful as when they were placed there by the great Creator, and the sight of the dark blue sea dotted with white sails is one of the greatest charms of the park.

One attraction, or rather the source of much praise and comment, is the Sieur de Monts Spring. At this spring tourists now quench their thirst marvelling all the while at the freshness and purity of the water. But what makes this rite all the more fascinating is the fact that for unknown centuries humans have patronized this spring. It was here that Indians often used to drink, then later on the Vikings. But in 1604 history has it that Champlain and his band of sturdy men drank to the king of France and his representative in the New World, the Sieur de Monts, from whence comes the name of the spring. At a later date, Gloucester fishermen were wont to partake of the spring water, while Canadian trappers also used it to fill their casks. In 1762 Charles Somes stopped here while on his way to build the first cabin on the island. Even Colonial governors praised it and nowadays tourists from all over the country drink its pure water.

The park has been beautified with all that human talent could do. Forest paths have been built to the extent of a hundred miles and the trails up the mountainsides, especially those by the sea are wonderful. Guide posts have been erected all along and motorists in climbing the mountains often pass over dried up water beds. Added to the beauty of the mountains themselves is the

sight and noise of the sea with its white sails and green isles.

The mountains are an important asset of Lafayette Park. Their peaks often hidden by low clouds, their slopes of pines and finally their rustling streams and brooks all lend enchantment. The brooks are famous for their trout. As the mountains are visible way out at sea, they have been landmarks to sailors ever since ships first sailed those waters. The three commanding peaks are Mts. Picket, Cadillac, and the Flying Squadron. The trails up the latter two are especially noted for they start from a meadow and wind along the bases, till with a sharp turn, they start up the rocky steps and are a steady climb till the peak is reached.

The real charm of Lafayette is, however, the sea; as it changes from blue to green and gray sending its furious white caps vainly against the granite shores of Mt. Desert Island. One of the most thrilling things to experience while visiting the Park is the view of the mad sea from the summit of one of the coast mountains. To look down upon the furious waters from a great height, breathing in the briny air, makes one wonder how the first sailors used to dare to brave such danger. This charm makes Lafayette Park all the more to be admired because of the fact that it is the only National Park in this country to have the sea in addition to the rest of nature's beauties. This makes up for the smallness and aloofness of the park, for it is because of this that people come hundreds of miles and will keep on coming from all over the country to see the National Park which is surrounded by the sea.

The surroundings of Lafayette Park are also very pleasant. As soon as one leaves the Park from the south as the signs "For Guests Only" disappear, one begins to see signs of homey everyday life. Here and there are fishermen with their nets, then again one sees a farmer ploughing his fields in the hot sun, then again the gay summer colonists are romping about or sitting in the shade quietly enjoying the healthy air. One drives along all the winding bays of the Park and one is often surprised to hear the scream of gulls along the dangerous cliff roads. Then again one passes the famous Bubble Pond, which because of its seclusion is the park's asylum for wild-fowl.

It is said that the best way to approach Lafayette Park is to start out from Moosehead, where all is wild and woody although

beautiful, and then to go along to Bar Harbor, where fashion reigns supreme and quiet is unknown. Then, but a few miles out of Bar Harbor, all is wilderness again and one stands before the boulder upon which is the bronze tablet with the donor's name upon it.

A thing which interests most people touring the country nowadays is the tourist camp. For who does not want to travel by auto, going where and when he pleases rather than according to train schedule? Lafayette Park has a tourist camp and although it is not yet completely fitted out, it is the hope of many that it will be. A gift has lately been received by the Park Superintendent from the Ogden family of New York, of fourteen acres of excellent camping ground having a wonderful view of the sea.

The wide patronage of the National Parks and the interest shown in them by people of means, who often make valuable gifts to the Parks, show that we are all awakening to the advantages at hand and the great opportunity of knowing nature more thoroughly. Until now the East has lacked one of these National assets, but since 1919 it has been making up for what it has lacked heretofore and it is to be hoped that these wonderful National Parks will increase throughout the country.

CONSTANCE CODERRE, '25.

THE CULTURAL VALUE OF A COMMERCIAL COURSE

Culture is a word often vaguely defined, and just as vaguely applied to things educational. We speak of it as something desirable, but relegate it in such a way that an exact definition or a specific application is made impossible. What is it? How can it be acquired? What shall be done with it once we get it? Are there degrees of culture, or, is the term an absolute one? Can one person be more cultured than another? Does it consist in knowing or in doing? Is it positive or negative? How can such an elusive thing be connected with a commercial education?

To answer these questions, the assumption may be made that culture is the outward expression of the inward man. It is not a veneer which may be applied to an individual by means of a specified course of study; it is not even a definite quality which a man may

acquire by the taking of thought; it is, rather, the development of the personality of one's self.

The purpose of a commercial education is to give general business information; develop initiative and responsibility; and train men and women to economically and ethically promote business enterprises.

The growth of schools giving commercial education and the increase in the number of schools that offer business courses, in itself, proves the success of this training for a vocation. Business men realize it and cooperate by contributing financially to different schools. Mr. George F. Baker, a New York banker, gave \$5,000,000 to Harvard University as an endowment for a graduate school of commercial education.

The importance of some thorough business training can hardly be over-estimated since it largely determines the quality of business administration and increases one's personal service and success. It is estimated that 34 per cent of business failures are due to incompetence; therefore, it is evident that this can be reduced to a minimum by a thorough commercial education.

In order to possess a good commercial education, it is not enough merely to master the mechanics of business, although it may be the most essential part of a business training from a business point of view. Word-signs, the keyboard, business and legal forms, and all mechanical principles of business must be mastered if such a training is to mean anything, but it should not stop there.

Shorthand is often an avenue to the highest form of culture, but this depends upon the person so circumstanced. It has other and more immediate advantages. It develops the memory, accuracy, precision, and self-control. When a student is able to write one hundred or more words a minute, that is something to be proud of; that is an achievement. Everybody is familiar with the value and need of this study in the business world, but it should be learned with the idea of self-development always in mind.

The same thing might be said about typewriting, although we often hear the remark that typing is a mechanical operation. It is, but the idea of self-development also comes into that. It develops the instinct of the student. He sees the immediate results of his efforts, he gains more confidence in himself day by day. It develops habits of ac-

curacy. As a training in concentration, it has no superior.

Bookeeping has a distinct value as mental discipline. It has, also, an unused value in teaching the student the steps of self-development and self-expression. It develops a knowledge of one's self, in that his progress in the subject depends upon himself more than upon anyone else; self-respect in the matter of neatness and accuracy; self-confidence, in that he becomes more certain of his capabilities as his knowledge of the subject increases, self-assertion, in that he sees the relation of cause and effect and learns to reason for himself, developing an independent judgment whereby he is enabled to apply the knowledge acquired to new material. He sees the necessity of honesty.

The study of Commercial Law has more than a commercial value to the student because it touches every phase of life and concerns every living person. He learns how and why laws are made and the relation of law to equity, the need of the law and a respect for the same; he also learns that law is designed to protect what has proved to be of value in the commercial relationships of men; that mistakes are costly and therefore, should be avoided; that obligations undertaken may be enforced; that the law allows, no one to get something for nothing; that for every wrong there is a remedy; that he must consider the rights of others when dealing with them. He learns the value of precise language and the necessity for clear thinking and honorable action. Nothing develops self-confidence and self-assertion more than a knowledge of law.

A study of Commercial English is absolutely essential because it is considered a background to other subjects. The student learns the pronunciation, definition and spelling of words, and also learns to use these words with common sense. The reason why Commercial English is considered so essential is because heads of business firms are insisting more and more on really result-getting letters; that is, the stenographer should convey his thought in the shortest and clearest way possible, so that errors will be prevented.

A knowledge of Salesmanship, Banking, Economics, Marketing and others, is also of vital importance in a commercial course.

These remarks about these few commercial subjects, will possibly be sufficient to

show the scope and opportunities of the commercial work.

The standards of business are most exacting and the quality of preparation for a business career should be in accordance with these exacting demands of business. We should not lower our standards to satisfy the deceitful idea that culture consists largely in knowing something that is not to be used in everyday life. It is not necessary to suffocate one's personality with a lot of useless information to be forgotten as soon as the examination is passed. For unless what one has learned becomes an active part of his mental being, it will not help him in his quest for culture. But, on the other hand, if one has acquired some valuable knowledge and has the right attitude toward life, is interested in developing his personality, and has the spirit of a cultured man, he is on the way to the broadest and richest culture possible.

ALINE R. PINSONNEAULT, '25.

LIBRARY WORK AS A VOCATION

For the girl who really loves books, work in a public library makes a powerful appeal. The salary is never very large and one will often have to work a long while in minor positions before reaching a good place. This applies to the girl who gets her training by working in a library. For the girl who is able to take a regular librarian's course a good position is usually secured at once.

To be an ideal librarian one must love books, but one should also like people and be willing to help them. One must have a kind feeling for little children and have patience with them as well as with young and the old people. The librarian must be willing to help the ignorant and stupid as well as the educated and alert.

The librarian must have some understanding of books and in a small town library, where one sees the same people so often, she must know exactly what kind of books that person likes. It is very interesting for a librarian to see the books people of different ages and classes like.

Men usually like action and excitement in books; if they should see a picture or name of a girl mentioned they would not take it. There are, of course, men who like love stories. Women as a rule like calm love stories.

It is strange to see the classes of children who make use of the library; 90 per cent are

foreigners. That fact is very astonishing, but nevertheless true.

To the foreigners the library and librarians are a help. When they get settled in their permanent homes it is generally found that with very little delay they start taking out books to teach them the English language. Some of these foreigners can hardly talk English and the librarian must be very patient with them. But they are usually very grateful when she is kind to them, and they show it in their manner and in the expression of their faces.

Another interesting thing that librarians must like to do is to work with books; that is cataloging, mending and getting books ready to go out for the first time. One would be surprised at all the little things that must be done to a book before it goes out for the first time. Then books must be replaced on the shelves after they come back.

Most all librarians like to mend. Beginners are usually given mending and putting away books to start their training. It enables them to learn the names and authors of books, and if the mender should just glance over the page quickly it would give her an idea of what kind of a book it is and what kind of people would like it. By putting up books one quickly learns where each book is kept.

Each book has its regular place and must be put back in that very same place. The public look so surprised when the librarian tells them that they must put each book back in the place from which it was taken. People must think a librarian has some kind of magic touch to find any book in any place.

Besides books there are always papers and magazines for the public, and sometimes librarians hunt up articles years and years back in a magazine for people who want a particular article in that issue.

Another thing one notices is the attitude of the public toward a librarian. As there are only a very few librarians in each town, every one knows them and treats them with a great deal of courtesy and respect.

While she is waiting on people it is interesting to see the way she is treated; if some particular book is asked for and it is not in, the people seem to think that she either does not know her business or that she is keeping the book for some of her own friends.

They do not stop to think that, that par-

ticular book might be a popular one and that hundreds of people have asked for it.

There are all kinds of positions for librarians; large business concerns employ them as well as colleges and schools.

There are library schools which offer four-year courses and some colleges have a regular librarian's course. Large libraries and sometimes smaller ones take in young girls to train. But it is a long time working up to a librarian's position in this way.

GERTRUDE POWERS, '25.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF SCHOOLS IN AMERICA

People in America, and Massachusetts in particular, have reason to be proud of their schools. Education has always been considered one of the chief essentials in our country.

In colonial times, education stood next to religion in New England. The Puritans therefore established a system of public education, soon after reaching the new world. Every town was required to have a school, and as early as 1650, each New England colony, except Rhode Island, had passed laws enforcing some degree of education; but even here interest in education declined during the next century.

The colonial schools in New England were taught in one room. The children paid a small sum to learn how to read and write.

In the South it was almost impossible to have schools because the plantations were so far apart. The rich planters had tutors at home for their children and often sent their sons to Europe to be educated. The schools for the masses were so few that the poorer people generally grew up in ignorance.

It is doubtful whether previous to the Revolutionary War, as many as one-half of all the white persons throughout the thirteen colonies could read and write. Most children depended upon the little instruction that their parents could give them at home. The boys were given the preference, because it was not considered that girls needed much schooling to prepare them for household duties.

Harvard, which was founded in 1636, was for over half a century the only college in America. The first medical treatise in America was published by Thomas Thacher in Boston in 1678. But it was a full century before the first medical school was opened in

Philadelphia. Even then the science of medicine was crude and clumsy beyond belief. George Washington's life was sacrificed to medical ignorance in 1799.

The famous Ordinance of 1787 set aside one section of every township for the support of public schools. This increased the number of schools in America to a great extent.

It was not until the 19th century that a systematic effort was made to educate the masses of people throughout the country. In 1838 Horace Mann aroused great interest in public school education throughout the North. In the South there were no successful efforts to establish systems of free public schools until after the Civil War.

Prior to 1850, only the few persons who could afford an education at a private academy, could hope for schooling extending much beyond the three R's. Public high schools began to spring up about 1850 in most of the large Northern cities, and gradually spread to the Southern cities after the Civil War.

There were nine colleges established under church influence before the Revolutionary War. These colleges still exist. In the 19th century there were over 500 colleges in the United States. There were also professional and scientific schools, such as: the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Boston, and Drexel Institute, Philadelphia.

Today our system has developed to such an extent that our schools are considered among the first in the world. The United States spends more money per year on schools than any other nation in the world.

Compulsory education exists in the United States. Children under fourteen years of age are compelled to attend school.

We have schools in which the term is from June to September. During the summer months young pupils forget much that they have learned during the previous school year; therefore some schools are running the year round, pupils being permitted to take three or four twelve-week terms. Thus a pupil can gain one school year every third year.

There are public high schools in every town in America. Here in Southbridge different courses of study are offered. For those who desire to enter the business world there is the Commercial course, complete in every detail. There are also the General and College Preparatory courses for those who

intend to enter college or other higher institutions of learning. There is also the Vocational School for their children go there. are different courses. The townspeople should take an interest in the High and Vocational School for your children go there. The future business men, politicians, lawyers, doctors, and teachers of Southbridge are now attending these schools.

Today most products can be manufactured by means of complex machines; but it is necessary to have skilled labor to make, manipulate, and care for these machines. For this reason there are industrial schools in the United States. These schools increase the earning capacity of the students.

There are over 567 colleges in America today with more than 200,000 students. In all state universities tuition is practically free to residents of the state.

Some people do not know why we should take advantage of the schools in America. They ask, "What's the value of an education?" "Why should we send our children to school after they're old enough to work?"

We should receive the very best education we can, because it proves profitable to us in later life. How? It teaches us to think. This may not seem very important to some, but if you consider the people you have seen succeed, you'll find out it's the man or woman who can think clearly. In school we meet with competition. There's that class essay. Who'll get the prize? The one who studies the hardest, who puts the most work into the essay, the one who thinks. In the outside world we meet with competition. There's that position of private secretary. Who'll get it? It's a safe bet that it's the man who works as hard on his job as he does on his work in school.

Only one-half of the pupils who enter the Mary E. Wells High School in the Freshman year graduate. Why? Often because they are needed to help support the family and often because they simply dislike school. Parents should compel their children to complete high school. The children will probably resent it at the time, but later they will be thankful for the benefits derived. What kind of a position can you get if you haven't a high school education? You don't get a position, you just get a "job." Where's your opportunity for advancement? There isn't any.

Here in Southbridge you have schools of which to be proud. Every year new im-

provements are made. Every year the students graduate with higher averages. Why not send your children to high school or vocational school and give them a start in life?

GERTRUDE FARLEY, '25.

JOURNALISM AS A CAREER

Journalism has of late years developed into one of the most profitable and fascinating professions in the United States and has grown to such an extent that nearly every city and town has one or more newspapers which are eagerly read by the public. "Newspapers," said Dr. Henry Beecher, a few years ago, "are parent, teacher, school, theater, pulpit, example and counselor to the public all in one." It is estimated that there are over twenty-three thousand daily newspapers published in the United States besides the countless other weekly and monthly publications which educate the people.

It was in the year 1704 in a small back room of the house of a Boston postmaster that the *Boston News Letter* made its first appearance and incidentally was the beginning of American Journalism. These first newspapers closely followed the style of the English periodicals; the editorials played the important part of criticizing and often did much to influence public opinion. The editorials though long and drawn out, were often scholarly.

With the coming of the Civil War, the Spanish American War and the late World War, the people began to want the live news; they were no longer satisfied or interested in pompous, long drawn out and scholarly editorials. People were able to think for themselves. News was what they demanded, live news, facts, and current topics.

The present day publication is therefore more complicated than that of former times, the editorial page does not wield the power of the days of Greeley and Bennett. The main power in present day papers is exposing corruption, turning light into dark places and preventing wrong doing by instilling fear of exposure.

A newspaper plant may be defined as a well oiled machine with each department dependent upon the other, and may be divided into three main departments: namely, the editorial department, the mechanical department and the circulation department.

Let us first take up the editorial department and its functions. The managing edi-

tor supervises the entire editorial department and is known in most newspaper offices as the "Chief." To him falls the duty and the responsibility of the proper functioning of the news staff, including the make-up editor, the city editor, the telegraph and cable editors, the director of the syndicate service, the special writers, the Sunday editor, the art editor and the department editors.

The city editor is in charge of the local news and the staff of reporters assigned to cover that special field. All copy for these reporters is prepared for publication at this desk or sometimes, the city editor assigns some of this work to the rewrite men, whose duty is to rewrite copy brought to them and make the necessary changes. These rewrite men in most cases hold desk positions in the office and are really inside reporters. For such work they must be able to see a story with all its possibilities and its relations to events past, present, and future. Oftentimes they are required to make a coherent and accurate story out of whatever information they may get from talking to the reporters and get it in copy before the "dead line" on the time when the paper goes to press.

In the editorial department, the reporter has one of the most fascinating occupations. He is an artist in news and his skill depends upon the recognition of news values and his ability to put them into readable shape. His is a most exciting game and he thrills at the thought of a big story. He leaps at conclusions, connects cause and effect to get at the result of the story. To be a trained observer is one of the main requisites of a reporter and his ability to see things in a discriminating way must be accurate. His field of work is constantly changing; today he may report on a bank robbery, tomorrow dig up a mystifying murder case, and the next day marshal the details of a big fire with the thrilling rescues or even a suicide. Always digging to get at the bottom is the characterization of a good reporter.

While a college education is not necessary for making a good reporter it is a valuable asset, because a reporter frequently has to make use of every available bit of information stored in his mind. Although courses in newspaper work and reporting are useful, nothing can take the place of the actual training received in a newspaper office under the careful supervision of a capable city

editor who will not be bluffed or put off with makeshifts or fakes.

The reporter is in a position of immense responsibility; his printed word is law until otherwise refuted and he can easily blight or make a reputation.

When the work in the editorial room is finished, the copy is brought into the mechanical department where the copy is converted into type. The whole involves a complex process; but with the help of the linotype operators, the proof readers, the make-up man, the stereotypers, and the press, the copy comes out in printed newspaper form ready for the circulation department to send out for sale. The advertising managers of a paper have also much work to do and must solicit the advertisements which appear in the paper to keep the latter on a paying basis.

High places in the journalistic field await those who have served their apprenticeships and have displayed their fitness for the more responsible positions. The great ambition of many reporters or newspaper men is to try "big-town" journalism on a metropolitan paper. Some of them dream of the day when they will themselves operate and manage a paper under their own name. All in all in journalism there is always a good chance of promotion and salary increase dependent upon the ability and industry.

HECTOR P. LECLAIR, JR., '25.

CHEERFULNESS

Not long ago while I was taking a typewriting test, the material of it attracted my attention. It was about a cheerful person.

I didn't get an award for that test; the fact is, I became so interested in the material that I let the typewriting itself lag. Let me try to give you an idea of the information it imparted to me.

It began by comparing a cheery person with the sunshine. The sunshine, you know, is considered the earth's greatest optimist and even when it is gone there is some cheer on the earth for the sunshine has left its mark.

Isn't that the way with a cheerful person? He comes with a heart and face full of cheer and brightness. His cheerfulness makes others cheerful. He seems to carry something in his cheery manner that is contagious and spreads to those in his immediate environment. And when he is gone, he has

left behind him cheer in no small quantity and he is missed because of his cheery, optimistic outlook on life.

Then the material of my test caught and held my attention more than even before, for it said, "But in my opinion it should be the sun compared to a cheery person." I wonder how many agree to that? I do! For an example it gave the case of a sick person, one who has to remain in bed all the time. On cloudy, rainy days he is "blue" and unhappy. In his sick room there is little or no cheer. Suppose the sun comes out and sends bright rays through the windows, brightening the room and throwing cheer wherever it goes; the sick person brightens up—life isn't so hard after all, but it is lonesome. After the sun has gone, the sick person's cheerfulness does not last long. The seed of cheerfulness has not been planted deep enough.

Now let us go back to the gloomy day again. The sick person is sad and in low spirits. Then, in comes the cheerful person, fairly radiating with cheer and bringing with him that germ of happiness and cheerfulness that is so contagious. The sick person brightens up; he is no longer gloomy, he is bright, even cheerful. He is no longer lonesome as he was when the sun was shining cheerfully into his room. He has the best company he could wish for—an optimistic and cheerful person. And now this priceless person departs. As in the case of the sun's departure, does the unfortunate person lapse into gloom again? He does not! The seed of cheerfulness has been planted deep in him and cultivated by the cheery person; after it has started to grow, it does not die easily.

What a priceless treasure is cheerfulness! What good it does on earth! How necessary it is to life! Where would we all be without cheerfulness and that which always accompanies cheerfulness, namely, optimism? Let us take them both together and see what great, what valuable assets they are to our everyday life.

How would it seem for everyone to be gloomy, everyone pessimistic? On the sunny days all you would hear would be, "It will rain before night." And on rainy days, "This will keep up for weeks, I suppose." And in the sick room, "I'm afraid he will never get better." On the street, in the house, everywhere, nothing but pessimism and gloom. How much better it is to say, "It looks as though we were going to have

some pleasant weather." "It will soon let up." In the sick room, "He'll soon be up and around, well and happy." Do you think you could stand continued pessimism day after day, with never a word of cheer?

You say, "It's easier to tell one to be cheerful than to be cheerful yourself when things go wrong." That is true, very true. But isn't it worth a try? Even the attempt to be cheerful helps. No one knows or realizes the value of cheer until he has been cheered himself. Then he realizes what an invaluable treasure it is, cheerfulness! And almost invariably those who have found the value of cheer practice being cheerful themselves.

Have you ever noticed how popular a cheerful person is? Everybody likes him and haven't they reason to? Wouldn't anyone pick for a friend the person who would cheer him, encourage him in trouble and have an optimistic outlook on life, rather than the person who is gloomy and who seems to think nothing but pessimistic things about life and everybody in general?

The dictionary gives as a definition for cheerfulness, "liveliness, good spirits, a state of moderate joy." That means so much. "Good spirits." How many of you have good spirits, or try to have them? Surely you have them when you are happy, but how about when you're unhappy, when things are not going right? Are you cheerful then?

Milton once said, "There is no Christian duty that is not to be seasoned and set off with cheerfulness." Think that over and see if it is not true. Is it a duty well done if it is done in gloom, in evident dislike of this duty?

Cheerfulness is often mistaken for mischief. In school, when a person is having a "good time" when he is supposed to be doing schoolwork, when he is making others laugh, taking their minds from their lessons—is this cheerfulness and optimism? Perhaps it can be called that, but it is the wrong kind. That makes two kinds of cheerfulness, the right and the wrong kind. The wrong kind is injurious to others as well as to yourself.

The right kind is helpful to others as it is to yourself. Therefore, why not try to help others by being cheerful, with the right kind of cheer, and thus help yourself at the same time? A try costs nothing and it might do worlds of good. And isn't it worth it to be classed above the sunshine? That is a royal honor!

Now let's be cheerful and optimistic; down with gloom and up with cheer; down with pessimism and up with optimism!

ROLAND THAYER, '25.

CLASS SONG OF 1925

Softened twilight now is stealing
Over our loved field and hall,
While with silent, reverent feeling,
Loose we ties endeared to all.
Life's new battle lies before us,
Life's stern duties to us come,
Ended are the hours of pleasure,
Childhood days of thoughtless fun.

Ties that bind us must be broken,
To our school we'll say farewell,
All our love can scarce be spoken,
Deeds, not words, its depth must tell.
May our longings find fulfillment,
May ambitions reach their goal,
May we face the tasks before us
With a brave undaunted soul.

Troubled waters are before us,
Error's waves roll swift and strong,
Power to resist them grant us,
May we all refrain from wrong,
Strong in heart and firm in purpose,
Thou our guide and pilot be;
Let us work and strive together
'Till the homeland we shall see.

BETTY F. RICH.



Commencement



GREAT DRAMA OF THE CLASS OF '25

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PRINCIPAL CHARACTERS

Paw Gibbons—the originator of “Please Pass Out Quietly.”
Miss Crocker—our beloved Math. teacher.
Mr. Blodgett—her able successor, and a radio bug also.
Miss O’Keefe—who tried her best to make us realize our inferiority.
Miss Sullivan—who subjugated us with her eyes.
Miss Finnegan—qui nous enseigne la belle langue.
Miss Putnam—the bane of the Seniors.
Skeezix Doyle—the latest in Chemistry teachers.
Miss Aucoin—the leader of our embryonic stenogs.
Miss Kennedy—our flapper schoolma’am.
Sixty dignified or otherwise inclined scholars.

ACT I. FRESHMAN YEAR

Scene—Classrooms, corridors, and various other places where Freshmen are “de trop.”

Note 1—As some of the principal actors have left for other places and the rest have come here for an afternoon of relaxation and perhaps of enjoyment, we find it necessary to excuse them from acting. We, as spectators will try to describe to you the action as it has seemed to us during the past four years.

Note 2—Playwrights need have no fears for this work does not mark a transition in the production of plays.

STORY

One September afternoon 35 girlish hearts beat high with expectation and 30 boyish hearts were filled with agony and distress; for but a few hours remained before school would begin and we would be “Freshies.”

The next morning found the M. E. W. High School resounding with the sage remarks of the embryonic Seniors and the caustic sayings of the Sophomores. We Freshies felt like a zero in Mr. Blodgett’s register (two comparisons intended). We felt like nothing and we had a lot of company. But under the tutelage of our excellent corps of teachers we began to grow mentally, at least *we* thought so. Mr. Clement, the principal, taught us the rudiments of Latin; Miss Coderre, the *à bé, cé*, of French, and Miss Crocker, our home room teacher soon taught us how to conduct ourselves among our more sedate superiors, in order not to look too conspicuous. She showed us plainly that if “x” equals interest and concentration on our studies and “y” equals good recreation and play, then “x” plus “y” equals a sound mind in a sound body. Miss O’Keefe was rather more of a problem; the manoeuvres of her eyes were rather complicated for baby minds to comprehend. We soon forgot all this as we followed Ichabod Crane through the lonely stretches of Sleepy Hollow, seeing ghosts made real by our teacher’s vivid imagination. The brightest spot in each day came with our trip to the Chem. Lab. in the attic. Here we were taught by our hero, Mr. Gibbons. We got along better with him than with some of the other teachers because he had entered with us and was no better acquainted with the regime than we were. He rather taxed our brains, however. To be able to say trinitrotoluol in one breath was considerable, but when he tried to make us learn all the classes of insects we decided to call them all grasshoppers.

Our commercial teachers drove home to our future business administrators the first principles of good business. June found our class minus some of our brightest or otherwise students; and possessing forty green Freshies a little wiser in book knowledge. But though time may stand still, we must move if we are to progress, so we had to leave our Freshman year.

ACT II. SOPHOMORE YEAR OF THE CLASS OF '25

Scene—Same as previous.

When we came back in the fall we entered our new auditorium and we have found it a great convenience ever since in all school activities. We naturally felt quite grown up (in our own estimation at least). Our teachers, however, were a great help in taking the conceit out of us.

Our Latin teacher, Miss Putnam, raced us through "Julius Caesar" till we reached the bridge across the Rhine. Here we found great difficulty and left out so many stays and crosspieces in constructing it that it was a wreck. We found Miss Finnegan, our French and Spanish teacher, a crackerjack, always ready to lend a helping hand either to make our undertakings a success or to discipline us. She was a worker for co-operation and school spirit. Our other teachers were Miss Sullivan, a capable successor to Miss Cummings, who had stayed with us but a short time; Miss Aucoin, our class adviser during that year; Miss Crocker, Miss Jones, and Miss Marshall. Mr. Gibbons was our principal. He immediately set down rules which, if followed, would make our school a model in decorum and quiet.

During this year there appeared the first edition of the famous "Gibbons Etiquette Papers" which make Nelson Doubleday's "Best" take a back seat. Some of the boys began to take their places in athletics, and love for our school was growing as time went by.

June came all too fast for some of us, and our Sophomore year was gone, leaving only two more years of work and play.

ACT III. JUNIOR YEAR OF THE CLASS OF '25.

Scene—Always the same.

As Juniors, we began to realize what high school life demands of us. To be up in our studies we had to concentrate on them; to do justice to the school we had to work for her and speak well of her.

Our new science teacher and physical director was John Doyle, who soon gained the appellation of Skee-zix. He didst lead us every afternoon to the "Lab." and there didst teach us all necessary information as to the theory of chemical reaction and the wonders to be performed with absolutely plain looking substances. Producing good behavior

from just naturally mischievous girls seemed to be his hobby and he surely did well. It is rumored that he taught the theory of evolution so completely that some of the girls of his biology class saw large grotesque monkey forms climbing the family tree, when their minds sought relaxation in dreams.

During the year the play, "The Missing Miss Miller," was given by our class. It was coached by Mr. Doyle. Much favorable comment was aroused by its production, and it showed good work on the part of the coach as well as the players. We also made money on it.

In June we gave a reception to the Seniors, (this was the second, for we had given one to the Freshies in the fall). This reception to the Seniors marked the end of our Junior year activities. Some of us were mighty glad to leave Virgil and Trigonometry behind, but hated to think that we had only one more year to live as a class.

Exeunt the Junior Year of the class of '25.

ACT IV. SENIOR YEAR OF OUR CLASS.

Scene—Same as previous.

In the Fall of '24 we came back for the final lap in our four years' course. As Seniors we felt it our duty to be sedate; we tried, but in most cases it was of no avail. We had to laugh and fool—it was just in us.

All went well till the unexpected happened—Miss Crocker resigned! After our first shock had subsided we all joined in wishing her success in her new position. Mr. Rumsey succeeded her, but stayed only long enough to make us like him and then said good-bye. Mr. Blodgett came to us as a more permanent fixture. We found him to be quite O. K. until reports came out. Our next loss was that of Miss Sullivan, our English teacher. She had begun to coach our class play, which made it a doubly sorrowful occasion for us. Mr. Gibbons very luckily consented to coach the play. It was a marvelous success both financially and in regard to acting. The participants showed good coaching and won much applause.

Although we thought we would miss Miss Sullivan greatly, we were pleased to have Mrs. Steen succeed her and we went through Macaulay's "Life of Johnson," and Burke's "Conciliation" quickly. We had dreaded the latter, but as usual when we came to cross our bridge it wasn't so hard after all.

One of the greatest surprises of the year was the discovery of a feline in Miss Put-

nam's desk. It was a beautiful cat, although it seemed somewhat in need of that Saturday night specialty, a bath. We could not understand Miss Putnam's dislike of it and imagine our surprise when she told us it was a *crime* to try to educate a cat and to place it where it might be next to the best literature. The kitty never came back, although we hope it is living and enjoying good health.

School days grow fewer and we must leave our school soon. Our commencement will mark the end of our school days and we will be alumni. We are sorry to leave, but glad to start along other lines. We hope that we have gained all we could from our four years here. It would be impossible to put on paper all that we have learned; it doesn't all consist of answers to different problems.

Even though we didn't *get* A's and B's we *received* something. We were striving and each failure was a step higher towards success. When we *got* things right we were satisfied, but when they were wrong—why we tried again and were thankful for America's system of education to which we know that we owe a great deal.

We won't call ourselves the best class of the school. If we prove to be the best, we will be remembered as such, and if we prove to be the worst, well—we can't help it. However, we're going to prove to be the best class, so just watch out! We wish all success and happiness to the undergraduates of the school. May they get good reports and learn "to pass out quietly."

WILL OF THE CLASS OF 1925

Know All Men By These Presents:

That we, the Class of 1925 of the Mary E. Wells High School, being of sound mind and memory, in anticipation of our approaching demise, do hereby make and publish this our last Will and Testament.

First, to the Junior class we leave our most familiar possession, Room 4, with all its contents at the date of our departure. We further bequeath the services of the William C. Burns Detective Agency, to prevent the mysterious disappearance of any portion of said contents at noon-hours, after school, or other times.

Second, to the Sophomores we leave our intelligence, that no member of our illustrious faculty may hereafter find an opportunity to call them "dumb."

Third, to the Freshman class we leave our ability in entertaining, that they may continue to astonish the school with the brilliant success of their social functions.

Fourth, we direct the distribution of the remainder of our worldly goods as follows:

To Winnifred Chamberlain we leave Hilda Gregory's giggles. Said giggles have been handed down from the class of 1923, through Lillian Proulx and Marian Berry, and we trust that they will be put to good use.

To Miss Putnam we leave Robert Snell's sense of humor, in order that she may always appreciate the witty remarks of her pupils.

Louis Allard leaves his proficiency in making faces to Lucy Soldani, to make less difficult for her the process of thinking.

Margaret Lafleche leaves her position in the Five and Ten to Clare Earls, with the condition that she keep away from the candy counter, for weighty reasons.

The two shining lights of our class, Robert Brown and Lawrence Litchfield, each generously donate a lock of their hair to be used in illuminating the corridor on dark mornings.

To Beulah Barnum we leave Exoa Fairfield's powers of vamping, with the wish that she may be equally successful in landing her victim.

To Raymond Durgin we leave Levis Benoit's stock of jokes, that he may always crack a wise one at just the right moment.

To Maurice Rosenthal we leave Gertrude Farley's dramatic ability.

To Robert Oldham we leave Charles Hanson's habitual cautiousness and foresight, that in the future he may know better how to manage a window.

Gertrude Ouelette leaves to all prospective Freshmen and the many other members of the school who appear to be in need of such information, an original work entitled, "How to Obtain an Admittance Slip."

Adrian Gaucher leaves all his argumentative powers to Miss Finnegan. They may at least be convenient, if not really necessary.

Gertrude Powers leaves her marvelous ability to skip school and get away with it to all sufferers from spring fever and similar complaints.

To Dan McKinstry we leave Ruth Polard's gift of gab.

To Clare Beauregard we leave Olivette Bonin's sweet voice.

Constance Coderre leaves her rubbers to Don Fitzgerald, so that if his should ever spring a leak, they may serve as a patch.

Aline Pinsonneault's typewriting skill is to be divided equally between the Tait sisters, so that, both together, they may produce at least one star in the art.

Antoinette Trahan leaves her happy smile to Roger Brown. It may improve his usually grouchy expression.

To Clarence Knowles we leave a small portion of Adele Werner's pep. We wouldn't dare leave it all, for there's no telling what might happen.

To Gerald Benoit we leave Hector Leclair's nose for news. He ought to be able to learn considerable that way.

To Edward Tate we should very much like to leave Charlie Tessier's mischievous nature. But out of consideration for the poor old school, we know that we ought to leave him Theogene Benoit's serious demeanor, and thus prevent any possible explosions.

Rosalind Lucier leaves her front seat in History class to Ralph Hall. We are anxious to see that he is well taken care of.

Louise Nolan leaves her over-supply of car tickets to our Sturbridge commuters. This is particularly intended for those from whom she has most often borrowed them.

To Stoughton Litchfield we leave Bernice Parker's stately walk. We hope he takes the hint.

To the Juniors we leave Mildred Wheeler's methodical habits, in order that Miss Putnam's desk-inspection trips may be a source of perpetual joy to her.

To Weldom Schumacher we leave Mary Serleto's faculty for blundering into things. This gift should be used with caution, however.

Roland Thayer leaves his portly figure to Edwin Chamberlain.

Sylvia Claffin leaves her poetic talents to Mr. Blodgett, in order that he may be prepared for the next epidemic of autograph books.

Betty Rich leaves her art ability to the noon residents of Room 4, so that they may turn out some real masterpieces.

Robert Montague leaves a section of his long legs to each of the Goodell twins, that in addition to their own length of limb this may make for them a sort of seven-league boots, to enable them to arrive at eighty-three without undue effort.

Dean Tabor leaves his trusty flivver to the

school, that it may continue in its useful career.

Finally, in order that our class may always be remembered, we leave Felicia Kane's autographed jacket, to be added to the school collection as our memorial.

We trust that our gifts will be useful to their recipients, and we believe that we have distributed them generously.

In witness whereof, we have hereunto set our hand and seal this twenty-fourth day of June, in the year of our Lord nineteen hundred and twenty-five.

THE CLASS OF 1925.

Witnesses:

Edward, Prince of Wales.

Charles G. Dawes.

Andrew Gump.

CLASS PROPHECY

June 30, 1935.

To Miss Mildred Wheeler,

Physical Director,

Y. M. C. A. Gymnasium,

Southbridge.

Dear Mildred:—

I saw in the paper the other day that you had been chosen to write up the facts about our class for the CRIMSON AND GRAY. As I have just returned from a very enjoyable trip in my airplane, on which I saw a great many of our old classmates, I decided to write and give you some valuable news.

I was surprised to hear that Miss Putnam and Miss Finnegan left the school so soon after we did. I suppose the Junior class which followed us was such a contrast that the change was too much for them.

I hear you took the place of physical director in the gym. I suppose you love Southbridge so well that you cannot bear to leave it.

Well, about my trip. I started at nine o'clock in the morning, and as I passed over a little village, my attention was attracted by a large crowd gathered in front of a tiny hall.

I drew nearer, stopped my plane, stepped out, and heard someone singing. I could not get into the hall on account of the crowd. However, I soon recognized the song. It was "The Cuckoo." I inquired, and found that the singer was Madame Vinzi Spinelli, formerly Olivette Bonin, who, with her husband,

a famous opera singer, is making tours throughout the country.

We met, after the crowd had dispersed, and she told me that Antoinette Trahan is acting as private secretary to the Governor of Arizona, and is at present traveling around the country with him in a Ford Sedan, taking notes on the scenery.

As Olivette was going back to New York, I took her along with me. On our way, another plane passed us, painted a bright red, and going faster than traffic rules would allow. A "cop" soon overtook him and brought him down to a county court house. We went down to see what would happen, and who should the law-breaker be but Roland Thayer. He told us that he was rushing to New York, from his home in Chicago, where he is manager of a factory which turns out fifty thousand hot dogs per day, "each wrapped in a snowy-white roll and covered with luscious mustard"—to put it in his words.

He had left his business to go to a fashionable theater on Broadway to see his old pal, Lawrence Litchfield, who was to take the leading part in a play of his own composition entitled "Misery Likes Company," a very pathetic little drama.

He also told us that Rosalind Lucier is taking tickets at this same theater, and is book-keeper for the manager in her spare time.

But we had to be on our way, so we started off again.

As we went over a city where a college is located, I thought I would try and find Constance Coderre as I knew she was near there. We landed again and went through the grounds into the office. I suppose you know that Kitty always loved the school atmosphere. She had started in as private secretary to the president of the college, and got along splendidly until last year, when she fell in love with one of the professors. They were married immediately, and now she is his private secretary, although he needs one no more than you or I. Kitty was just as short in stature as ever, and she was very glad to see us.

Louise Nolan, Kitty said, has been showing her ability as a business manager, by re-establishing the Fiskdale Finishing Company, in her old home town. It is now called the Fiskdale Beginning Company. Great things are being done there. Louise has an

office on the thirteenth floor, from whence come many orders daily.

Kitty also told us that Levis Benoit is in New York. He is head of the famous Benoit Bargain Bakeries, scattered all over the U. S. Their object is to sell food to people at reasonable prices, and also bring in a side line of groceries, for of course Levis, with his early training, could not leave out the groceries.

Then we left Kitty and started on again towards New York. On reaching the great city, we heard cries of "Extra! Extra! All about the big case between the two leading lawyers of New York."

I bought a paper, and who should the lawyers be but Robert Montague and Adrian Gaucher. They had been in company together, it seemed, and had had a disagreement about some trivial case. Now, Montague was suing Gaucher for breach of promise. It was creating quite a disturbance, as you doubtless well know, especially as Montague is one of the candidates for the next presidential election.

Looking at the newspaper, we noticed what a good write-up it was, so we thought we would stop at the news office, and see if by any chance it might be Hector LeClair. Sure enough, when we were led into the office, luxuriously furnished with palms and date trees, there was Hector, the editor, sitting at a desk, and writing down news as fast as possible.

He stopped for a few minutes and talked to us, even though he was very busy.

He informed us that Dean Tabor is conducting a large orchestra of over fifty pieces. Dean himself has now conquered the violin, saxophone, 'cello, flute, harmonica and jew's harp, besides his faithful cornet, so that in the absence of any of his company he can take their places. Frequently, he has had to substitute for more than one at a time. He also has song solos between orchestral selections, which have produced quite a hit. Besides this, he sings in the different churches on Sunday. "There's Music in the Air when you speak of Tabor," as Hector expressed it.

He told us that Gertrude Ouelette and Exoa Fairfield have just started a Chinese Restaurant somewhere in Mississippi. They import Chinese food from San Francisco daily, and are piling up money very fast.

I then left Olivette to find a place to spend the night. I came to a very large hotel which I thought looked promising, so I stepped up

to the manager's desk, and who should he be but Louis Allard! I was quite surprised, but he told me that he started it about three years ago, mainly to experiment with his favorite subject—oil for heating purposes.

He had much trouble during the first two winters, roasting some people out of their rooms, freezing others, and serving oil for soup. But now, he assured me, all was safe and running smoothly.

I went up to a very pleasant room, and settled down for the evening. As there was a radio in the room—of course these are considered as necessary now as telephones used to be—I tuned in and was listening idly when I heard someone say, "I take great pleasure in introducing Mr. Theogene Benoit, professor of Geography, Commercial Law, Typewriting, Penmanship, Spelling, Book-keeping and Commercial Arithmetic at the famous Young Ladies' Commercial School in New Orleans."

I was quite surprised that Benoit, the quiet, had risen to such a position, but after graduating from our high school, one can do almost anything.

Next morning I started again towards Chicago. Towards noon I stopped at a growing young city for lunch. As I passed by a large school building I glanced at what was inscribed over the door, and was quite surprised to read "Miss Pollard and Miss Serleto's Select Children's School."

I entered and found Ruth busy with a little Chinese girl, trying to teach her to speak English, but as Ruth could not talk Chinese, they were having rather a hard time. I found that Mary taught the kindergarten classes, while Ruth taught anywhere from the first to the sixth grade. But now Mary is leaving, as she is to marry someone from Southbridge. She would not tell me his name.

Mary told me that Adele Werner, after a long training in the Massachusetts General Hospital, has now reached her goal. She married the head physician three years ago, and is now running the hospital according to her own ideas. They say that some hopeless cases are now miraculously cured under her supervision.

I asked Mary if she had heard from Betty Rich lately. She said yes, that Betty has had quite a diversity of fortune.

About eight years ago she married a wealthy old gentleman who was attracted by

her sweet voice, and she, thinking that she soon would acquire his wealth, married him. But he lived for five years, and she had to sing to him continually until he died. Then her voice broke down and she had to go to Europe to recuperate.

There she stayed at the Italian villa of Gertrude Powers, who married a Bulgarian count, and is now living in luxury. Gertrude has one son, whom she calls Percival Mortimer, and he is the light of her eyes, as the count is never at home.

Here Betty met a young Englishman, and they were soon married, and started immediately for Labrador, and have not yet returned.

The girls suggested that we take in a movie, as a good show was on for that day. Violet Vare was the leading lady. I thought the name sounded familiar, when Mary offered this information. Hilda Gregory had started in to be a nurse, but after killing three patients had given it up, and has now gone into the movies. Violet Vare is her stage name. The picture was very good, part of the scene being taken in Sandersdale.

We were very much surprised to see Hilda herself after the picture was over, and as soon as she was recognized, she was thronged with admirers. When at last we took her away we were regarded with envious eyes.

As she was going back to Mistletoe Village, the new movie training place, built up since the burning of Hollywood, she jumped into my plane and came along with me.

She told me that Robert Brown is now the superintendent of the mill at West Dudley, and while his family is in Europe on a tour he is trying out some new invention and has nearly ruined the house with chemicals.

Gertrude Farley, she said, is also married and is president of a large business school in Indiana, while her husband, a former wood-chopper in North Woodstock, keeps the records. As he considers himself most proficient in making the letter A, Gertrude's school is of high standing.

Felicia Kane stayed in Quinebaug a while after Gertrude went away, but got so thin pining for her dear friend, that she took up her belongings and went to Indiana, where she has set up a studio and runs a beauty parlor. She has been doing very well, and I hear that many be-frizzled and well-manicured people walk out of her parlors every day.

As we went farther west, my attention was attracted by the sight of a large canal under construction. Hilda and I thought we would like to go down and look at it, as I had heard rumors of the fine work being done here, and of the marvelous ingenuity of the superintendent of the works. I was told that our old classmate, Robert Snell, was at the head of this, and was putting all his energy into it, as it was a very important project, being carried out by the government. But he had heard that civil engineering was apt to wear one out quickly, so he has decided that when this is finished, he will take up landscape gardening, as he has had some training along that line.

We met him later, but he didn't seem to have much news. He had been too busy to write or see anyone.

He did tell us, though, that Charles Hanson is practicing medicine in Palm Beach. He has just hung out his shingle, but is doing well. It has been rumored that his continual smile is still on his face, although he has gone through many trials.

I left both Hilda and Robert then, and started on my way back again. We can go pretty fast in the planes, you know, and I was back in New York in no time.

As Olivette was going my way again, I picked her up. She said that while I was away, she had seen Bernice Parker. Bernice is matron of a reform school some distance from New York City, and had come in to buy some hymn books for the inmates.

Charlie Tessier, of course, you have heard of. He is now a famous baseball player in Chicago, belonging to the team of the "White Shoes." and is known all over the country for his marvelous playing, also for his deep voice, which may be heard at all times giving orders across the field to the pop-corn man.

Margaret Lafleche is running a millinery shop in Paris, and deals in the finest of hats from China, Italy, Turkey, and Egypt. I hear that Miss Horton imports all her hats from there.

And last, but not least, comes our only true scene of happy domestic life. Aline Pinsonneault, our bright typist, eight years ago married a carpenter. They live in a little bungalow in Virginia. Aline is a model housekeeper, and every evening they go for a little ride through the country, Aline and her husband on the front seat, and the three children in back. Thus, with this happy

scene, I will close my letter, and hope that I have been of some use to you.

Our motto said "Seek Higher Things,"

I think we have attained them,

With lawyers, doctors and the rest,

We certainly have gained them.

As you can probably imagine, being a matron in an orphan asylum is no fun, so, as duty calls, I must say goodbye.

As ever,

SYLVIA L. CLAFLIN.

BACCALAUREATE SERVICE

The Baccalaureate Service was held in the Universalist Church, Sunday, June 21. Rev. Dr. Charles R. Tenney delivered the sermon. Music was furnished by the Glee Club and Orchestra.

GRADUATION PROGRAM

Prayer

REV. ALBERT B. TODD

Overture *Schlepegrell*
ORCHESTRA

Address:

"The Development of Schools in America"
GERTRUDE VERONICA FARLEY

Address:

"Some Hindrances to Modern Agriculture
in New England"

FREDERICK CHARLES HANSON

"On To Victory" *Reeves*
GLEE CLUB

Address:

"The Cultural Value of the
Commercial Course"

ALINE ROSE PINSONNEAULT

Address:

"The Amendments to the Constitution"
ROBERT PERRY MONTAGUE

"Desert Caravan" *Zamecnik*
ORCHESTRA

Address:

"Idiosyncracies of the Yankee Dialect"
ROBERT SINCLAIR SNELL

"My Dream" *Waldteufel*
GLEE CLUB

Presentation of Diplomas

By the Chairman of the School Committee
Benediction

March *Zamecnik*
ORCHESTRA

CLASS DAY PROGRAM

Class Day exercises were held on Wednesday, June 24, in the Auditorium. The program was as follows:

Class History . . .	{ Constance Coderre
	{ Robert Snell
Class Will	Robert Montague
Class Prophecy	Sylvia Claflin
Class Song	Betty Rich
Awarding of Letters	

SENIOR RECEPTION

The Senior Reception was given by the Junior Class in the Town Hall, Friday evening, June 26. The hall was decorated in purple and gold, the Senior Class colors. Music was furnished by Hoyt's Marimba Orchestra, of Newton Upper Falls.

Class Motto—"Altiora Quærimus"

Class Flower—*Rose*

Class Colors—*Purple and Gold*

GRADUATES

COLLEGE PREPARATORY COURSE

Sylvia Lucille Claflin
 Gertrude Constance Coderre
 Frederick Charles Hanson
 Robert Perry Montague
 Marion Louise Nolan
 Ruth Halstead Pollard
 Gertrude Eva Powers
 Mildred Frances Wheeler

GENERAL COURSE

Louis Thomas Allard
 Levis Henry Benoit
 Adrian Armand Gaucher
 Hector Paul LeClair
 Robert Sinclair Snell
 Dean Cornforth Tabor

COMMERCIAL COURSE

Theogene Charles Benoit
 Olivette Juliette Bonin
 Robert James Brown
 Exoa Ida Fairfield
 Gertrude Veronica Farley
 Hilda Gregory
 Felicia Elizabeth Kane
 Margaret Emertienne Lafleche
 Lawrence Eaton Litchfield
 Rosalind Marie Lucier
 Gertrude Alice Ouellette
 Bernice Elizabeth Parker
 Aline Rose Pinsonneault
 Elizabeth Florence Rich
 Mary Louise Serleto
 Charles Alfred Tessier
 Roland Francis Thayer
 Antoinette Albina Trahan
 Adele Josephine Werner

HONOR GROUP

Gertrude Constance Coderre
 Gertrude Veronica Farley
 Frederick Charles Hanson
 Felicia Elizabeth Kane
 Robert Perry Montague
 Marion Louise Nolan
 Bernice Elizabeth Parker
 Aline Rose Pinsonneault
 Robert Sinclair Snell
 Mildred Frances Wheeler



LOCALS



LECTURES FOR VOCATIONAL GUIDANCE

In the last two months four lectures have been given in the Auditorium, during school hours, to help the students of the school choose a vocation.

The first was given March 25, by Mr. Charles E. Stratton of the Mathematical Department of the College of Business Administration at Boston University. He showed the students the value of a thorough education.

On March 26, Dr. Oscar Dudley of the State Department of Health, gave an address on the necessity of personal hygiene and the possibilities for young people in the medical field.

The next was given by Dr. Thresher of this town. She showed the importance of careful care of the teeth, besides telling about dentistry as one's life work.

Mr. Kenney of the Emerson College of Oratory spoke here on May 22. He told the kinds of oratory and the methods of oration. He showed very clearly the benefits of such an education.

MOVING PICTURES

The last two moving pictures of the year were shown in the Auditorium. They were "Landing of Columbus" shown April 14, and "Jamestown" on May 5. The pictures were made by Yale University. They were a historical reproduction of these happenings and each picture was followed by a comedy. The charge of admission was ten cents.

CRIMSON AND GRAY FOOD SALE

The staff of the CRIMSON AND GRAY gave a food sale in the Edwards Company store on May 13.

The sale was successful, all the food which was contributed being sold. A total of about \$18 was made. The proceeds are to help pay for this issue of the CRIMSON AND GRAY.

THE FRESHMEN ENTERTAINMENT

The Freshmen entertained the faculty and members of the High School Friday evening, May 8, at one of the best parties given this year.

The first part of the evening was devoted to an interesting program consisting of a piano solo by Miss Nathalie Morey, performances by Mr. Baril, magician, and fancy dances by Miss Bertha Baril. Dancing then followed until eleven o'clock.

The committees were as follows:

Entertainment: Harvey Clarke, chairman; Nathalie Morey, Anna Hughes, William Snell, Bertha Baril.

Decorating: Doris Demers, chairman; Bertha Baril, Margaret Ohlwiler, Robert McMaster, Weldon Schumacher, Harvey Clarke, Norman Price.

Refreshment: Bernice McGilvray, chairman; Audrey Wheeler, Nathalie Morey, Fyfe Hall, John O'Shaughnessy.

Music: Weldon Schumacher.

GLEE CLUB CONCERT

The Musical Clubs of the school gave a concert in the Town Hall, May 19. The program was varied, with selections by the Orchestra, Glee Club, and Eighth Grade, also vocal solos, a cornet and violin solo and readings. "Dances of the Nations" were given under the direction of Miss Dorothy Hall. The concert was directed by Miss Doris Swett, supervisor of music. Following the concert dancing was enjoyed.

The tickets sold well, although there was much competition. Sides were chosen for selling tickets, "Busses" and "Trolleys." Ralph Hall was chosen chairman of the "Trolleys" and Lawrence Poeton of the "Busses." The "Busses" won the contest with the score of 239-238. The net profit from the concert was \$234.73.



Miss Finnegan—"What does it mean by 'turn his head?'"

Hermion Goodell—"Wring his neck!"

Miss Putnam (to R. Oldham, who had been talking to Catherine Clarke)—"Oldham, you'd better be careful or Miss Barnum will be getting jealous."

Poeton—"I know a girl who minded her P's and Q's so well that she became peculiar."

T. O'Shaughnessy to Simonds—"Did you ever see a stationary moving van?"

Goog Cormack—"Hey, Kid, I can tell you who your wife is going to be."

Simonds—"Who?"

Cormack—"Mrs. Simonds, of course."

"Red" Benoit (translating French)—"A tall, young man, daughter of Pietri, entered."

An Irish barrister spoke on behalf of his client, whose cow had been killed by a train: "If the train had been run as it should have been ran, or if the bell had been rung as it should have been rang, or if the whistle had been blown as it should have been blewn, both of which they did neither, the cow would not have been injured when she was killed."

Simonds (translating French)—"This tree has twenty feet more than that one."

C. Smith (to Dean Tabor, who has a cigar in his mouth)—"What brand is that?"

D. Tabor—"A baseball special."

Smith—"There's no such brand."

Tabor—"Sure there is—it was a grounder and I picked it up."

Mr. Hutchinson—"How long does your aluminum at home last?"

"Lu" Faxon—"It's lasted ever since we got it."

Mr. Hutchinson (speaking of dyes)—"What's a fast color?"

"Dan" McKinstry—"One that won't run."

Desautels—"I don't call that fast."

F. Hall—"Why does a cat whine?"

Price—"If you had as many violin strings in you as a cat has, you'd whine too."

Miss Werner (writing on the board in English IV)—

"Two hundred horse-power,

One and a quarter inch,

Dirt-cheap,

Three-legged,

Ex-governor."

(Ed. note—Quite a lad.)

Mr. Hutchinson—"What are you talking about, Brown?"

Roger Brown—"Nothing."

Mr. Hutchinson—"You know where that kind of people belong."

Delage (translating Latin)—“He stuck his sword into his entrails which had been girded about his body.”

Schumacher—“I’ve got a new way of going to places now.”

Edwards—“How’s that?”

Schumacher—“Oh, I take my golf clubs and drive around.”

First Drunk—“Shay, Bill, I lost my balance.”

Second Drunk—“Well, lesh go back and look for it.”

R. Hall—“We had jellied salad for dinner today at the hotel.”

Desautels—“Oh, molded?”

R. Hall—“No, it was absolutely fresh.”

Tessier—“Why is a woman unlike a mirror?”

Thayer—“You’ve got me.”

Tessier—“A mirror reflects without speaking and a woman speaks without reflecting.”

Maiden Aunt—“And what brought you to town, Henry?”

Henry—“Oh, well, I just come to see the sights and I thought I’d call on you first.”

Voice on Phone—“Norman Price is ill and won’t be able to be in school today.”

Mr. Gibbons—“All right. Thank you. Who is this speaking?”

Voice—“Er—this is my father.”

Miss H. Clarke—“They say there’s a fool born every minute.”

Miss C. Clarke—“Yes, but autos even up things.”

Miss Swett—“Are you the boy with the falsetto voice?”

“Dotty” Ford—“No, with the false set of teeth.”

Miss H. Gregory—“Do you like Shakespeare’s work?”

Fitzgerald—“Where does he work?”

J. O’Shaughnessy—“This match won’t work.”

T. O’Shaughnessy—“Why?”

J. O’Shaughnessy—“It went on a strike.”

F. Ryan—“My gosh! How did you get that black eye?”

J. Gregory—“Some guy cracked me with a ripe tomato.”

F. Ryan—“Gowan! You can’t tell me a ripe tomato did that.”

Gregory—“Yeah, but this one had a can around it.”

“My name is Johnson,” one said, extending his hand, “I’m a painter; work chiefly in oils.”

“Well,” exclaimed another, “I’m an artist too. I work in bronze.”

“This is fine,” a third chimed in, “I’m a sculptor. I work in stone.”

Then the quiet member, who had been inclined to keep apart, stepped up with a smile: “Glad to see all of you gentlemen, for I have a common interest with you. I’m on the faculty of Webster High; I work in ivory.”

“Yes,” remarked Stoughton Litchfield, as he gazed affectionately into the mirror, “All great men are dead, and I’m getting sick.”

He—“Say something soft and sweet to me, dearest.”

She—“Custard pie.”

“Say, you can’t smoke in this building.”

“Who’s smoking?”

“Well, you got your pipe in your mouth.”

“Yes, and you got pants on, but you ain’t panting.”

Mrs. Steen—“Why did you use the expression ‘pale as a doorknob’ in your last theme?”

Herbert Goodell—“Well, you see, doorknobs are indoors so much.”

“Bud” Knowles—“How much do you weigh?”

Sweet Young Thing—“Oh, not enough to spoil the crease in your trousers.”

Wife (in back seat)—“Henry dear, you mustn’t drive so fast.”

Husband—“Why not?”

Wife—“The traffic cop who has been following us won’t like it.”

Customer—“I’d like some bird seed.”

Clerk—“You can’t fool me. Birds come from eggs, not seeds.”



BASKETBALL

JUNIORS—SENIORS

The Juniors challenged the Seniors to a basketball game, Thursday, March 5. The Seniors accepted and there were great expectations on both sides as to the outcome of the battle. As referee, Fitzgerald was a star, looking down from the heights and seeing everything. It was a good game with the Juniors ahead all the time.

Scores and lineups:

JUNIORS—38

Tillyer RF
Duchesneau LF
Poeton C
McKinstry RG
S. Litchfield LG
Benoit LG

23—SENIORS

Thayer
Gaucher
Litchfield
LeClair
Hutchinson
Gregory

Referee—Fitzgerald.

JUNIORS—FRESHMEN

The Freshmen picked up a team and challenged the Juniors on March 9th. The Freshmen had a good team and fought hard, but they missed a lot of baskets they should have had. The Juniors played hard and fast, a mighty good game. Hall came out and starred with Desautels.

Scores and lineups:

JUNIORS—48

Desautels RF
Tillyer LF
Poeton C
Duchesneau, Hall RG
McKinstry, Benoit LG
S. Litchfield

33—FRESHMEN

Edwards
Hutchinson
Schumacher
Colquhoun, Clarke
Gregory

Referee—Mr. Gibbons.

ELECTION OF CAPTAIN

On May 13, the basketball squad got together for the last meeting of the year and elected Donald Fitzgerald, captain of next season's team. We are looking forward to a pennant winning season under his leadership.

BASEBALL

CHARLTON—April 21

Our baseball season opened favorably on April 21. There is good material in our team and a successful season is expected. Litchfield, as pitcher, stood out well and Desautels' throws to second base cut off runners who got ambitious. Fitzgerald connected for a three-bagger, which he earned by his speed on the bases as well as his hit. Let's go, fellows, and make all the games like this one.

The lineup:

M. E. W. H. S.—32

1—CHARLTON

Tabor 1B
Durgin 2B
Proulx 3B
Tessier SS
Gregory LF
Fitzgerald CF
Edwards RF
Litchfield, Brown P
Desautels C

Davis
Turner
Languay
Pike, Daley
Ashe, Goosby
Stone
Murn
Daley, Pike
Deyette

SPENCER—May 2

The M. E. W. boys went to Spencer to argue the point in a baseball game. Much to their delight they came away victorious to a tune of 6-4. It was the first league game



BASEBALL TEAM



TRACK TEAM

and it did our fellows good to win it. They are out after more now.

The lineup:

M. E. W. H. S.—6		4—SPENCER
Tabor	1B	Haggerty
Durgin	2B	LeClaire
Proulx	3B	Morin
Tessier	SS	Aucoin
Gregory	LF	Beford
Fitzgerald	CF	Crimmins
Edwards	RF	Prouty, Collette
Litchfield	P	Meloche
Desautels	C	Hutchins

OXFORD—May 6

Oxford came to see us on May 6th, and was sent home in a 12-4 defeat. It was our third victory in three games. The faculty was ninety per cent present and the student body about five per cent. Is this proper school spirit? What sort of stuff are the pupils of this school made of anyway, that they can't back up their athletic teams? The faculty and townspeople take more interest than the pupils. The players work hard and don't get half enough credit.

The lineup:

M. E. W. H. S.—12		4—OXFORD
Tabor	1B	Anderson
Dennison, Durgin	2B	Chaffee
Proulx	3B	LaPass
Tessier, Dennison	SS	Porter
Gregory	LF	White, Corr
Fitzgerald	CF	Robinson
Edwards	RF	Stone, White
Lippe	P	Allen, Corr
Desautels	C	Deveau

WEBSTER—May 9

Our team journeyed to Webster, Saturday, May 9th, and was taken into camp by a score of 18-5. This was our first defeat, but we still have a good record, having won three out of four games. The team did their best and lost. Now is the school going back on them? Nothing doing. Everybody get out to the next game and show the school spirit that's been hidden away somewhere for so long. Dig it out! Let's go!

The lineup:

M. E. W. H. S.—5		18—WEBSTER
Tabor	1B	Kosnoski
Durgin	2B	Inaszyn
Proulx	3B	Love
Tessier	SS	Hand
Gregory	LF	Bastola, Mioczek
Lippe, Dennison, Fitzgerald	CF	Quandozoski
Edwards, Litchfield	RF	Lobban
Brown, Lippe, Litchfield	P	Swarc, Zajac
Desautels	C	Schoenfeldt

SPENCER—May 13

David Prouty High sent their team to Southbridge on Wednesday, May 13. They went home all right, but they left nine scalps hanging on our doorway. It was their second defeat in one season by Mary E. Wells fellows. In the fifth inning they stepped out, copping four runs. Our team was working nicely, the infield scooping up everything that came. Hall raked together some rooters who did very good work.

An informal lineup as seen from the sidelines! Litchfield, in the box, is like a king on his throne, nothing phases him or makes him hurry. With "Red" Desautels behind the plate, the combination is enough to make anyone nervous. Tessier at shortstop does his best to keep up the chatter, but doesn't get much help. With Fitzgerald in the outfield there is no use worrying about long flies. The field isn't big enough for Fitz and the ball too. Dennison, at first, can string himself out until he looks like a flag pole. If you want a safe hit, call on Edwards, but don't do it if Durgin is playing second, because Jake would get nabbed. The only time Fitzgerald can't get the ball is when it goes between his legs. That doesn't matter, however, because Johnny Gregory is always right there, only about three feet lower down. so that he gets it. Proulx, on third, works hard and it takes a good man to get by him. Leo Trainor makes a good umpire except that he growls too much.

The lineup:

M. E. W. H. S.—12		4—SPENCER
Dennison	1B	Haggerty
Durgin	2B	LeClaire
Proulx	3B	Delaurier
Tessier	SS	Aucoin



BASKETBALL TEAM



FOOTBALL TEAM

Gregory	LF	Beford
Fitzgerald	CF	Crimmins
Edwards, Renaud	RF	Prouty
Litchfield	P	Meloche
Desautels	C	Morin

NORTH BROOKFIELD—May 16

Saturday, May 16, our team went to North Brookfield to try their luck. It was good as usual and they came off victorious, 13-4. The boys played their usual good game, Tessier, Desautels, Dennison and Edwards getting most of the runs.

The lineup:

M. E. W. H. S.—13 4—N. BROOKFIELD

Dennison	1B	McDonald
Durgin	2B	Perron
Proulx	3B	Fullam
Tessier	SS	Grabert
Edwards	LF	Rice
Gregory, McKinstry	CF	Macier, Zukus, Huard
Fitzgerald	RF	McCarthy
Lippe	P	Goozey
Desautels	C	Smith

NORTH BROOKFIELD—May 20

North Brookfield came down to see us all ready to wipe us out on May 20. The old M. E. W. lineup was ready too, however, so there was not much damage done. We cleaned them up in great style. Good work, fellows, let's have more of it.

The lineup:

M. E. W. H. S.—29 0—N. BROOKFIELD

Dennison	1B	Rice
Lippe, Durgin	2B	Grabert
Proulx	3B	Fullam
Tessier	SS	Huard
Edwards	LF	Goozey
Fitzgerald	CF	Smith
McKinstry, Gregory	RF	McCarthy
Brown, Litchfield	P	Macier, Zukus
Schumacher,	C	Macier
Desautels		

OXFORD—May 27

The M. E. W. boys continued their good record by defeating Oxford on May 27 by a score of 10-3. The game was played in Oxford, and it was lively all the way through. Proulx and Litchfield both did good work, each getting two runs. As we stand in the

league now, we've won six games and lost one. Somebody has been working and our team looks guilty.

The lineup:

M. E. W. H. S.—10

3—OXFORD

Dennison	1B	Deveau
Durgin	2B	Lippe
Proulx	3B	Allen
Tessier	SS	Crowton
Edwards	LF	White
Fitzgerald	CF	Porter
Lippe, Gregory	RF	LaRose, Robinson
Litchfield	P	Daley
Desautels	C	Anderson

TRACK

The first annual interclass track meet occurred Thursday afternoon, May 21. It was a great success, and there was much interest shown, both by girls and boys. The Juniors walked away with almost everything, scoring 51 points. The Freshmen were next with 18 points. Then came our post-graduate class, which has only one member, Cormack, with 11 points. The Seniors had 8 points, and the Sophomores must have gotten lost on the way to the field.

Our officials were Mr. Gibbons, Mr. Hutchinson, James Ryan of the Southbridge *News*, and Adrian Gaucher, track manager.

The meet brought out some mighty good material. Snell was the outstanding find. Duchesneau had all he could do to beat him in the half-mile.

The girls showed a lot of interest and pep, and are to be congratulated on their showing. Miss Horton makes a good adviser and chaperone for them.

The feature of the meet was the Junior relay team. This team, composed of Desautels, Fitzgerald, Duchesneau, and Poeton, came in thirty yards ahead of their nearest opponents at the end of the half-mile. This quartet certainly showed some speed, and they stand a very good chance of coping first place in the Interscholastic meet at Worcester Academy on June 6.

For the girls, Marion Hunt, Catherine Clarke and Margaret Ohlweiler starred.

A suitable banner will be presented to the Junior class on Class Day. This banner will be hung in the auditorium, and will be given to the winners of the interclass meet, each year.

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the success of the Crimson and Gray

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Raymond H. Favreau, S. H. S., '19

Henry B. Montague

Joseph E. O'Shaughnessy, S. H. S., '08

Louis O. Rieutord

Albert C. St. Onge, S. H. S., '13

Henry J. Tetrault, S. H. S., '00

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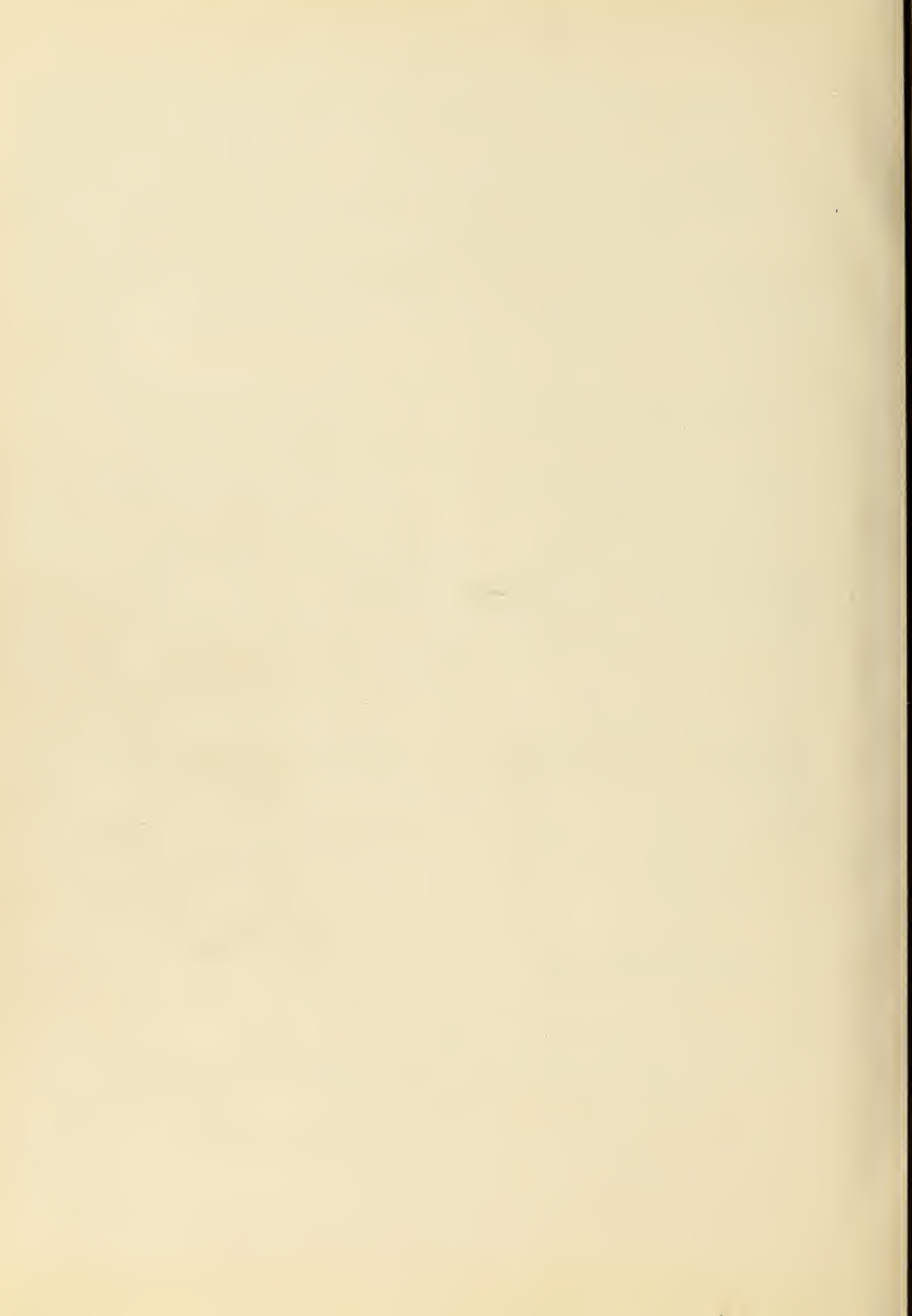
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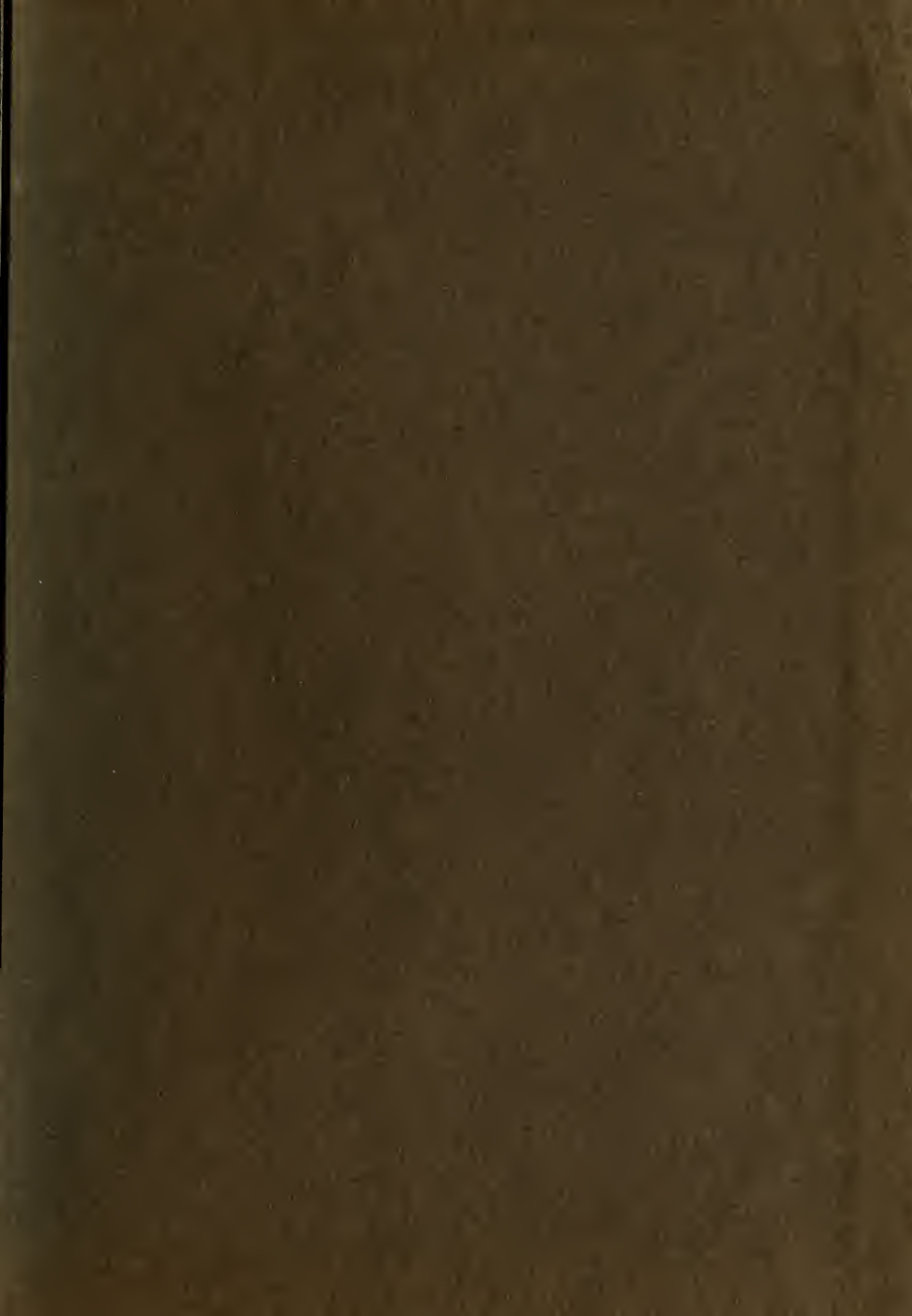
Theodore Roosevelt

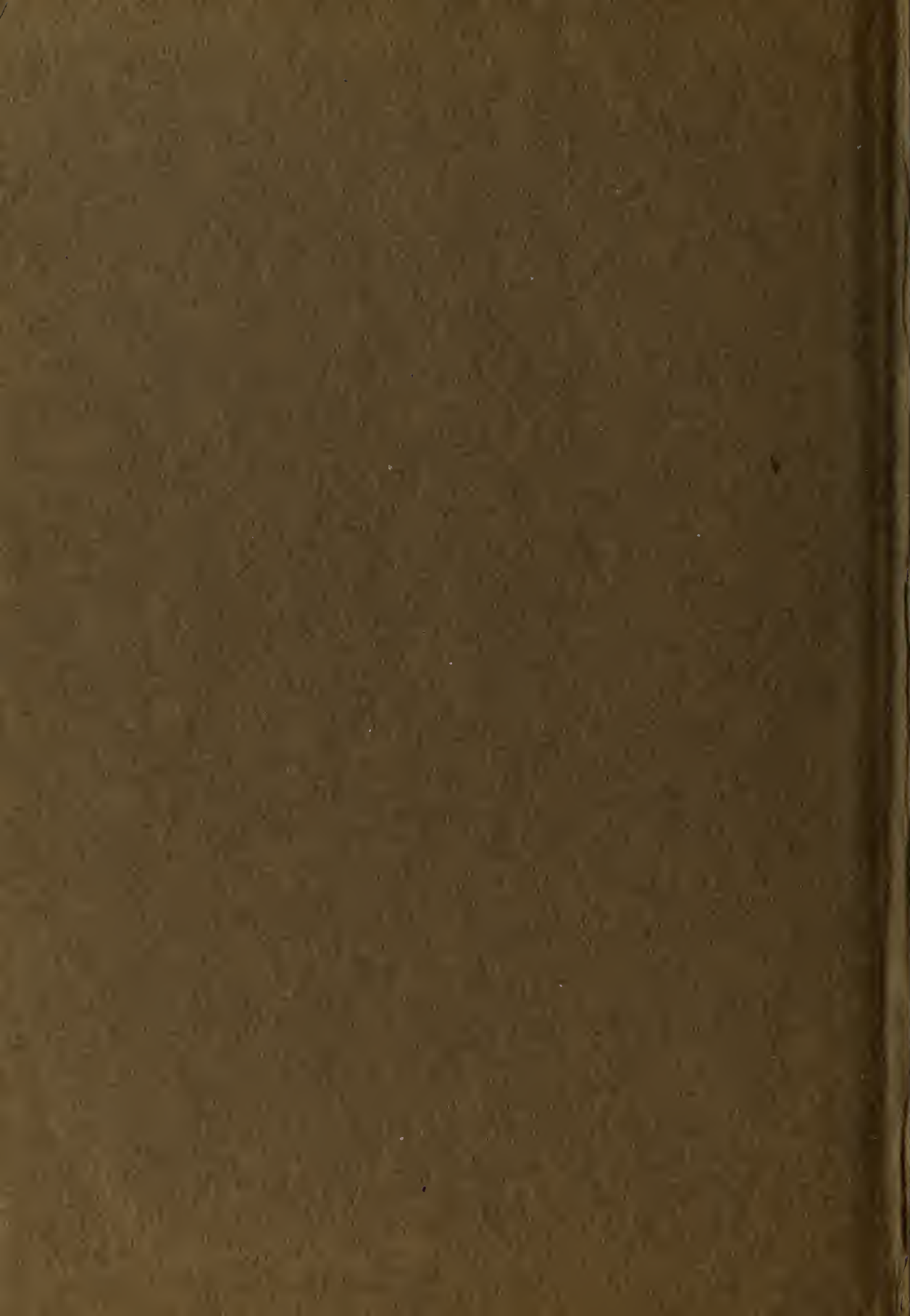
Virtually every crown of Roosevelt's career was won through the physical and mental radius that eyeglasses gave him. As a public speaker he could see the audience clear to the back row and launch his magnetic message to every man of it.

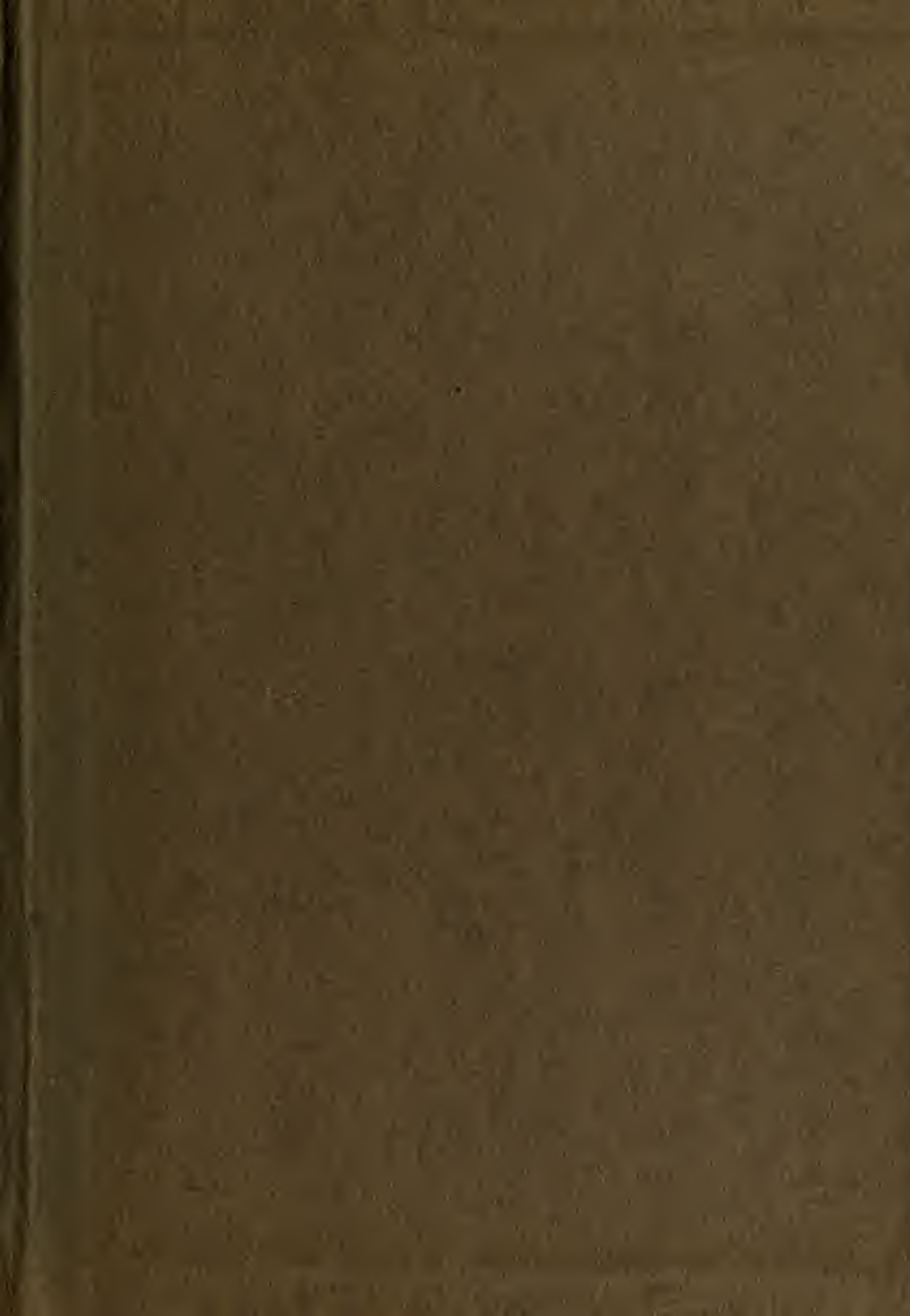
Without glasses where would he have been as a hunter, soldier, naturalist? There could never have been the Roosevelt of magnificent destiny without that little appurtenance—a pair of eyeglasses.

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